FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

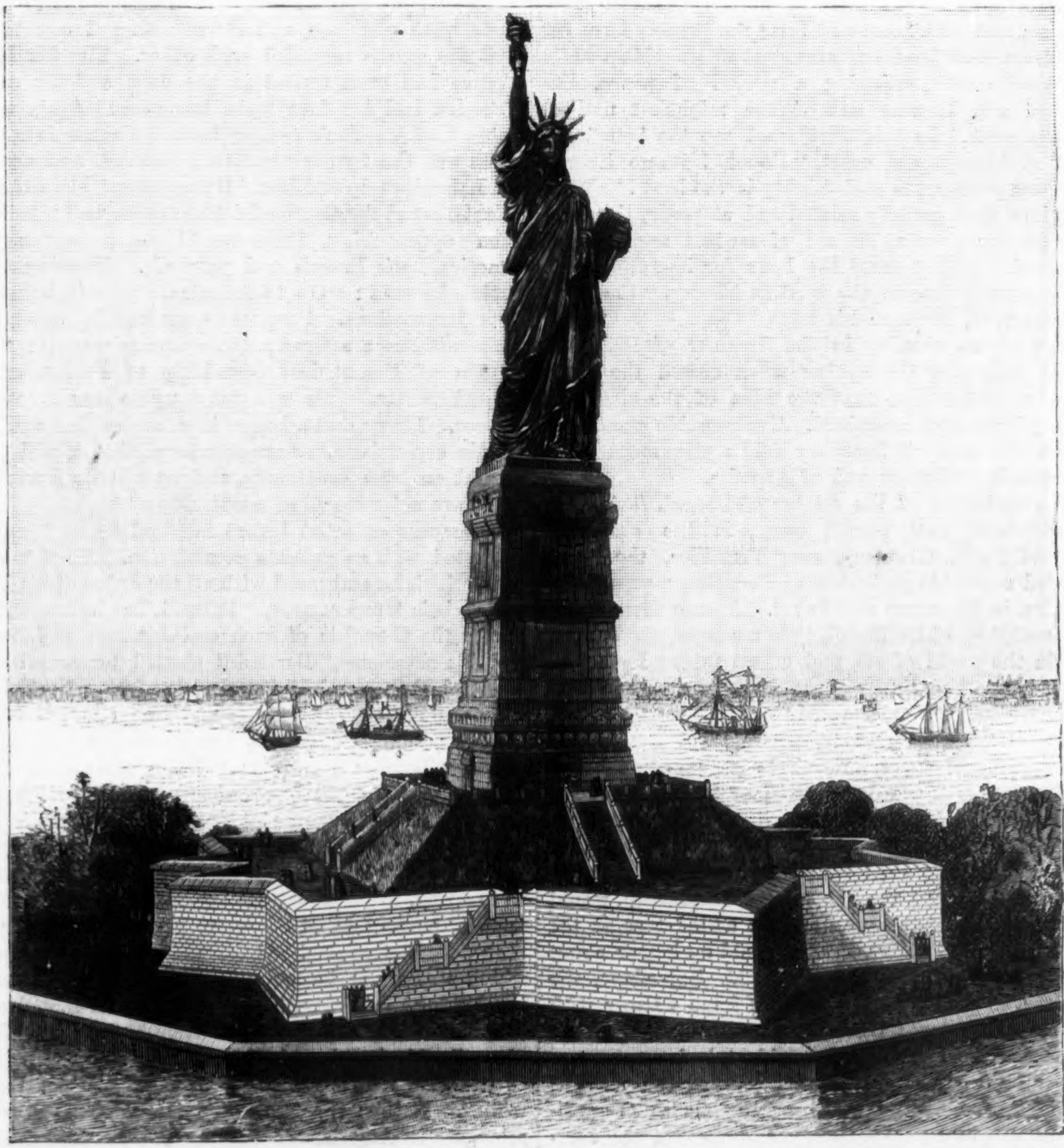
VOL. XX.—No. 2. AUGUST, 1885. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

THE STATUE OF "LIBERTY."

By JAMES B. TOWNSEND.

THE year 1885 brings to pass the fulfillment of one of the noblest ideas ever conceived, and before its close will witness, in the unvailing of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," on an island in New York Harbor, an event which will attest and make real in a large degree the poet's dream of the universal brotherhood of man.

It is just twenty years since the idea was first



BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD," AS IT WILL APPEAR AT BEDLOE'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

conceived which now finds its full development. In the growth and development of nations, as of individuals, certain lofty ideas, whether of literature, of philosophy, or of art, are impossible of birth or accomplishment until a certain stage of acquirement has been reached. It was fitting, therefore, that the grand idea of a statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," to be placed at the gateway of the metropolis of a land where liberty had at last found a sure and abiding resting-place, should have been conceived in a country where liberty was equally worshiped, and which has advanced among the furthest in civilization and in art. The ideal of the French nation, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité"—an ideal for whose realization the streets and boulevards of their cities have time and again run with blood, and for which countless thousands of their citizens have mourned—they have beheld accomplished, not wholly without bloodshed either, but accomplished to its fullest degree in America, one of the youngest nations of the world. Across 4,000 miles of ocean have been borne to their ears the exultant shouts of a nation of freemen; their writers have described our proud, lofty bearing, our mutual self-respect, and pointed toward America as the true haven of the oppressed. The sons of their noblest houses drew their swords and shed their blood for American independence, and with heart and hand the French have for many years past been our strongest allies. Meanwhile the United States, enjoying a period of peace, has flourished and become one of the mightiest nations upon the earth. In this the French saw the beneficent results of liberty, and cried, "Behold! where liberty reigns how prosperous and mighty is the land!" With two nations thus morally related and at peace, the time grew ripe for some noble act of mutual appreciation and regard. At last came the hour for its fulfillment, and, as ever before in the world's history, "the hour found the man, the man his hour."

It was on an evening in the Summer of 1865, the Summer following the Spring when closed the great Civil War in America, that the idea of the statue of "Liberty" was first conceived. A memorable evening it was, and one that will hereafter hold a prominent place in the annals of France and of America.

At the residence of the celebrated French *littérateur*, M. Laboulaye, now passed away, in the charming suburb of Paris, Glavigny, near Versailles, there was assembled a notable gathering of Frenchmen prominent in politics, in literature and in art. Among these was a young sculptor, M. Bartholdi, then a comparatively newcomer in the world of art, and whose future lay before him. It was at a dinner given by M. Laboulaye that these gentlemen were assembled; and the repast ended, they sought the conservatory, where, amid the curling smoke-wreaths of cigars, a desultory conversation began upon the topics of the day. Drifting from this imperceptibly, as such conversations will, the subject of international relations was broached. A guest remarked that gratitude could not exist among nations, and that the least material interest, the lightest political breath, would sunder every tie of the sort, and he added that, in the case of the United States, France could no longer count on the remembrance of the past. M. Laboulaye, the host, arose at these words and took issue warmly with the guest who uttered them.

"The American nation," he said, "had more sympathy for France than for any other European nation; and this sentiment did not bear the stamp of gratitude, but was based upon the remembrance of the community of thoughts and of struggles sustained with common aspirations." Reviewing briefly the history of the Revolutionary War and the part played by Frenchmen in that struggle, he concluded by saying: "The basis of the sentiments which are felt in the United States toward the French is indestructible, is a sentiment honorable to the Americans as to us, and if a monument were to be built in America as a memorial of its independence, I should think it very natural were it built by united effort, were it the common work of both nations."

Prophetic words, indeed! The guests sat silent as their host ceased speaking, their minds turned to other themes, and the conversation soon flowed in another channel. But the seed had been sown. It sank deep into the young sculptor Bartholdi's heart and brain, to develop in later years into the present statue of "Liberty" whose coming the United States has lately celebrated, and whose unvailing on its lofty pedestal will, as said above, unite France and America in an indissoluble band of brotherhood.

The years rolled by, and again, in 1871, the doors of M. Laboulaye's hospitable mansion at Versailles were thrown open to many of the same guests who had been present on the memorable evening described above, six years before. Among these was Bartholdi. The six years had brought a marvelous change to the country of their birth and love, and it was with sad countenances that the guests regarded each other. The fair lilies of France had been trailed in the dust, and the exultant Prussian had his foot upon her neck. Again was the subject of America's feeling toward France introduced, again was the former's gratitude assailed, and again did M. Laboulaye defend her. He expressed himself as confident that at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, then approaching, there would be a movement in America, both French and patriotic. Turning to Bartholdi, he said: "Go to America, study it, bring back your impressions. Propose to our friends over there to make with us a monument, a common work, in remembrance of the ancient friendship of France and the United States. We will take up a subscription in France. If you find a happy idea, a plan that will excite public enthusiasm, we are convinced that it will be successful on both continents, and we will do a work that will have a far-reaching moral effect."

Never was an artist before inspired by such words or intrusted with so grand a commission. Fired with the idea, which he embraced with all the ardor of his French and artistic temperament, "imbued," as he himself says, "with the thoughts of such eminent men as Laboulaye and his associates," Bartholdi started for America. No sooner had he reached the Harbor of New York than he discovered the place for the monument and the form it should assume. Listen to the glowing words in which he describes his discovery: "When, after some days of voyaging, in the pearly radiance of a beautiful morning is revealed the magnificent spectacle of those immense cities, of those rivers extending as far as the eye can reach, festooned with masts and flags; when one awakes, so to speak, in the midst of that interior sea covered with vessels, moving to and fro like a crowd upon a public place, it is thrilling. It is, indeed, the New World, which appears in its majestic expanse with the ardor of its glowing life. Was it not wholly natural that the artist was inspired by this grand spectacle? Yes, in this very place, I said, shall be raised the statue of 'Liberty,' grand as the idea which it embodies, radiant upon the two worlds. If then the fame of the accomplished work is mine, to the Americans I owe the thought and the inspiration which gave it birth. I was conscious, when I landed in New York, that I had found the idea which my friends had hoped for."

After a long sojourn in the United States, during which he traveled everywhere, met the most prominent men in the worlds of politics, business, literature and art, and from whom he was able to gain a knowledge of the chief characteristics and feelings of the American people, Bartholdi returned home in 1874, and, as he says, "established a good understanding on which to lay the foundations of the plan of my Parisian friends." He had made a water-color sketch of the statue as it would appear if erected on Bedloe's Island, and he continues: "After becoming assured among my kindly approving friends of the impression that the plan would produce, I acquired the certainty that when we should begin in France the United States would second us, and that the draft drawn by Messieurs Laboulaye, Lafayette, Henri Martin and their friends upon American sentiments should not be protested." Again did M. Laboulaye call together the company of friends at his house, and again the subject of the statue was discussed, but not this time as a mere idea, but a probable reality. Bartholdi told them of his journey and its results, of his impressions, of the welcome he had received, of the American co-laborers secured, and presented the plan of the monument he had conceived. Henri Martin, in an official address five years later, described the impression the sculptor's enthusiastic words and conception made upon his hearers. "It was necessary," said the address, "for us to discover a thought in harmony with the object to be attained. The artist presented it to us in a form that bore the stamp of genius. He had conceived the celebration of the anniversary of Independence, applying to it a sublime phrase, which sums up the progress of modern times, 'Liberty Enlightening the World.' Bartholdi proposed to represent this great idea by a statue of colossal proportions, which would surpass all that have ever existed since the most ancient times."

The effect of Bartholdi's words upon his hearers was magical, as may be supposed. They at once organized a committee, and toward the end of the year 1874 the public was informed of the organization of the French American Union, having for its object the manufacture of the statue as a gift to the United States. In accordance with a plan previously agreed upon, the Union at once circulated subscription lists throughout France, headed with the following address:

> "The Monument of Independence will be executed in common by the two peoples associated in this fraternal work, as they were of old in establishing Independence. In this way we declare by an imperishable memorial the friendship that the blood spilled by our fathers of old sealed between the two nations. It is a treaty of friendship which should be signed by all hearts which feel the love of their country. E. LABOULAYE."

A banquet in the Hotel du Louvre on November, 6th, 1875, at which were assembled representatives of French and American art, literature, politics and journalism celebrated the birth of the work. The first circular brought immediate response, and in a few months the success of the work became assured. The heart of the French people was touched. Not alone the rich, but the poor also contributed. The *ouvrier* and the *bourgeois* emptied their coins into the Union's coffers with the wealthy merchant and the moneyed aristocrat. Festivals, exhibitions and lotteries were held all over the country, and in four years the sum necessary, $350,000, was raised. The right hand of the statue was executed, was sent to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and was afterward displayed in Madison Square, in New York city.

In 1875 Bartholdi again visited America. His coming excited still greater interest, and the unvailing in Central Park, New York, of his statue of Lafayette, presented by the French Government in acknowledgment of the sympathy the city had testified for France at the time of the siege of Paris, deepened this interest in the announced far greater and grander gift of the statue of "Liberty." Meanwhile preparatory steps to receive the statue and prepare for it a suitable pedestal had been taken in this country. Upon the call of Messrs. William M. Evarts, S. D. Babcock, William H. Appleton, John Jay, W. H. Wickham, and Richard Butler, a meeting was held at the Century Club, in New York, early in 1876, and a permanent committee, consisting of Messrs. William M. Evarts, Chairman, Henry F. Spaulding, Treasurer, J. V. Mumford Moore, Joseph W. Drexel, Parke Godwin, J. W. Pinchot, Frederick Potts, and Richard Butler, Secretary, was formed. It was decided that it should be called "The American Committee of the Statue of 'Liberty.'" Congress was at once memorialized, and on February 22d, 1877, voted to accept the gift of France, and set apart for the site Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor, owned by the United States Government, and on which there was a fortification.

The head of the statue was executed in 1878, and shown at the Paris Universal Exposition in that year. In 1879 the last funds were raised in France, and on July 7th, 1880, the American Committee were notified by an official communication of the progress of the work and the date of its probable completion. The centennial anniversary of the battle of Yorktown, October 24th, 1881, saw the pieces of the framework and the base put in place; the statue was nearly finished in 1883, but work upon it was delayed, owing to the slow progress made in America toward the erection of the pedestal. On June 11th, 1884, President Ferry stated, at a banquet in Paris, that the French Government had followed with the liveliest interest the progress of the work, accomplished completely outside the range of its influence, and would do its part by transporting it to New York on a state vessel, under the official banner of France. On July 4th, 1884, the statue was officially delivered to the United States Minister, with appropriate ceremonies. On January 1st, 1885, after having been visited by upward of 300,000 persons, it was taken down, its pieces numbered, packed with great care, and transported to Rouen, where they were placed on board the state transport-ship *Isère.* The *Isère* sailed from Rouen on May 30th, and arrived safely in New York Harbor on June 17th, 1885.

Such is the history of the statue of "Liberty," and of the movement which gave it birth, a movement unique and unparalleled in the history of nations. Let us now consider the statue itself, as a work of art, as a work of engineering, and as a colossal monument, for it is all three. We are met at the outset by the difficulty of finding any other work with which to compare it. When a picture or a piece of statuary or sculpture of ordinary size is to be judged or criticised, the first step generally taken is to compare it with either a former one by the same artist, or with one similar in subject or execution by another hand, which has won reputation and the approval of artists and connoisseurs of its time. But in the statue of "Liberty" we find a work which has had no prototype in earlier times, or no counterpart in the present. Among the seven wonders of the ancient world was placed, perhaps, foremost, the Colossus of Rhodes. We are told that this massive figure spanned, with outstretched legs, the entrance to the harbor of Alexandria, and that ships sailed easily to and fro beneath them.

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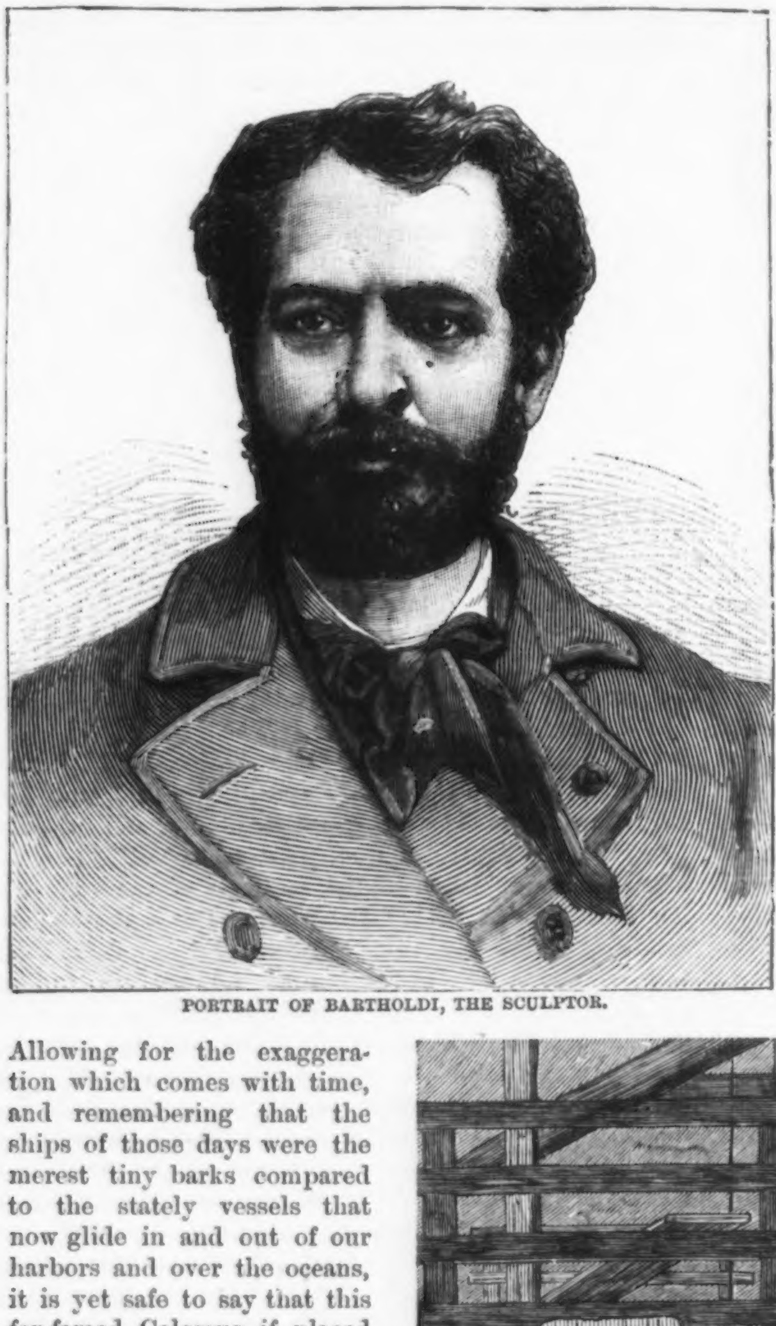


PORTRAIT OF BARTHOLDI, THE SCULPTOR.

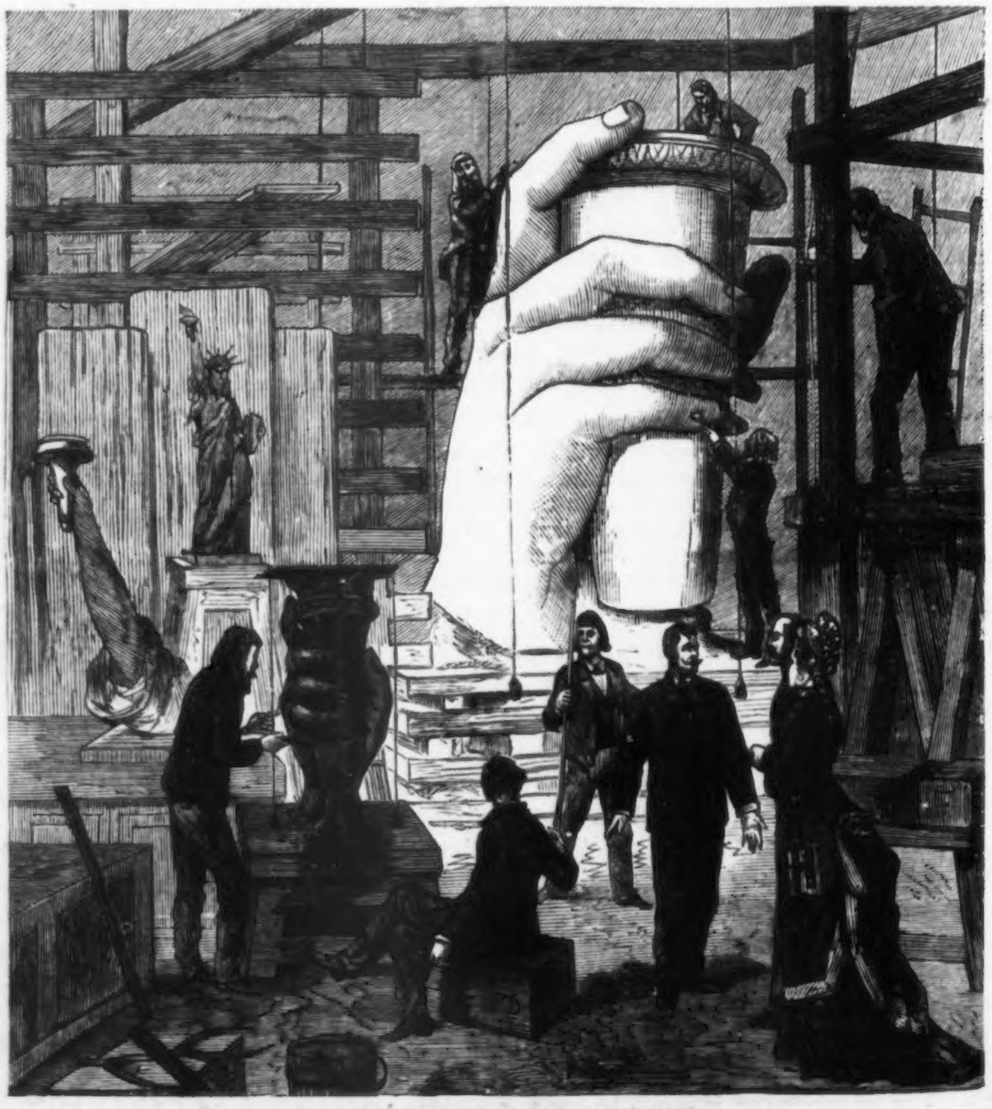
Allowing for the exaggeration which comes with time, and remembering that the ships of those days were the merest tiny barks compared to the stately vessels that now glide in and out of our harbors and over the oceans, it is yet safe to say that this far-famed Colossus, if placed alongside the present statue, would reach but a little way above her knee.

The next colossal statue in the course of history is the Jupiter Pluvius of the Protolino Villa, and then comes the well-known one of St. Charles Borromeo, on the shores of the Lago Maggiore, in Italy. This is about half the height of the statue of "Liberty," and is not in any sense a great work of art. Compare it with the present statue, and the distinction between colossal statuary and ordinary sculpture can be seen at once. The statue of St. Charles Borromeo is simply an ordinary monument enlarged. It is a reproduction in metal of a man's form and features many times multiplied. It is set in its pedestal without reference to its surroundings. It produces no emotion in the heart of a spectator, it conveys to him no sentiment, it brings to him no conception of some noble idea; in fine it fails to inspire or to elevate as a true work of art should inspire him who gazes upon it. How different with the statue of "Liberty." In form, in conception, and the idea it conveys, it moves and thrills the spectator. The poet gazing upon it sings:

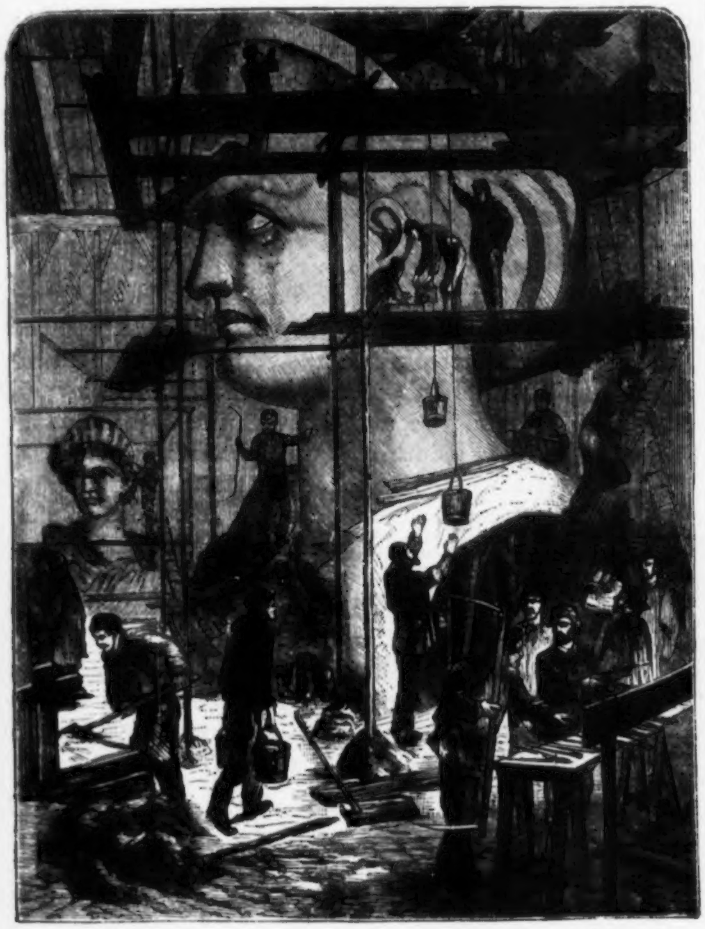
"Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land—
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman, with a torch whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name,
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
'Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!' cries she,
With silent lips. 'Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me—
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.'"

Well says M. Lesbazeilles in his work on colossal statuary: "It is within its scope when it represents power, majesty, infinity. It can lay claim to that class of effects which are produced in us by the heaving of the boundless sea, the bellowing of the wind, the rolling of the thunder."

The statue of St. Charles Borromeo has, however, interest to the student of colossal statuary, because it is the first example of the use of



THE WORK ON THE STATUE COMMENCED.



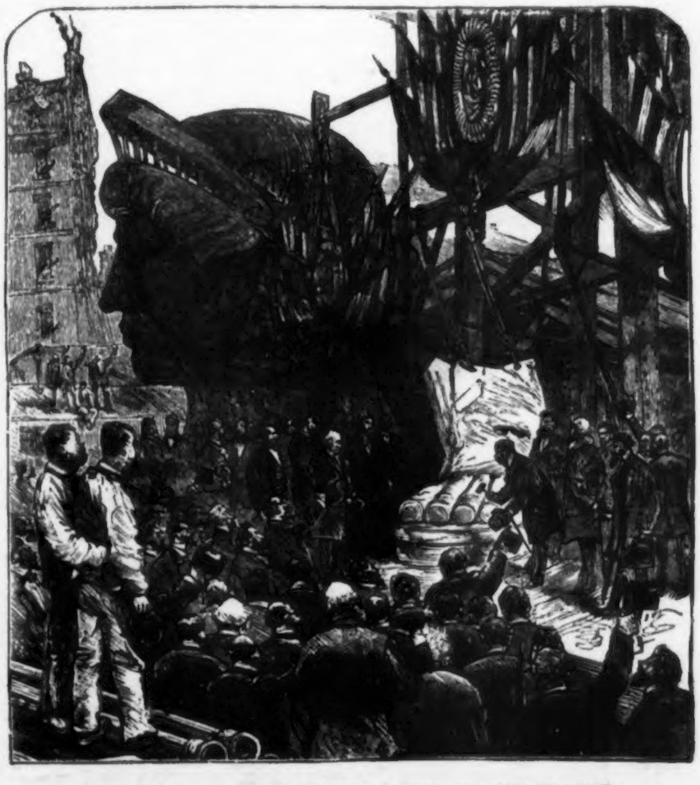
MODELING THE HEAD OF THE STATUE IN THE WORKSHOP OF MOUDINET & BECHER.

repoussé, copper mounted on iron trusses. Metal beaten out into sheets had been used earlier, but simply as a covering modeled on a solid wood or stone form. The repoussé copper of which the Borromeo statue is made was worked with the hammer both outside and inside, and is freely supported on iron beams. This gives lightness to the work, and the statue of St. Charles Borromeo has withstood the storms of two centuries.

Other colossal statues of modern times are those of "Bavaria," at Munich, one-third the height of the statue of "Liberty"; of the Virgin of Puy, a few feet higher than the last named; and the celebrated statue of "Germania," erected a few years since in the Niederwald, which would reach about to the waist of our colossal maiden. This short review of these noted works will enable us to see more clearly the difficulties under which Bartholdi labored in designing and executing the statue of "Liberty." The others have been and are all more or less unsatisfactory, chiefly because their designers did not pay sufficient attention, or were incapable of doing so, first, to the character or thought of the subject, which should be in harmony with the size of the work; second, to the suitableness of the site and the surroundings of the monument; third, to the understanding of the lines and the make-up, which in all colossal works are rendered necessary by the execution. Bartholdi himself sums it up by saying: "The immensity of form should be filled with the immensity of thought, and the spectator, at the sight of the great proportions of the work, should be impressed, before all things else, with the greatness of the idea of which these ample forms are the envelope, without being obliged to have recourse to comparative measurements in order to feel himself moved."

But the site is, after all, what determines most surely the effect of a colossal statue when erected; and let the many critics who have condemned the choice of Bedloe's Island for this purpose reflect that this point was probably the one most carefully studied by the sculptor, and know that the master-mind who designed the great work was better fitted to select the frame for his picture than those who had simply seen models of his work. Says the sculptor again: "The frame should lend itself to the subject. It may be made up or approved by architectural effects, by the flights of stairs which lead up to the statue and contribute to the monumental character, but above all a site favorable by its own nature should be sought. There is an instinct which ought to guide the artist, for he ought to turn Nature to account in such a way as to make her contribute to the aspect of the monument. The neighborhood of large masses should be avoided. The artist ought to choose his site in such a way that the lines of the ground and the coloring of the background will become his assistant in heightening the proper appearance of his work and the impression which it is to produce."

Has Bartholdi not faithfully carried out these ideas? Had the statue been placed in the Battery Park, the buildings behind, to which it would have been in close proximity, would have detracted from its effect; and equally injurious would have been the wooded hills of Staten Island, had the wishes of others prevailed who urged its erection upon the southern bluff of that island. On Bedloe's Island it stands by itself, a part of a harmonious whole, no masses near to detract from it, but framed alone by earth and sky. There is one other most important element in the construction of colossal statuary, and that is, the observance of great simplicity in the lines. The spectator should be able to tell at a glance what meaning the work is intended to convey. His eye should not be led away by the contemplation of details, but should take in at once the stupendous whole. Simplicity of the lines will give simplicity to the movement and to the gesture. This is very clearly shown in the statue of "Liberty." Its whole mass and form impress themselves immediately upon the spectator, he thinks not of the details; he only feels that the figure



MINISTER MORTON RIVETING PARTS OF THE STATUE.

conveys to him instantaneously a sense of power and of grandeur, and he bows instinctively to the idea—that idea of liberty which has led armies to battle, has wrecked thrones and overturned nations, and which to-day still stands forth as the grandest that the mind of man has yet conceived.

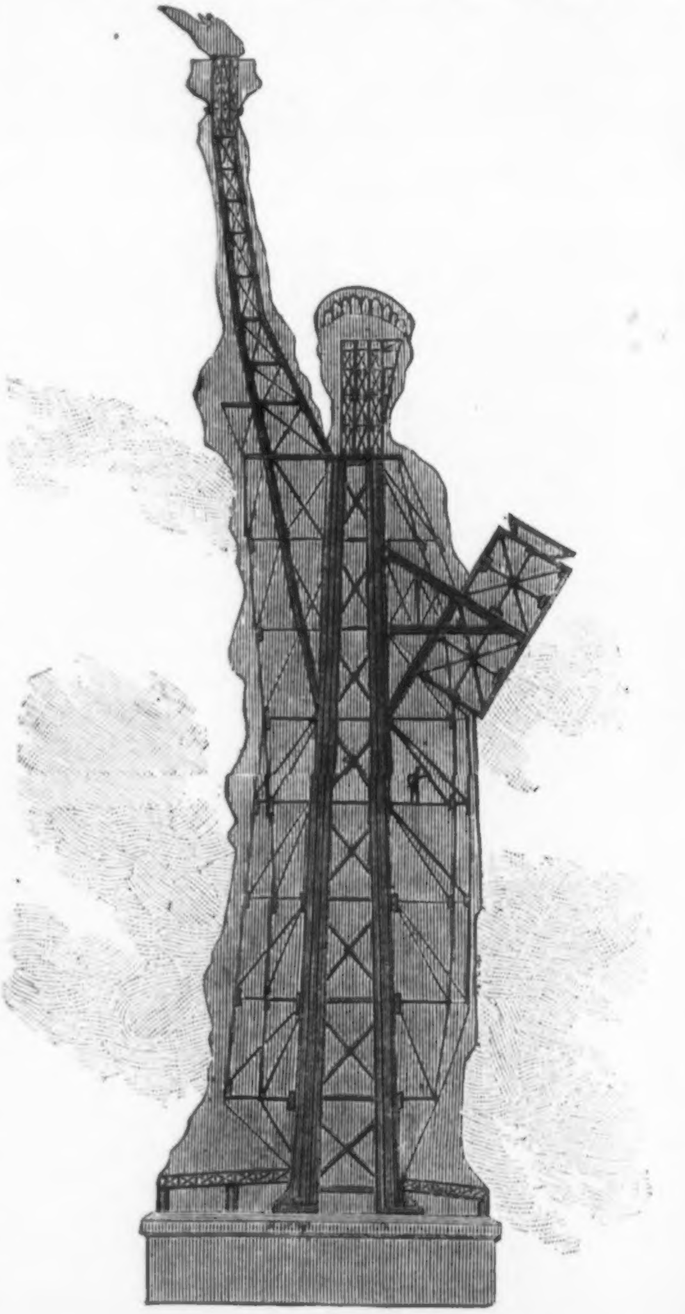
Having glanced at the essential characteristics and elements of colossal statuary, and seen how Bartholdi has conformed to them in the designing of the statue of "Liberty," we pass to a brief review of the details of its manufacture. These presented almost as great a problem as the designing of the statue in the first place, and following this, its adaptation to its surroundings. There having been no statue of the same extraordinary proportions ever erected before—or, at least, none of which there is any record extant—the planning of these details, including the choice of materials, etc., had to a great extent to be done in the dark, as it were. After much cogitation and deliberation, hammered copper was chosen as the material, it being light yet capable of great resistance, and easily subdivided so as to permit easy transportation. This point having been decided upon, a study-model, 4 feet in height, was erected. From this was modeled a statue, 6½ feet high, with the greatest care and exactitude. This statue was then reproduced four times as large by ordinary processes. A model, about 36 feet in height, was made from this. This was large enough, when placed by itself, to give some idea of the statue as a whole. This small statue was then divided into a large number of sections, to be reproduced separately, later, four times their individual size. When this last enlargement was made, changes were no longer possible, so that the greatest care had to be exercised by the sculptor in modeling the surfaces, for if mistakes were at any time made, they could not well be rectified. Four plane surfaces, surrounded by frames, arranged in numbered divisions, were placed on the floor of an immense workshop. Similar frames, corresponding in every way with the former ones, were hung from the ceiling of the shop. Large pieces of the statue were then modeled by sculptors on these frames. The sections reproduced were placed near by in frames one-fourth the size, so that they could be easily studied. The general form was first laid out with wooden beams covered with lathwork. A coating of plaster was next placed over the laths. The forms of the finished portions were then surrounded by boards, cut so as to adapt themselves to the 'plaster. These were placed one opposite to another, and crossed at top and bottom. The hammerers then approached, and pressed the sheets of copper into the sort of molds the boards formed by hammering with mallets. Sheets of lead were next pressed into the board forms, and the copper was again shaped upon these. Iron braces ran from point to point within the copper sheets. When the pieces were finally completed, they were fastened separately upon the iron beams of the trusswork which supports the whole statue. The core of the trusswork is formed by four great stanchions, bound together by St. Andrew's crosses. From these go out braces to support the surface of the statue. Three bolted braces run from the foot of these stanchions 26 feet into the masonry of the pedestal, and are there connected with an iron framework.

The immense amount of calculation necessary in the manufacture of these detailed portions of the statue may be imagined when it is stated that, in addition to the ordinary mechanical difficulties presented, the resisting power of the iron pieces upon the centre of gravity and upon the action of high winds had to be considered. The most tremendous hurricanes that have blown in Europe and America were taken as a basis, and from this the results were worked out. According to General Stone, the engineer of the pedestal's calculation, the entire structure should withstand a gale blowing 141 miles an hour, a force that is almost unknown, certainly in this latitude.

Thus was the statue built. It was executed in about six years, but the work met with repeated delays, and was not prosecuted continuously until within the last few months of 1884. Not alone Bartholdi, the designer and chief sculptor, but many other French sculptors of note, labored in the erection of the statue ; so eminent an engineer as M. Eiflel had entire charge of the ironwork and bracing of the figure, and the work itself was done in the house of Gaget, Gauthier & Co., of Paris.

But the statue needed a pedestal to make it complete, and this Laboulaye, Bartholdi, and his associates in the French-American Union, felt confident the United States would provide.

They have done so—or, rather, New York city has done so—after many months and years of solicitation and constant appeal, and the remainder of the sum needed was finally only raised by the energetic efforts of a newspaper, the New York *World*. But why repeat at length



THE FRAMEWORK INSIDE THE STATUE.

the history of the pedestal movement? Is it not indelibly written on the memories of my readers? It is a chapter in the history of our country to-day which Heaven grant could be sealed up for ever! Public and private apathy and selfishness, lack of patriotism, a hundred other and unworthy causes, have combined to render the securing of the Pedestal Fund what seemed, up till lately, an impossible task. The patience with which our French donors of the statue have borne with us almost passes comprehension, and should make our humiliation great.

As I stated in the opening of my article, the American Committee on the Statue of "Liberty" was first formed at the Century Club, in New York city, in 1877. Some 402 gentlemen, prominent in different sections of the country, were then or afterward elected members of the Statue of "Liberty" Committee. Mr. William M. Evarts was at that time chosen Chairman, Mr. J. W. Pinchot, Treasurer, and Mr. Richard Butler, Secretary, of this Committee, and issued an announcement to the people of the United States. A sub-committee of this general committee, consisting of William M. Evarts, the late ex-Governor Morgan, Parke Godwin, Clark Bell, and J. W. Pinchot, was charged with the duty of procuring the necessary legislation, and obtained from Congress, on the recommendation of President Hayes, the passage of a resolution providing for the acceptance of the colossal statue, and the designation of either Governor's or Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor, as its site and its future maintenance as a beacon. President Hayes authorized General Sherman to select the site, and he, acting upon a suggestion from the committee, who were aware of Bartholdi's preferences, designated Bedloe's Island. This island, about a mile in circumference, lies at the western edge of the channel of the Upper New York Bay, about two miles from the Battery. It was known in the early days of New York as Love Island, and acquired its present title when it was sold by Admiral Kennedy, of the British Navy, who had occupied it as a Summer residence, to a member of the old and esteemed Bedloe family of New York. It was at one time noted for its rabbits, and the pickled oysters which were prepared there. It became the property of the United States Government early in the present century, and was considered very valuable for purposes of harbor defense. Fort Wood, whose granite sides form an admirable base for the pedestal, was partly built in 1814, and was finished in 1840. It is built in the shape of a six-pointed star, and is surrounded by a moat. The pedestal rises from its centre, and it seems as if it had been purposely built to adorn the base of its new and wonderful occupant.

The site having been selected, the committee issued to the people of the United States an address which was at first quite generously responded to.

An Executive Committee was soon formed. Mr. Richard M. Hunt was appointed Architect of the Pedestal by this committee, and to him was intrusted the design of the exterior of the pedestal. General Charles P. Stone, formerly of the United States Army, and better known by his title of Stone Pasha, bestowed upon him by the Khedive of Egypt, was appointed Engineer-in-Chief. To him fell the task of managing the interior of the statue and designing a proper foundation. His greatest problem has been to arrange with Bartholdi for the attachment of the statue to the pedestal.

As soon as the requisite funds were received the work was begun on Bedloe's Island, contracts were entered into with the lowest bidders for the removal of the buildings in the interior of the fort there, and for the construction of the concrete or béton base of the pedestal, work upon which began October 9th, 1883, and was finished May 17th, 1884. This base is one solid stone, 91 feet square at the bottom and 67 feet square at its completed height of 52 feet 10 inches, having an interior shaft 10 feet square. The material used in its structure exceeds 23,500 tons net weight.

Upon this foundation the granite-work of the pedestal has been begun, to be continued until it reaches 89 feet above the béton base. When at that height it will be ready for the colossal statue of "Liberty," which is 151 feet.

Mr. Hunt prepared an elaborate and beautiful design for the pedestal, which was accepted, but has had many modifications, and has been altered decidedly in consequence of the changes made necessarily evident as the work of building it progressed. The material of which it is built is a gray granite from Leet's Island, near New Haven, Conn.

It is estimated that of the $390,000 that will have been expended before the statue is finally placed in position, the pedestal alone will have cost $250,000, the interior bracings and structure $25,000, and the placing it in position $25,000. This will make total cost of statue, pedestal and erection about $650,000, or over half a million. The pedestal is a truncated cone, with galleries on each side supported by Ionic columns. Its height is 89 feet above low water; the height of bottom of the foundation mass above low water is 13 feet, the height of foundation mass itself 52 feet 10 inches, and the height of the statue 151 feet. The top of the torch will then be 305 feet 11 inches above low water, 21 feet higher than Trinity Church spire, and 23 feet higher than the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge. Some approximate idea of the size of the statue may be gained when it is stated that the forefinger is nearly 7 feet long, and is over 4 feet in circumference at the second joint. The nail measures about 9 by 6 inches, the head is 16 feet high, and the eye is nearly 2 feet wide. Three feet and over is the length of the nose; forty persons can find room inside the head, and twelve in the torch held by the hand.

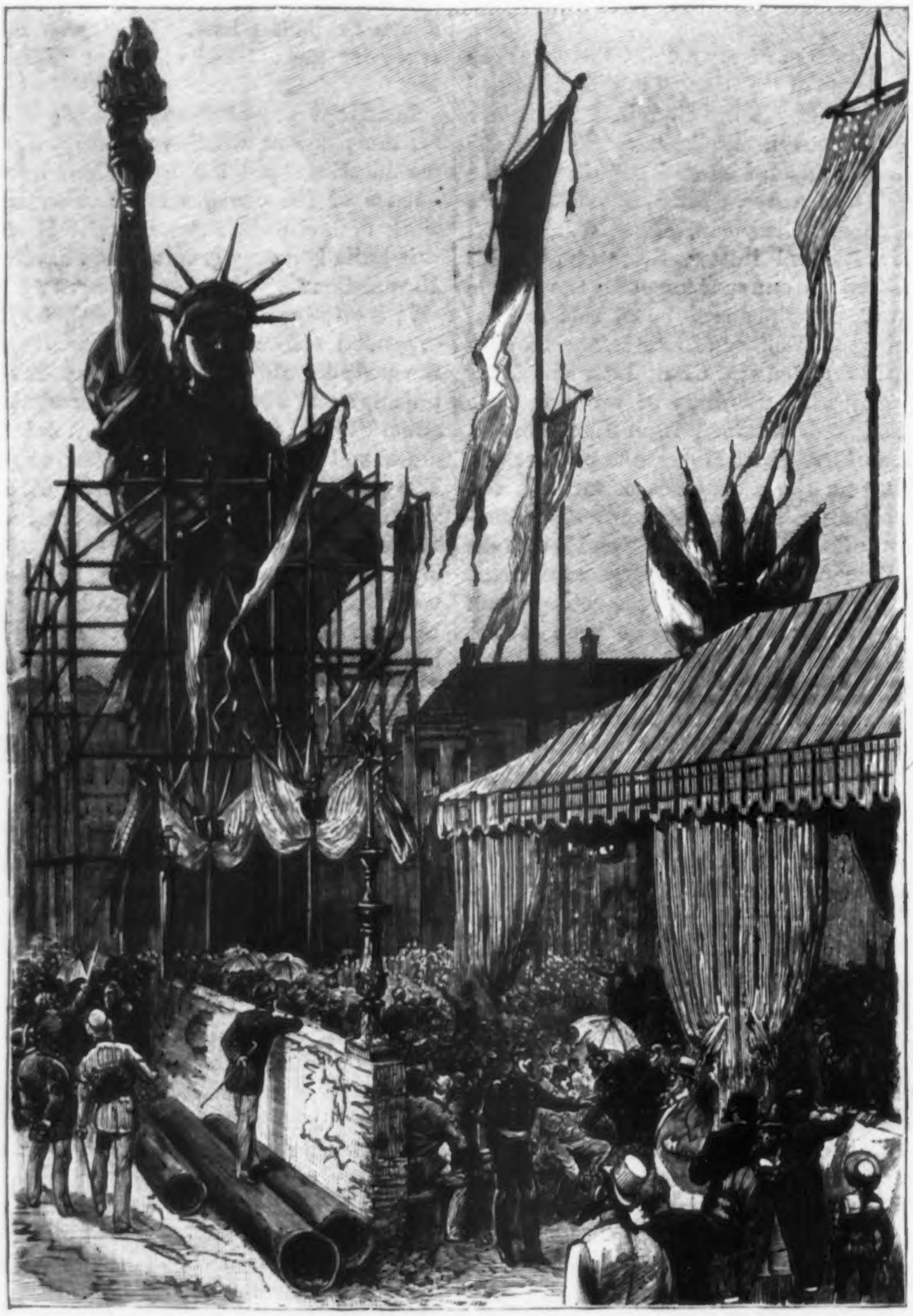
The debarkation at Rouen of the statue, the arrival of the transport *Isère* with her precious freight, the reception accorded her, are all of too recent occurrence to need retelling here. It is thought that the statue may be placed in position and unvailed during the present year. Be that as it may, it is to be hoped that eleventh-hour enthusiasm, interest and generosity may take the place of our former and long-continued apathy, and that we may prove ourselves worthy to be the custodians of so sublime a conception as that of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

Long centuries past the old Dutch sailor furled
The white wings of his daring shallop, worn
By sea and storm; and saw the golden morn,
Parting the night's dark curtain, swift unvail
A wide expanse of shore, and hill and dale,
As yet untrod by man, in wildness free,
Uncultured and untamed, but soon to be
In glorious garments drest, a newborn world.
The Hendrick Hudson of the World of Art,
Bartholdi, when thine eyes did look upon
Our Bay, in this a freeman's land, so won
Through blood and fire to nobler freedom far
Than in the past, rejoiced thy patriot heart,
And Liberty's great statue lit her glowing star.

PITCH upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

ECCENTRIC BOOK-TITLES.

THE seventeenth century and part of the eighteenth, remarkable as the whole period is for its deep and powerful historical interest, is especially so in the singular style of some of the literature which it produced, both religious and political. It was quite an age of pamphlets and tracts; for, as there were no daily papers in which people could ventilate their fancied grievances, their peculiar political crotchets, or their eccentric religious opinions, the only plan was to put such ideas into print, and then publish them to an admiring and inquiring world in the form of a pamphlet or tract. These pamphlets were produced by scores, often written in language neither choice nor at all guarded; and the consequence was, as the law at that period was only too ready to pounce down upon any unlucky culprit who had given his opinion or spoken his mind a little too freely to please the petty tyrants of the Administration of the day, that many an author found himself, to his great surprise, quickly lodged within the walls of a prison, as was the case with Defoe, Bunyan, and a host of others. Long imprisonment, heavy fines, the pillory, whipping, and often far worse still, were the punishments to which political pamphleteers, who had offended, were frequently subjected during the period referred to.



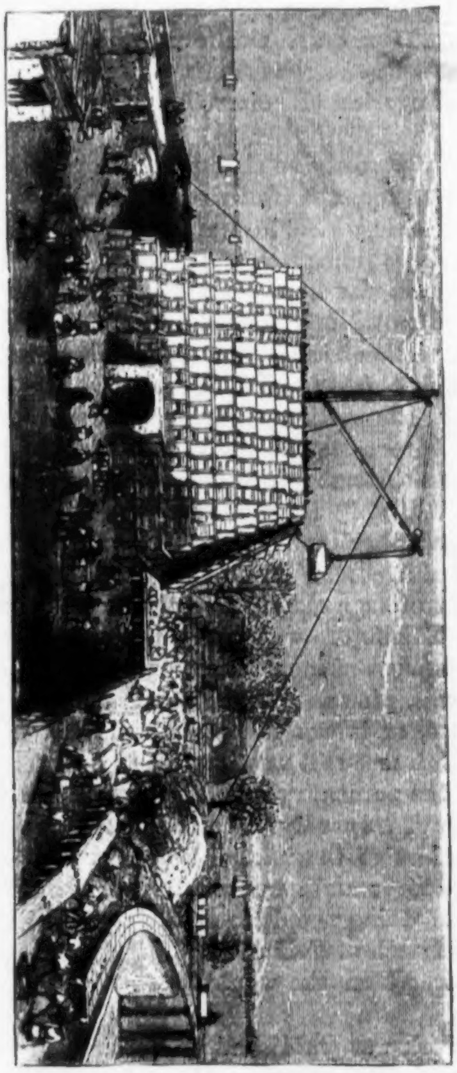
FORMAL DELIVERY OF THE STATUE TO HON. L. P. MORTON, MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES, JULY 4TH, 1884.

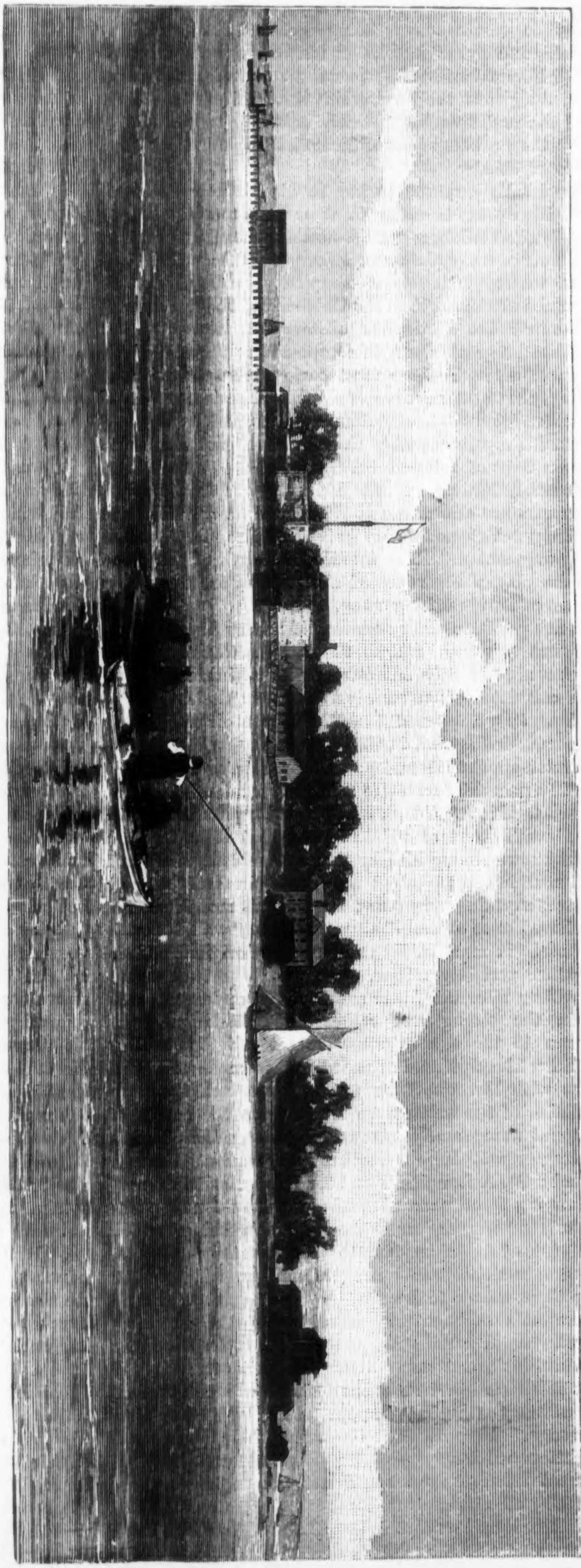
How greatly this system of writing, notwithstanding the severity of the law, was in fashion, may be gathered from the fact that King George III., in the year 1762, presented to the British Museum a most valuable collection of upward of 30,000 tracts and pamphlets, embracing an immense variety of subjects, and supposed to have been written during the seventeenth century. This collection was commenced by Charles I., under the direction of a clergyman named Thomason, and was carried about England as the Royal army marched, disguised as tables covered with canvas, and at length lodged at Oxford, under the care of Dr. Barlow, afterward Bishop of Lincoln. These curious tracts were eventually offered to the library at Oxford, and were at last bought for Charles II., by Mearke, his stationer, and by his representatives ultimately sold to George III. The collection is bound in 2,000 volumes.

It is not so much on the *subjects* of these tracts that I desire now to speak—for that, indeed, would fill volumes—but to select for consideration a few of the extraordinarily eccentric titles which a very large number of them bear, and which, in very many cases, are calculated to excite a smile rather than inspire any feelings of reverence or respect for the real subject actually treated of, which, generally speaking, was of a religious nature. The first of these which I shall notice is dated 1626, and has the following sweetly fanciful title: "A most delectable sweet-perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to smell at." The idea of the word "nosegay" applied to a set of prayers was possibly to suggest the thought of picking or selecting therefrom any one or more that might be desired—in itself a very pretty and a very happy thought, certainly.

The next one is remarkable for the unmistakable intention of the tract as set forth in its plain and witty title. In 1646 one "John Fry," a Quaker, appears to have got into trouble of some kind, and found it necessary to publish a defense, entitled "A Pair of Bellows to blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry." In these days he would probably have written to one or other of the daily papers a full statement of his woes and grievances, on the chance of the subject tickling the editor's fancy with the view to political capital, in which case it might, perhaps, have been inserted.

The days of the Protectorate were rather celebrated for tract-titles of the most singular and eccentric character. One, for instance, is so peculiar that it is somewhat difficult to see the exact meaning of it—"The Snuffers of Divine Love!" Now, who or what was supposed to be snuffed? Was such snuffing intended with the view to the extra brightness of the imaginary candle, or to its total extinguishing?—for snuffers can be used either to increase existing light or to produce darkness. The former, perhaps, may be the idea of the ingenious writer—the heavy snuff of sin being removed by the divine snuffers, the candle of righteousness will, through divine love, burn all the more brightly. The fancy, if far-fetched, is at least most original.


THE RISING PEDESTAL.


THE STATUE OF "LIBERTY."—THE SITE ON BEDLOE'S ISLAND SELECTED FOR THE STATUE.—SEE PAGE 129.

Another was devoted to the cause of charity, more especially in reference to some specific religious object, in which people are advised to open their pockets, such receptacles in those days being evidently secured by "hooks and eyes" instead of buttons, as with us moderns. Remembering this, we can the more readily understand the gist of the very quaint title, "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches," clearly referring to the fastening of the pockets in connection with the great religious virtue of charity.

One kindly-disposed author, in his laudible desire to assist his weaker brethren in their walk to the "higher path," calls his labors "High-heel'd Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness," a truly plain and suggestive title; whilst another writer, with equal simplicity, calls his book "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." We cannot but admire the alliteration, at that period considered a great beauty in composition; for many such instances occur in these most curious pamphlets. But perhaps the most amazing of all this class is the following, affixed to a book containing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, to which the "Ditties" are annexed: "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David; whereunto are also annexed William Humuis's Handful of Honeysuckles, and divers godly and pithy Ditties, now newly augmented." The inordinate length of this title, and the play of the repeated alliteration, are very witty and amusing, if nothing more.

At this period, as every student of history knows, party spirit ran very high, and as the law—as already hinted at—was unpleasantly summary in its action, men were often cast into prison merely because, in their religious opinions, they happened to differ from their neighbors. Some such delinquent, in the person of a Quaker, was incarcerated about 1655, and poured forth the regrets of his soul in a pamphlet with the following most original and whimsical title: "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, breath'd out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel known among Men by the name of Samuel Fish." That man has been called an "earthen vessel" is not, perhaps, anything very new; but that his mouth should be referred to as a "hole" situated in the "wall" of such a "vessel" is most surely as thoroughly original as it is altogether perfectly unique.

Not long after this latter another tract appeared, written in the strong and rather fanatical language so common to the age by some earnest religious zealot, entitled "The Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the Soul sneeze with Devotion," by which, I presume the fiery platitudes of the writer were to act upon the nerves of the moral nose exactly as mustard does on the physical olfactory organ. Here is another: "Salvation's Vantage Ground; Or, A Louping Stand for Heavenly Believers!" A "louping stand" meaning what we should now probably call a "leaping-bar"—the intention being, under the figure of a leaping-bar, to improve the readers in their spiritual athletic exercises, and so endeavor to bring them nearer to heaven.

Cromwell's regiment of "Ironsides" contained many men who could handle the pen as well as the sword or the wheel-lock, and many a fiery vigorous tract issued about this time owed its authorship to one or other of these military enthusiasts in political and religious rights or wrongs. Here is one—the remarkably plain and straightforward language of the title addresses itself to the most illiterate, and could not fail to be comprehended by all classes of readers: "A Shot aimed at the Devil's Headquarters through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant." As the author was a soldier, and probably wrote for soldiers, he very acutely employed such terms, in naming his tract, as would be peculiarly familiar to soldiers, and therefore all the more readily understood by them; and it is quite possible that his work, from its very title, proved highly attractive. We cannot but admire the ready and suggestive wit of the gallant Puritan in so cleverly adapting himself to surrounding circumstances.

The next I shall quote is another specimen of one of the inordinately long titles of the period, plentifully interspersed with many choice specimens of alliteration, according to the fashion of the day: "A Reaping-hook well temper'd for the stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop, or Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." The marvelous jumble here of reaping-hooks, biscuits, ovens, charity, chickens, sparrows, swallows, and salvation, almost takes one's breath, considering its many elaborately obscure allegories all crammed into one small title-page.

About the latter part of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, a book was published with the following amazing title, which, for unreasonable absurdity of length, is perhaps unequaled: "The Discoverie of Wytchcrafte, wherein the lewd dealings of Wytches and Wytchmongers is notablie detected; the Knaverie of Conjurers, the impietie of Inchanters, the follie of Soothsayers, the impudent falsehood of Couseners, the infidelitie of Atheysts, the pestilent practices of Pythynists, the curiositie of Figure-casters, the vanitie of Dreamers, the beggarlie Art of Alcumystrie, etc., are decyphered. By Reginald Scott, Esq." By the term "figure-casters," I presume, is meant the fanciful belief, prevailing about this period, that if a person desired another's death he must make a waxen image closely resembling the person who was to die. This figure was to be constructed under certain signs and forms of incantation, and then, at certain arranged times, pins were to be stuck through the heart of the figure, or it was to be stabbed, shot at, or beheaded; by which means it was impudently pretended that the death of the person, operated upon through this waxen figure, would assuredly occur at the very same instant. The readers of the "Ingoldsby Legends" will remember a very clever and amusing illustration of this original practice of doing people to death in the inimitable story of the "Leech of Folkestone," only in this case the tables are turned on the would-be murderers with terrible effect.

A remarkable work was published, in connection with this subject, by no less a personage than the celebrated Richard Baxter—sometime Vicar of Kidderminster—and dated 1690, entitled "The Certainty of the World of Spirits, etc., fully evinced by the unquestionable Histories of Apparitions, Operations, Witchcrafts, Voices, etc. By Richard Baxter." It is possibly owing to the manners, teaching, opinions, and habits of thought of the time that we find a man of such great talents and learning sitting down in sober earnest to write an elaborate work to prove the truth of such silly superstitious fancies.

Nor is Baxter the only cleric who wrote on the same subject; for we have a work by "Joseph Glanvil, Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty King Charles II., and F.R.S.," with this fine imposing title, "Sadducismus Triumphatus; Or, A Full and Plain Evidence concerning Witches and Apparitions." Here, then, we have another learned divine, and an F.R.S. to boot, using his wit and his influence to assist in the propagation of a belief as foolish and puerile as it was wicked and mischievous.

The subject attracted much attention in the seventeenth century, and was evidently thought a very great deal of, not only by men in holy orders, but by laymen of learning, education, and position as well; and a book was published in 1653 by Sir R. Filmer (a judge, I believe) for the especial benefit of the "jurymen of England," in which he pretends to explain "the difference between an English and an Hebrew witch"! But I cannot close this article without special reference to a very celebrated book touching on the same subject, written by neither priest nor layman, but by a learned and *royal* author. Though possibly already well known to most of our readers, I will just refer to the title in full: "Demonologie; in the form of a Dialogue, divided into Three Books; Written by the Most High and Mighty Prince James, by the Grace of God, King of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc.—1616." So that even his Majesty King James I., with all his Solomonic wisdom and learned pedantry, was not proof against the silly childish beliefs of the age, the very mention of which, in these enlightened days, provokes, not merely a smile of pity and contempt, but a downright honest laugh at the utter folly and credulity of our forefathers.

SOME DINNERS I HAVE EATEN.

By Edwin H. Trafton.

"My Dear Cousin—I cannot tell you how sorry we all were to hear that you had been so ill. There is only one thing for you to do—you need quiet, a good long rest, and plenty of air; still more important, while you are convalescing you require a total change from the rich food to which you are accustomed, to plain, simple country fare. All these things you will find at our home, and a warm home welcome along with them. Your room is ready and waiting for you. Telegraph us when to meet you at the station. You *must* come, and the longer you stay the better we will be pleased."

This letter was from my Illinois cousin, whose farm bordered the Mississippi. I had been having a rather lively wrestle with disease, and the doctors had come out ahead. I could not refuse so cordial and agreeable an invitation. I arrived at the prairie home about eleven o'clock in the morning, where my welcome was hearty enough to put new life into many times more of an invalid than I was.

Dinner was served a few minutes before noon, and this is the bill-of-fare that I found waiting for me on the expansive kitchen-table of that modest farmhouse:

Chicken Soup, with rice.
Roast Veal, stuffed. Roast Turkey.
Broiled Chicken. Broiled Prairie Chicken.
Boiled Mutton.
Cold Ham. Cold Corned Beef.
Potatoes, boiled and mashed.
Turnips. Parsnips. Cabbage.
Cranberry Sauce.
Apple Sauce. Currant Jelly. Pickles.
Plum Pudding.
Mince Pie. Apple Pie. Custard Pie.
Three Kinds of Cake.
Tea. Coffee. Chocolate. Milk.

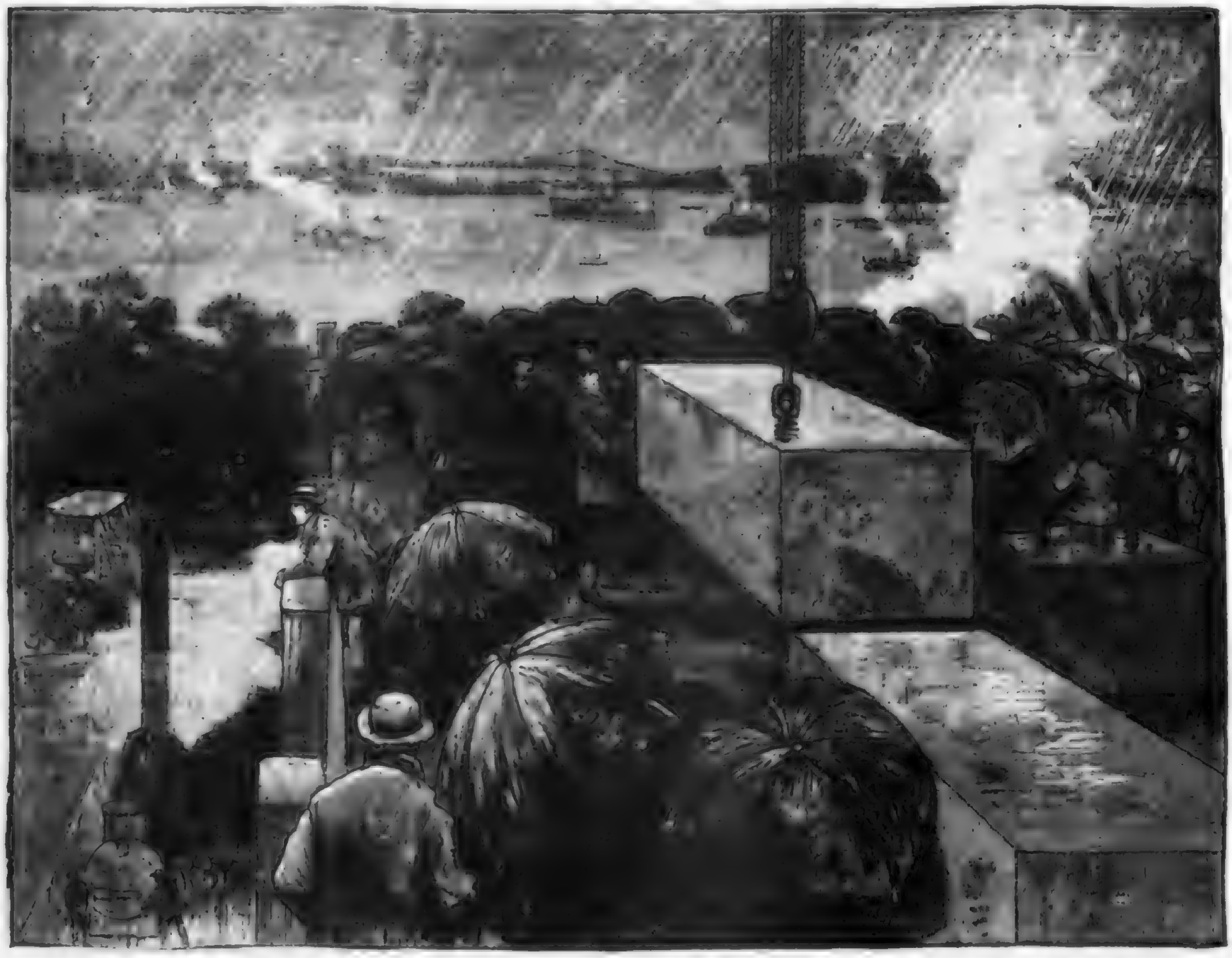
There was only one course. That is to say, this enormous lay-out was all on the table when we sat down. I do not know whether I was more appalled or amused. The "rich food" on which I had been living for the preceding month consisted mainly of tea, toast and gruel. I ventured a remark to the effect that if this was the "plain, simple country fare" on which I was to diet, it might save funeral expenses for me to return without delay to the luxuries of my city *cuisine*. To which came the solicitous response:

"I was afraid we hadn't got a single thing which you could eat. Do try and worry down something."

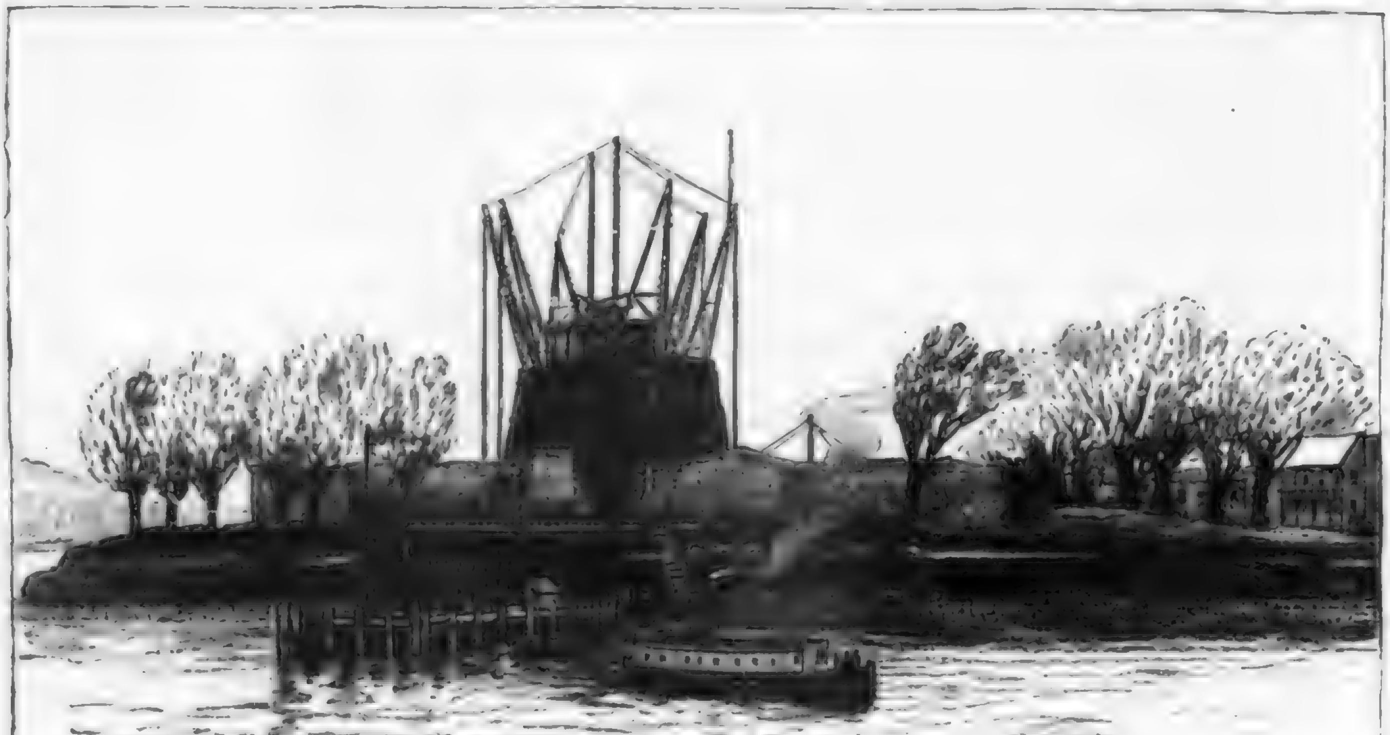
I did try, and with such excellent results, that it was with a genuine regret and an avoirdupois increased by several pounds, that a fortnight later I returned to town.

It was the Winter following the burning of Chicago that all of us who persisted in remaining to keep the ruins company were, by universal consent, known as "fire-sufferers." A large army of the more unfortunate existed on the disbursements of the Relief and Aid Society, the beneficent and wisely-managed almoner of the millions contributed by a sympathizing world. Some got along on such funds as they received from their insurance companies, and others pulled through on money sent them by friends in the East. Altogether it was a tough Winter, as Winters go, but a combination of local pride, clear grit, and an undaunted belief in the future of the city, smoothed over the rough places, and a magnificent, but thoroughly practical, philosophy carried every one through till the bravest hopes were vindicated. There was scarcely less than a touch of bravado in that Winter's high-pressure opera season, when the one little west-side theatre was crowded with people who paid eight dollars a seat to hear Wachtel sing; and I fear there was reckless display of the same spirit in a little dinner which four of us enjoyed one cold, blustering night in Ibach's restaurant. We gave our favorite restauranteur *carte blanche* to furnish forth the most elaborate *menu* within the possibilities of the establishment, and the result was a gastronomic triumph. We sat down at eight o'clock, but it was perilously near gray dawn when we sought our homes. In the interim we did not mind that the storms beat against the windows and rattled the panes, while wine flowed, the merry jest passed around, and the music of the zither, played by Ibach himself, made us forget that there ever had been such a being as the Fire Fiend, or any other disagreeable thing. A single item in our *menu* was English pheasants stuffed with chestnuts, the birds having cost $4 each in the market. The dinner was not a "swell" one, in the Delmonico, or Hotel Brunswick, or Pinard, sense, but there was plenty to eat and to drink, and the bill was exactly $30 a plate, or $120 for the quartet; not a large sum for a millionaire to pay, but quite large enough for "fire-sufferers," two of whom were newspaper-men.

Without reference to the amount of money invested, there have been many times since when the pleasures of that night have been recalled with sighs of regret. For example, during the culinary horrors of a trip I made in company with the late Colonel Delaplaine, of Wheeling, down through the wilds of West Virginia, from Clarksburg to White Sulphur Springs. West Virginia is a State possessing enormous natural resources; but its resources and its cooking are both in the same condition—they need development. One must have an iron will, a cast-iron digestion, and an empty stomach, to eat what is usually found on the table of the West Virginia farmer. Pork, in all its forms, is the principal—often only—article of diet; pork baked, pork fried, pork boiled; all the changes are rung on ham, each a trifle more intense, a trifle less palatable, than the other. Eggs are rare, and broiled chicken is a positive oasis in the Sahara of porcine abominations. Then potatoes and cornbread and coffee afford a positive relief, when attainable, but none of these are very filling. It was after a hard drive, after a meagre breakfast, over impossible—I had almost said impassable—roads, that the colonel and myself stopped



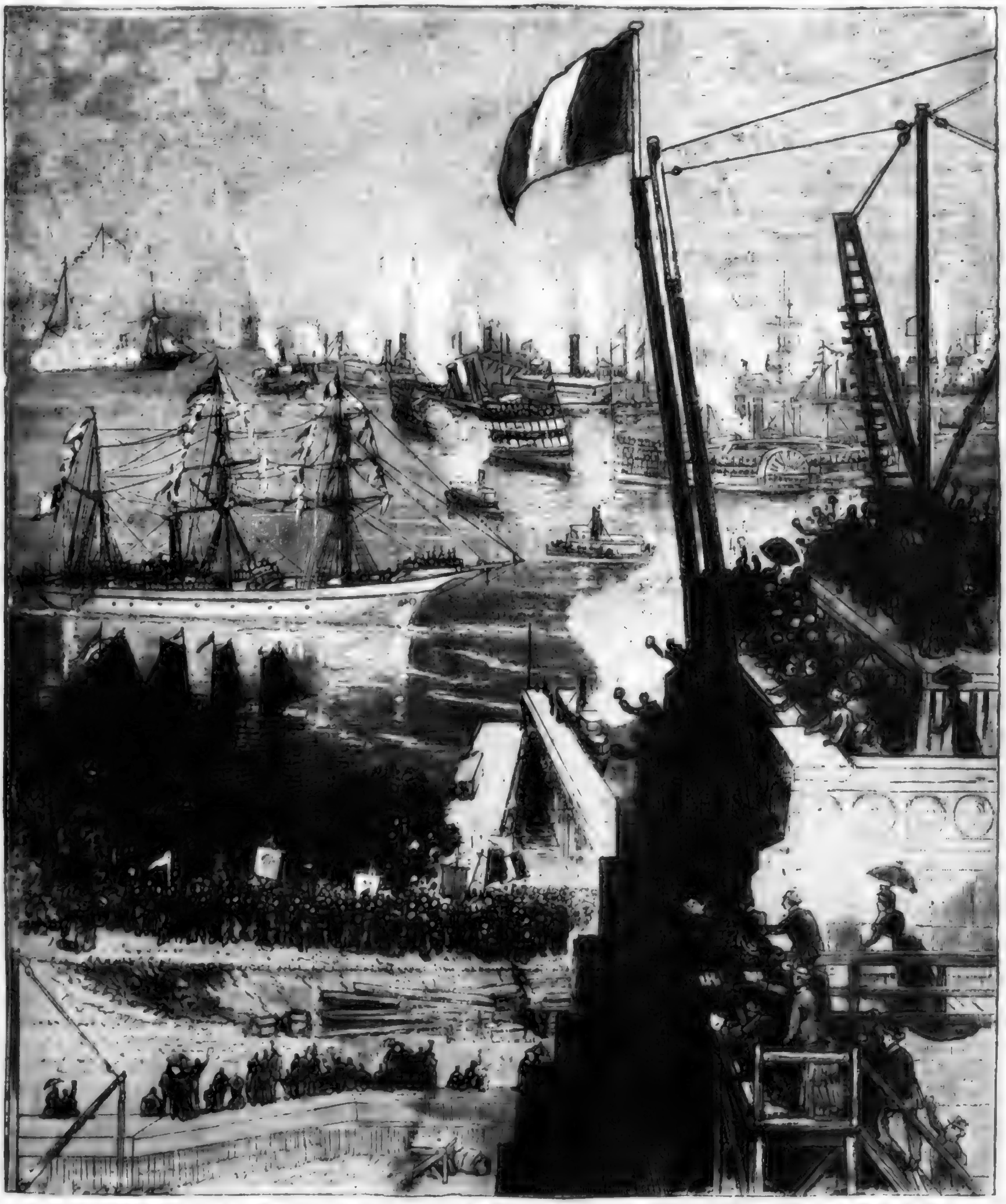
THE STATUE OF "LIBERTY."—THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE PEDESTAL, AUGUST 5TH, 1884.—SEE PAGE 129.



THE PEDESTAL RISING WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE FORT.

at a house for a midday meal—dinner, by force of habit, it was called. The lady of the establishment was hospitable, as all West Virginia folk are, according to their lights and to the extent of their larder, to their credit, be it said ; but there was a lack of neatness in her dress and personal appearance that was far from appetizing. When the feast was ready we found it consisted of cold boiled pork, dyspeptic bread and cucumber pickles. Now these cucumbers were of extraordinary size, and had nearly gone to seed before they had been drowned in a brine of most remarkable flavor, the ingredients of which could by no possibility be identified through the sense of taste. Hungry as I was, I could not attack any part of the solid mass of fat pork, and so confined my attention to one of the seed cucumber pickles. Noticing my dainty preference for this table luxury, the hostess encouragingly remarked :

"If you like them pickles, don't be afraid of 'em, but eat all you want. *We* don't none of us eat any of 'em."



ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH TRANSPORT "ISÈRE," WITH THE BARTHOLDI STATUE ON BOARD, AT THE BASE OF THE PEDESTAL.

There was one place, though, while *en route* to the Greenbrier White Sulphur, where we had vastly better luck. It bears the poetic name of Mingo Flats, but I shall recall it kindly to my dying day, for there it was that we were feasted, and enjoyed our fill of delicious brook-trout, with which the West Virginia streams are fairly alive. They were served up on an enormous platter, and piled a foot high, laid crosswise like cordwood. As fast as inroads were made on the mountain of speckled, pink-tinted fish, fresh relays were brought smoking hot from the frying-pan to supply their place. Mingo Flats and brook-trout are for ever linked in my memory, where they hold a sacred place that many a French *chef* has vainly sought to invade.

Once upon a time I had a friend who was an Englishman. He had been everywhere, had seen everything, and his experiences were legion. He was a clever writer, a fascinating talker, a most delightful companion. Suddenly he fell heir to a considerable legacy, and insisted that I should leave the paper with which I was connected to join him in a literary enterprise, for which he stood ready to furnish all the capital. I at first refused, but he finally pressed so hard that I yielded, and resigned my position. His programme included a trip to London, in which I was to join him, and passage was engaged for both. He asked the honor and pleasure of giving a farewell dinner to my friends the night before we were to sail, and I could do no less than accept with hearty thanks. A Broadway restaurant was selected, and in the afternoon we together made up the *menu* and selected the wines. At the appointed hour the invited guests, a dozen or fifteen in number, were promptly on hand, but my English friend was unaccountably absent. I was sure some accident had befallen him, and I sent out messenger-boys in all directions. The dinner was a depressing and gloomy occasion, and after it was over I hunted the police-stations and hospitals, but without success. I have never seen my English friend since. I did not make the trip to London, but I did have the pleasure of paying for the dinner he had ordered.

If one is in search of an appetite, with food to match, there are several places that may be recommended as fully adequate to both demands. For geographical extremes, with about 2,000 miles between, Moosehead Lake and the Rocky Mountains might be suggested. Six weeks' camping around the shores of the great inland sea of the Pine Tree State taught me that with the incense of the woods in the atmosphere, the hunger born of tramping and rowing from daydawn till nightfall, with the incidental and compensating labor of fishing and shooting, nothing can be more satisfactory to the most jaded palate than the dinner composed of the contributions from rod and gun. And if the overture of fish and the oratorio of game be supplemented by a liquid form of bottled beer, cooled air in a shady nook by sparkling brook-water, with the benediction of a fragrant pipe whose dreamy wreaths lazily loose themselves in the uprising flames of the camp-fire, then has a happy care-free mortal known the bliss of dining in a Maine camp. I might add that if there is any one thing more which could make one wish that camp-life and vacation-days might last eternally, it is to have a parson along with the other good fellows—a parson who tells good stories and who, forgetting pulpits and creeds, becomes a very priest of Nature to enthusiastic neophytes of the universal religion. All these harmonious elements were a part of my fortunate experience in never-to-be-forgotten *al fresco* dinners in the grand old woods of the Sunrise State.

Then, if one seeks the mental and physical exhilaration of high altitudes, these are to be found—I know, because I found both—in a trip to the Rockies. There one's dinner may include such epicurean luxuries as sage hens—very like quail in that they are not to be too continuously indulged in—black-tailed deer, elk, bear, antelope and other fragrant game. Occasionally a "maverick" falls a prey to the predatory purveyor, whereupon the "outfit" is excited by the announcement that there will be "buffalo-steaks" for supper—a meal that corresponds with the orthodox dinner as to lateness of hour and substantial quality. I recall many nights, after weary rides across alkali deserts and along trails lined with sage-brush, with incidental prairie-dogs, casual rattlesnakes and sporadic jack-rabbits, when a juicy antelope-steak, smoking hot, garnished with canned fruits and condiments, and a tin dipper of steaming hot coffee, produced an internal and all-pervading satisfaction that a Clover Club dinner at the Bellevue in Philadelphia might approximate but never wholly equal. The diners may be as first-class, but the dinners are not so elevated—not so many thousand feet above sea-level.

It has never been my fortune, good or ill, to dine *en famille* with a royal or imperial personage—but I had a narrow escape, in the Fall of 1873, in Russia. By a special act of courtesy which I fully appreciated at the time—and have sometimes wondered at since—I was allowed, with two other American friends, to thoroughly inspect every part of the Summer Cottage, a short distance out of St. Petersburg, which was at the time occupied by the then Prince Imperial and now Czar of Russia. As a matter of fact, palaces, and all that sort of buildings, are regular show-places, open to any one who has the time or curiosity to visit them. It is not often that the sight-seeing tourist has a chance to invade the privacy of apartments which are being lived in by people on the throne, or those presently doomed to that miserable existence. From a knowledge of that fact, we especially appreciated our run of the rooms where the heir-apparent and his wife, with their children, were supposed to enjoy their domestic seclusion. The Crown Prince was off somewhere officially reviewing a military parade, or some such pageant, while the Crown Princess, *née* Princess Dagmar of Denmark, was, I suppose, engaged in shopping on the Rue de Nevsky. Everything about the establishment was designed for comfort, and there was not half as much style as is affected by some of New York's new rich residents. I remember I was sitting at the writing-table in the suite sacred to the occupancy of the Crown Princess, now Czarina, mentally enjoying the exquisite daintiness of her stationery, and wondering what friends and admirers had showered such a collection of ravishing paper-cutters on her, when to us suddenly entered a liveried servant in trepidation, who, with a Parisian accent that I could only envy and admire, conveyed the information that their Imperial Highnesses would presently arrive to dine. Even in our democratic simplicity, having no desire to be *de trop*, when we had been the recipients of special courtesies, we presently took our departure. Our way out led us through the dining-room, where plates were laid for only two, and I felicitated myself that we had not insisted on remaining where our presence might have been awkward for all concerned. I knew from experience how disagreeable it is for a host or hostess to be obliged to provide for unexpected guests at short notice. That evening we dined, as usual, at the Hotel d'Angleterre, just across the square from St. Isaac's Cathedral.

Popular superstition has led many simple people to suppose that the heroes who devote their lives to the newspaper business—or profession, if you please—lack the time or money, or both, to dine according to the accepted canons of good living. From ample and extended personal experience I can vouch that such is not the fact. Never in my life have I sat down to a more perfect dinner—and I have been something of a student of gastronomy in two continents—than at the table of the then editor of a newspaper in Rochester, N. Y. Although he has since reformed and quit journalism, he was at the time in the harness, and was equally familiar with the traditions of the elder Bennett, Raymond and Greeley, and the culinary conceits of Brilliat Saverain. Combining the rare qualities of a true sportsman—who enjoys with keenest zest the pleasures of purveying in forest and stream—with those of the genuine gourmet, he is equal to all the demands of the table, whether viewed as a science or a high art, being at once hunter, *chef* and connoisseur. On a New Year's Day not very long ago he gave a dinner to a small party of "literary fellows." For elaborate simplicity, for perfect poise in the relations of each dish to all the others, for artistic completeness of piquancy only to satisfy the appetite, I venture the assertion that even the late Sam Ward, in his rarest inspirations, could have produced no *menu* to surpass it. A single item was the blue violet salad which delighted the eye only to entrance the palate. The fame of this salad has since traveled the whole country over, and I am not sure that it has not reached the *salons* of Paris. If it has, this one noble achievement will have sufficed to convince them that all Americans are not savages.

The gastronomic dude may find his highest enjoyment in ordering ortolans cooked according to his own secret formula, or an omelet of humming-bird's eggs; the New England Yankee has a platonic affection for that nightmare of indigestion known as pie, and becomes correspondingly addicted to every nostrum reputed efficacious in the cure of dyspepsia; the Baltimore gourmet registers an opinion before high heaven that there are not more cooks than can be counted on the fingers of one hand who know how to treat a terrapin—with unanimous consent including Secretary Bayard as one of these immortals; the ex-Reverend Adirondack Murray modestly confesses the belief that there is only one man possessed of sufficient genius of the proper brand to broil an oyster, and that that man is now keeping a restaurant in Montreal; the Hoboken Turtle Club asserts that it has the only genuine and soul-satisfying recipe for the concoction of a soup from the amphibious creature whose name it bears; like the conundrums relating to the Man with the Iron Mask and the authorship of the "Junius" letters, there is still a division among those competent to decide as to whether the famous Fish House punch can hold a candle to those brewed by Mr. Henry Watterson; the Ichthyophagous Club assumes the airs of a philanthropist for having introduced octopus and hell-benders to Christian palates; Philadelphia calls her Liberty Bell to witness that there is a divinity that shapes the happy fate of one who eats Delaware planked shad at Gloucester; but, whatever differences may exist as to the axiomatic truth of each or all of these propositions, there is no civilized man who will not agree that to be late in keeping a dinner engagement is a social crime of such magnitude that no adequate punishment has ever been devised or ever can be inflicted.

On the other hand, the prompt fulfillment of such obligations is one of the few experiences when one is comfortably made aware that virtue is its own reward.

It was in 1873 that I kept a dinner engagement, made at long range, which has never ceased to afford gratification in the retrospect. It was in April of the year mentioned that Mr. A. B. Pullman, of the Pullman Palace Car Company, came into the Chicago newspaper-office where I was then employed. He called to say Good-by just before starting on a trip to England, whence he was going to introduce the cars of his company.

"Where will you live while in London?" I asked.

"At the Langham," he said.

"I may be over later, and will call on you," I continued.

"I'll be glad to see you. Be sure and dine with me, will you?"

"With pleasure, but when? I don't like dinner invitations that are too general and indefinite."

"Fix your own date," replied Mr. Pullman, with a laugh.

"Six o'clock, August 1st," I responded, with the same matter-of-fact tone as though arranging to dine with him at the Tremont House that day week in Chicago.

"Mind you don't let the soup grow cold," were his last words, as I wished him *Bon voyage!*

After a tedious twelve days' passage I landed in Liverpool on the last day of July. A party of friends insisted I should remain over with them a day or two in Liverpool, get rested, and do some sightseeing.

"Impossible," I told them. "I have an engagement in London with which nothing can be allowed to interfere."

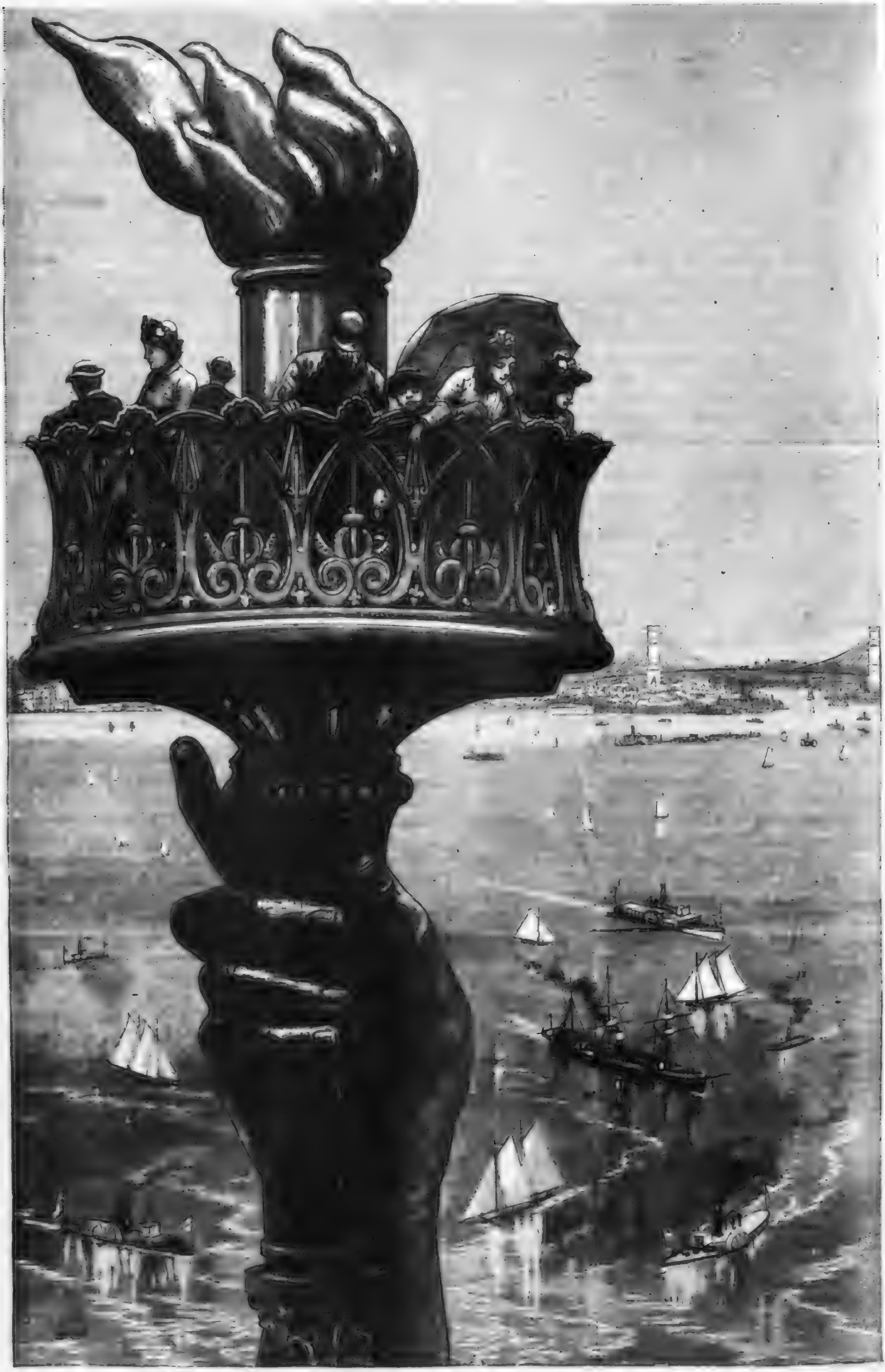
Going on to London, I reached the Langham Hotel about five o'clock of the afternoon of August first. After being assured that Mr. Pullman was stopping there, I was shown to my rooms, and made my toilet for dinner. It yet lacked fifteen minutes to six o'clock when I came down-stairs, and was informed that I would find my friend in the smoking-room. He was sitting at a table with some English gentlemen, enjoying a *tête-à-tête* over glasses of brandy-and-soda. Walking up behind him, I touched him lightly on the shoulder, and quietly asked: "Isn't it about dinner-time?"

He turned, gazed at me in a dazed sort of a way for a moment, then springing up and giving my hand an honest, old-fashioned, hearty, North American shaking, exclaimed: "Great Scot! You *did* keep it, didn't you?"

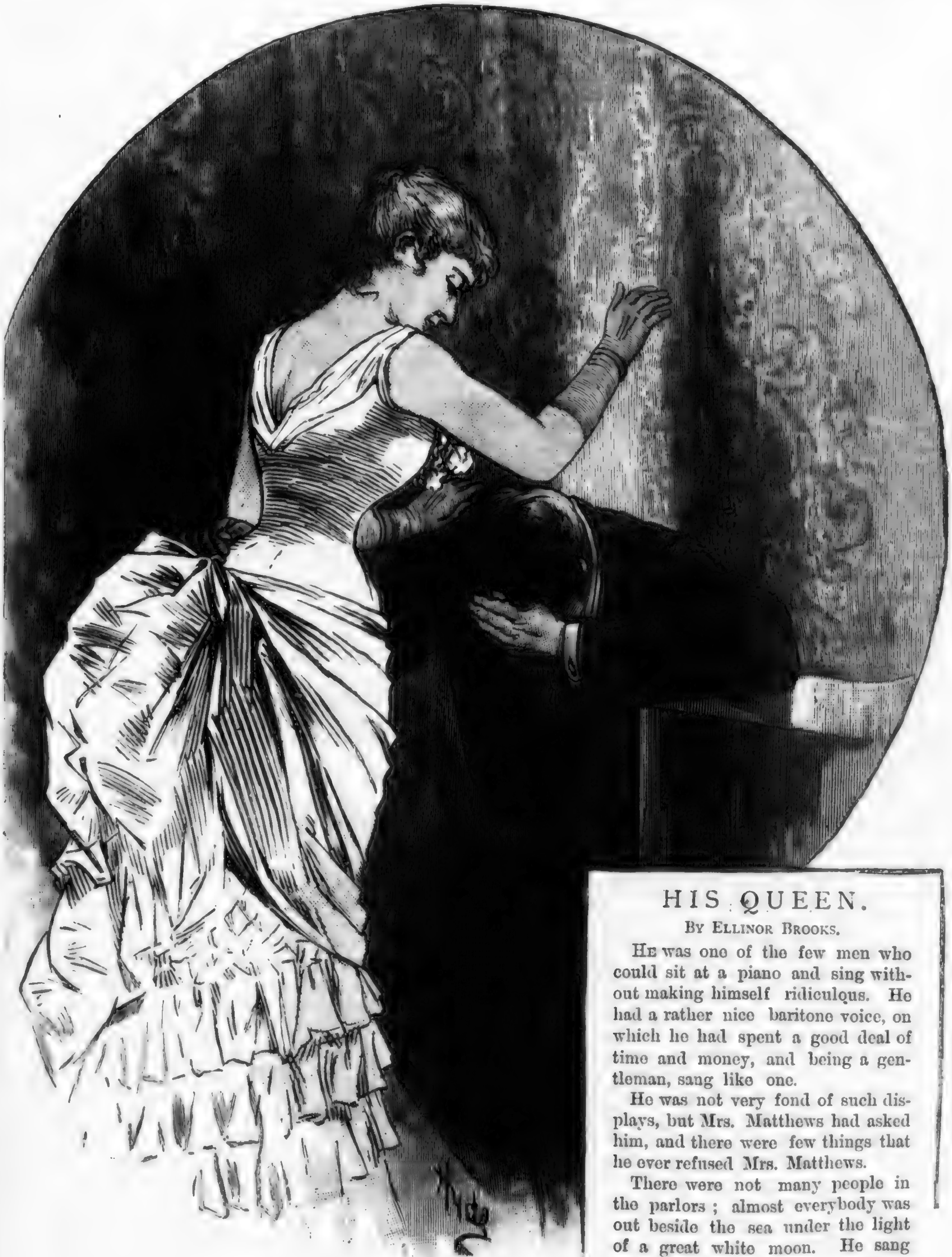
As no plausible denial suggested itself on the instant, he at once took me to the department presided over by the barmaid, whom he had successfully inducted into the mysteries of a highly ornate Yankee cocktail. On sampling the efforts of his accomplished and most charming pupil, while pledging far distant mutual friends, I felt myself so amply rewarded for having kept to a minute a dinner engagement made four months before and four thousand miles away, that the Langham *table d'hôte* dinner, which presently followed, became but a mere incident, although a thoroughly agreeable one, in the achievement.

MAJOR JOHNSON, in a recent book of travels, thus relates an ancient Hungarian custom: "When a young man wanted to 'pop' to the object of his affections, he called at the house one evening, and paid a long visit, but made no allusion to the subject nearest his heart. On going away he forgot his cloak, and the next day watched the house. If the cloak was still inside, he was the happiest of men; but were it hanging outside, he took the fact as his *congé*. This is all very well for would-be Benedicts, but if a confirmed bachelor should happen to leave his cloak by mistake, he might be let in for an action for 'breach,' or a stab from an infuriated brother."

PRIDE is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.



THE STATUE OF "LIBERTY."—VIEWING THE HARBOR FROM THE TORCH IN THE HAND OF THE STATUE.—SEE PAGE 129.



HIS QUEEN.—"HE LOOKED IN HER EYES WITH AN EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE THAT BROUGHT A MOST REAL AND UNPREMEDITATED CRY FROM HER LIPS. THEN HE SWAYED TOWARD HER, AND FELL HEAVILY AGAINST HER, WITH HIS FACE AMONG THE ROSES ON HER BREAST."

HIS QUEEN.

BY ELLINOR BROOKS.

HE was one of the few men who could sit at a piano and sing without making himself ridiculous. He had a rather nice baritone voice, on which he had spent a good deal of time and money, and being a gentleman, sang like one.

He was not very fond of such displays, but Mrs. Matthews had asked him, and there were few things that he ever refused Mrs. Matthews.

There were not many people in the parlors; almost everybody was out beside the sea under the light of a great white moon. He sang "My Queen," partly because it was the last thing he had learned and partly because it was rather a favorite of his. Not that he had any sentimental longings or ideals troubling him just then; indeed he was not a man given to much visionary softness of any kind. He had lived through a good many tolerably severe attacks, and had acquired a comfortable cynicism regarding the tender passion. As for the rest, he was the junior member of a banking firm, and was taking his Summer vacation beside the much-sounding sea. He was making the most of his boating and fishing opportunities. The young ladies and the dancing were minor attractions to be enjoyed when he was not too tired with the day's legitimate occupations :

"She must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit, that maiden I love !
Whether her birth be noble or lowly
I care no more than the spirit above.
And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,
And ever her strength on mine shall lean,
And the stars shall fall and the angels be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her, my Queen, my Queen !"

And then he looked up and saw her.

She had just come in through the open window. The sea-wind was blowing the curtains inward and apart, and she stood between them as if she had just stepped down from an altar in some old picture. She was very young —not more than eighteen apparently—a slight girlish figure, and to his face she raised a pair of blue eyes with a cool, incurious stare in them like an unreasoning child's eyes. The next instant she bent a Clytie-like head toward the young man beside her, who stood offering her a double handful of jacqueminot roses.

Balfour did not know that it was Leopold Grace, who had none of it except in his name, and perhaps in his bank account. Possibly Miss Vaughn did not know either—anything but his name, that is.

"And the stars shall fall and the angels be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her, my Queen, my Queen !"

She took her roses and looked back at the singer. I suppose no man ever passed unobserved under Beatrice Vaughn's eyes. A few men warranted that second look. Balfour rose as if she had called him.

"Do you know that young lady ? Will you present me ?"

Mrs. Matthews gave him one steadfast look, laid her hand on his arm and crossed the room with him.

He walked with his eyes fixed on Miss Vaughn, like one in a trance. He was conscious, as one who hears half-waking, that Mrs. Matthews was saying, in her unconventional fashion :

"Beatrice, my friend Mr. Balfour wishes to be presented to you. Miss Beatrice Vaughn, Harry."

The cool, salt current of air brought him the scent of her roses. The moonlight lay on her beautiful head and the white mist of her draperies. He could hear the murmur of the sea through her grave, slow voice.

"I am happy to meet you, Mr. Balfour. I am always very happy to meet any friend of Mrs. Matthews," turning to that lady with a frank, sunshiny smile.

"Thank you," dryly. "Those are beautiful roses you have, my dear."

"Mr. Grace will forgive me if I share his generosity before his eyes," with a bright, upward look to that young man's face. "Are you enjoying Sea Cliff, Mr. Balfour ?" eyes and fingers being busy with her flowers.

"I have not thought. I do not know——" he began, incoherently.

She stopped him with a little cry.

On the hand she stretched out to him a great drop of blood showed red against the soft palm.

"It is a thorn—if you would be so good !"

And while Balfour bent over the wounded hand, Mrs. Matthews took herself away with some irrelevant excuse. He did not know when she went.

* * * * * *

His leave of absence expired two weeks later. He asked for an extension, and the request being the first of its kind, the office—perhaps in sheer astonishment—granted it. The Vaughns left Sea Cliff three days before his time came to an end. Within twenty-four hours he was back at work again. Sea Cliff without Beatrice Vaughn was flat, stale, unprofitable.

Then he began to realize what had befallen him. He got through his day's work well enough from sheer mechanical force of habit. But all through the hot twilights, and far into the large-starred August nights, a feverish unrest drove him aimlessly about the streets. Only to see her, to hear her voice, to be conscious of her presence near him !—what he hoped or expected more than that he did not ask himself. He knew well enough that in those other days he, who was glib enough on all ordinary occasions, had sat silent and constrained, stammering of speech, unready of action. Other men had enough to say, walking, dancing, boating, as if she had been no more than any ordinary beauty.

He had brought home with him some of that fairy gold that lovers from immemorial ages have seen turn to such utter trash under the disenchanting force of time—a cluster of roses and a cobweb handkerchief.

The roses she had given him on one still, hot day when the waves swung sleepily against the shining yellow shore, and the smell of the cedars came up through the burning noon. They were together in a nook among the rocks. How it happened that she, who, was always the centre of everything, had this hour to give him alone, he had never understood. But there they were, and he was dumb as usual.

"It is a bit of lotus land," she said, out of the silence. "I shall never forget it ; shall you ?"

"Not if——"

"If what ?" waiting for him to go on.

"If you will give me one of your roses."

And then he dared not raise his eyes to her face.

She laid a cluster softly in his hand and did not speak. She never chatted like other girls.

* * * * * *

They had been down to the shore one night to watch the phosphorescence on the water. It was very dark with the coming storm, and she lost her footing on the slippery rocks. He caught her with something of a wrench to himself, but it was only when they came into the light from the house, and he saw the dark stains on her white dress, that he knew he had wounded himself. She smiled with a slight exclamation.

"I did not know. I am very sorry about your dress," he said, humbly.

"What do I care for the dress ! You are hurt. It is your wrist. Oh, Mr. Balfour, you never told me !"

She bent over his hand, wrapping her handkerchief about it with quick, careful fingers. He leaned back against the wall with his heart choking him.

"You are faint !" with anxious, innocent eyes.

"It is nothing. You were going up-stairs. Good-night !"

He lived it over again. There was not much to recall. No one could say of Beatrice Vaughn that she was lavish of even such inexpensive favors as words or smiles.

* * * * * *

September came hot and sultry. The senior partner came back one day prematurely.

"Had your vacation, Balfour?"

"I was away a month—almost six weeks."

"It hasn't done you much good, then. Take another fortnight and go home with me. Mrs. Graves will be glad to see you, and Mrs. Matthews is coming."

"Thank you," he said, wearily; "I am afraid I can't go. Gorham hasn't been away this Summer."

"Don't begin fancying yourself invaluable. You are looking awfully pulled down. Go home and get your things, and we'll catch the night-boat. He let himself be overborne. He told himself he had made a mistake before they had been half an hour on the way. He had enough of the musical temperament to make all his senses a possible torture. The sound of waves, the salt smell of the shores, aroused him to new capabilities of pain. He thought he had sounded every depth of that. He learned better in the two hours of his journey.

He had been greeted with all Mrs. Graves's motherly kindness, he had dined and had talked for half an hour with another guest who seemed to expect it, and now he sat silent and moody, wishing himself back in the city, where, at least, he had the sultry freedom of the parks and streets.

"Is your head better, dear? I was just coming up to see," Mrs. Graves said, in the hall.

"Much better, thank you. And it is so much cooler down here."

The soft, grave voice, the clear-cut, deliberate speech. The room spun round, the lights broke up in a myriad scintillations. Then he knew that he was standing dumb and awkward as of old, and she was saying, softly:

"Is my memory so much better than yours? I heard your voice and *knew*."

Then it began all over again—if, indeed, it could be said ever to have ended. For three days he lived in her presence. Mrs. Matthews came, and he hurried over his first interview with her to walk down the shore with Miss Vaughn, with whom he had already spent the morning on horseback and the afternoon on a tiny island in the harbor. That night Tom Conway came.

Conway was a big man, and handsome, with womanish, long-lashed brown eyes, and heavy black hair tumbling across his forehead. Nobody quite understood how he kept going since he had wasted the last fortune that was left him, but everybody liked the careless, generous fellow, who could never refuse a woman, and rarely a man, anything they might choose to ask.

And then, somehow, it was Conway, and not himself, who spent the long Summer days with her.

He accepted the new order of things quietly enough. He bore Conway no illwill. He never thought of struggling to regain the place that had seemed to be his. From the very first he had hoped nothing. Her presence was intoxication; out of it, life was a blank. But he accepted the blank when it came.

He had got through dinner one night creditably enough, but he found his endurance at an end there. He made letters, that came by the afternoon post, an excuse, and went to his room.

It was only a little while before Conway tapped, and then opened the door unbidden.

"About as I expected. Letters! Why didn't you say Miss Vaughn at once."

Balfour stirred restlessly.

"Don't trouble yourself to tell me to mind my own business," coolly. "I've come to tell you something of the young lady's history. You know well enough that I never gossip about women, and you'll just please to listen to what I have to say. You remember Fred Norton? She was engaged to him three years ago. She isn't the child she looks, and this was her first experience. That Winter she was in Washington. She told Fred, in that cool, soft way of hers, that she wished he was dead. There was a young Lord Somebody there, who found himself in something like your condition, I suspect. His mother took him home, and Fred is on a sheep-range in Australia.

"The next Summer she was in Europe. I don't know the filling-in of that story, but in the Winter a young Italian followed them home—a priest he was. Miss Vaughn had enlightened him in various ways, and he had broken his vows to follow her. He died before Spring. Quick consumption, they said; the climate was too much for him.

"That was such a shock to Beatrice that they took her at once to Florida. In March, George Magruder and Frank Beach fought a duel at Savannah. They had been lifelong friends, college classmates, and all that. Beach was killed. Magruder is somewhere at the ends of the earth. He can't come home. They had been up the St. John's with Miss Vaughn's party."

Balfour sat silent a minute.

"Is that all?" bitterly.

"Do you want more?"

"How about yourself?"

"I'm no catch," with an odd laugh. "I was three years ago. I'm pretty near the end of the chapter. There's only one scene more. Take my advice, *go*."

"Why not follow your own advice?"

"I'm going to morrow."

Balfour said nothing more, and Conway went away.

Balfour sat late, absolutely doing nothing, in a dreary sort of half-dream. Then, with a single sharp stroke, that told the first hour of the morning, his door opened again. And again it was Conway.

There was a strange, gray shadow on his handsome face.

"I am going," he said. "And remember that *she* sent me. Good-by, old friend."

He held out his hand. Balfour wrung it mutely, and so the other went.

Two days more. In them Miss Vaughn made no effort to recall Balfour. If she had he would have gone. There was no voice like hers, no eyes like hers. He never questioned Conway's stories. True or untrue, it did not matter. He was at her mercy, helpless, knowing his madness; but she did not call him and he did not go.

On that second afternoon Mrs. Matthews met him with a scared face.

"Conway is dead," she said, without preface.

He had played high, it seemed, that night after leaving them, and a losing game from the beginning. Stake after stake had gone. At the last his very last dollar, it proved. He rose in his place, and with some bitter jest against himself and his fate, blew out his brains where he stood.

"Remember *she* sent me." The words sounded almost audibly in his ears. He went out in a blind, dazed way, and Mrs. Matthews thought him shocked and bewildered by the story he had just heard.

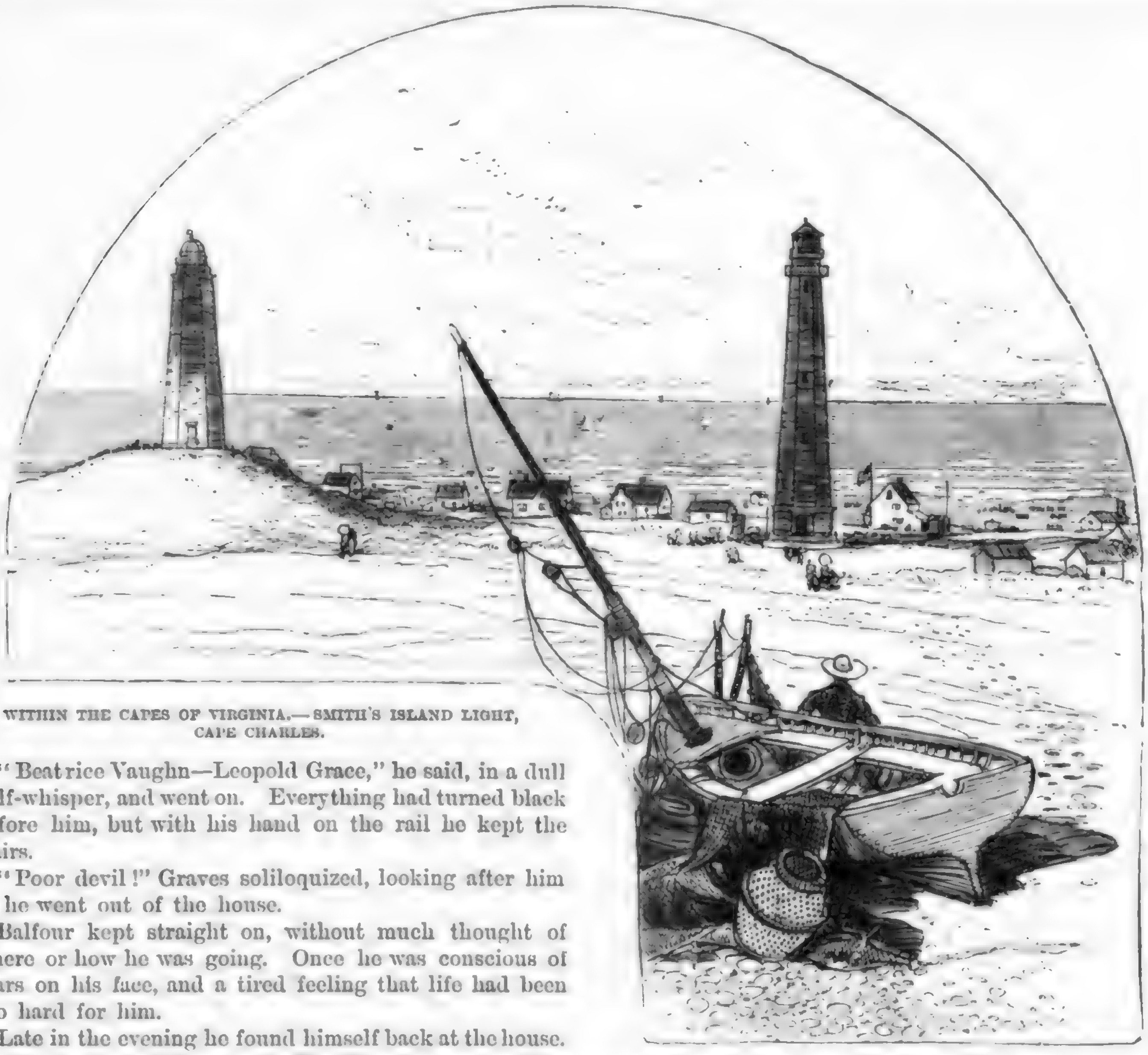
Going down the stairs, Fred Graves came from his room and called to him.

"Did you know," he said, "Leopold Grace has just come?"

"Is he a friend of yours? I did not know."

"Friend of mine! The little wretch! Circumstances are peculiar. Beatrice Vaughn has accepted him within two days, and he has come up to look over his purchase, I suppose."

Graves did not look at him while he was telling him.



WITHIN THE CAPES OF VIRGINIA.—SMITH'S ISLAND LIGHT, CAPE CHARLES.

"Beatrice Vaughn—Leopold Grace," he said, in a dull half-whisper, and went on. Everything had turned black before him, but with his hand on the rail he kept the stairs.

"Poor devil!" Graves soliloquized, looking after him as he went out of the house.

Balfour kept straight on, without much thought of where or how he was going. Once he was conscious of tears on his face, and a tired feeling that life had been too hard for him.

Late in the evening he found himself back at the house. In the shadows of the veranda Miss Vaughn was standing alone. He could not approach her then, and shrank back into the darkness. It was only a minute before Leopold Grace came out. Even in the dimness Balfour could see that his step was not quite steady, and his voice, when he spoke, was thick, and louder than it need have been.

"Give me a kiss, Trix," Leopold Grace said. "You haven't paid for your diamonds yet."

Later still, remembering that he would be missed and waited for, Balfour entered the hall. Miss Vaughn met him almost at the threshold. Some purplish gray haze of drapery wrapped her, a bunch of blood-red roses burned on her breast. She came straight toward him, laying her hand on his arm.

"Mr. Balfour," in her sweet, sudden fashion, "I have been waiting for you. I want to ask of you an odd favor. I want you to sing for me. I have not heard you since the night I met you."

He turned toward the parlor, where a piano stood.

"Now?" he said.

She looked a little surprised at his manner.

"If you please. I have thought of it so much to-day."

He struck a few chords aimlessly.

"Will you sing the song you sang that night—'My Queen'?" watching him closely, under her lowered lids.

She was planning for a little scene at the end of it. She had not heard of Conway's death. Perhaps it would not have mattered much if she had.

He complied without a word. All through he sang with mechanical composure and precision. She began to wonder if she were to be cheated of the little triumph she had sketched. She rose and stood near him; the white, interlocked fingers, blazing with Grace's diamonds, lay against the dark wood of the instrument; her eyes were brilliant with excitement, a rose-flush had gathered on her usually pale cheeks.

> "And the stars shall fall and the angels be weeping,
> Ere I cease to love her, my Queen, my Queen!"

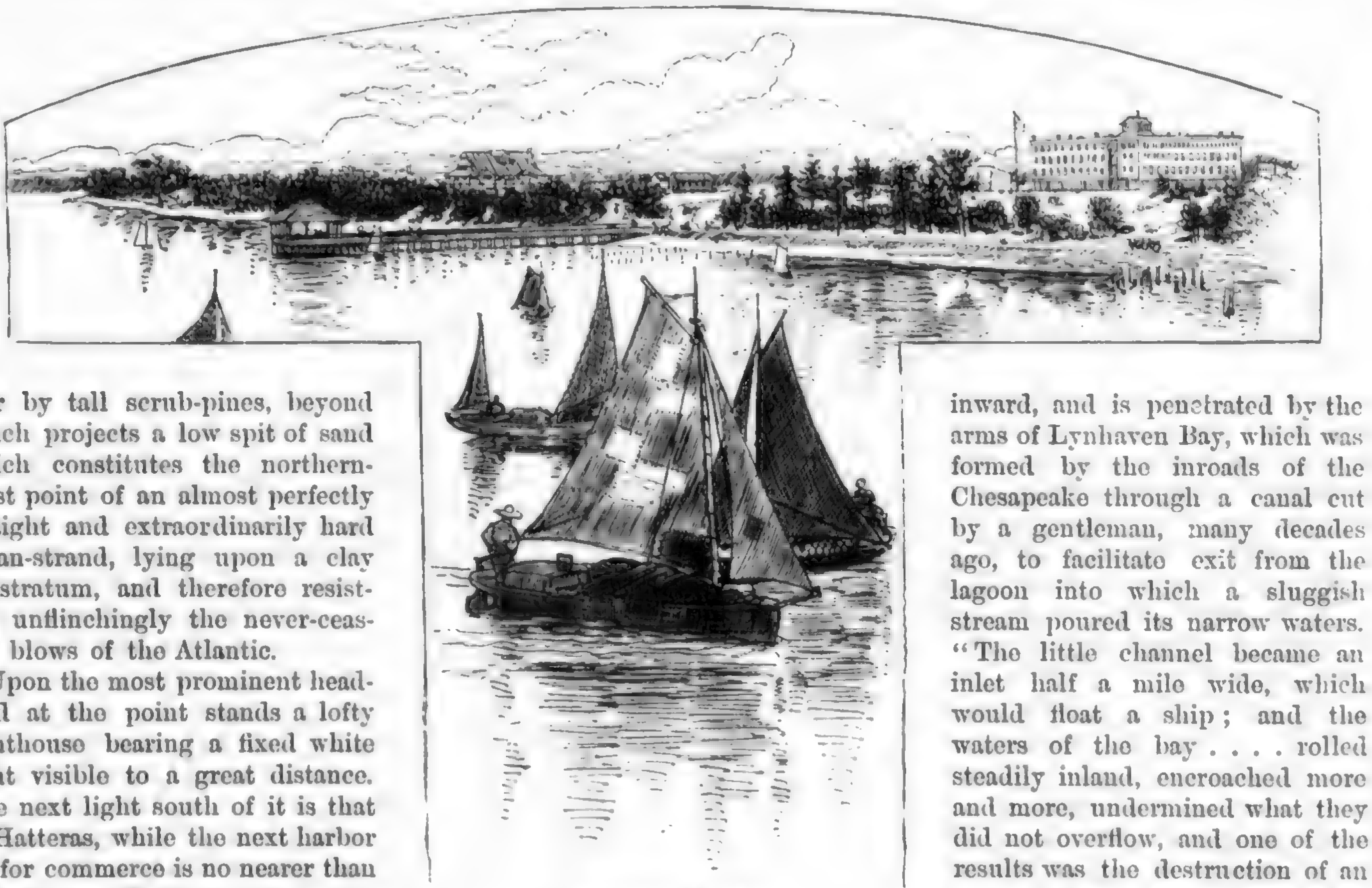
The last chord died out in an inarticulate wail. He turned and looked in her eyes with an expression on his face that brought a most real and unpremeditated cry from her lips. Then he swayed toward her, and fell heavily against her with his face among the roses on her breast.

She had her little scene, after all. He was quite dead when they came. It was heart-disease, they said.

WITHIN THE CAPES OF VIRGINIA.

By Ernest Ingersoll.

The Capes of Virginia are objects well-known to navigators, though they occupied a more prominent place in the chronicles of voyages to America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than they do at present. The southern headland is Cape Henry. It is a point of sand-hills, thinly clad with wire-grass, and bordered in the



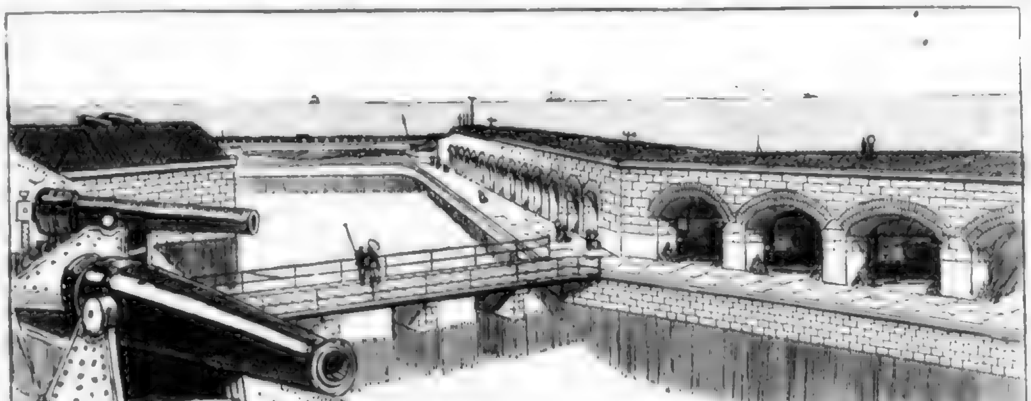
NEWPORT NEWS.

rear by tall scrub-pines, beyond which projects a low spit of sand which constitutes the northernmost point of an almost perfectly straight and extraordinarily hard ocean-strand, lying upon a clay substratum, and therefore resisting unflinchingly the never-ceasing blows of the Atlantic.

Upon the most prominent headland at the point stands a lofty lighthouse bearing a fixed white light visible to a great distance. The next light south of it is that at Hatteras, while the next harbor fit for commerce is no nearer than Wilmington, N. C.

Cape Henry stands at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, twelve miles in width. Beyond the entrance, northward, the land begins again in a number of marshy or sandy islets, which gradually coalesce into a solid shore-line stretching straight northward to Delaware. This point is called Cape Charles, and upon the outermost islet the Government has built a beacon, whose light is exhibited in flashes, and is called "Smith's Island Light."

Having passed within, between Capes Henry and Charles, the "Virginia Capes," the navigator finds himself entering upon an immense area of water, whose shape is vague and shores only partly visible. Attractive in the highest degree to the first voyagers and colonists, this magnificent inclosure of water and its contiguous lands have been the delight of generations since, and the scene of some of the most remarkable episodes in the history of North America.



WATER-BATTERY, FORTRESS MONROE.

Just in the rear of Cape Henry the shore bends inward, and is penetrated by the arms of Lynhaven Bay, which was formed by the inroads of the Chesapeake through a canal cut by a gentleman, many decades ago, to facilitate exit from the lagoon into which a sluggish stream poured its narrow waters. "The little channel became an inlet half a mile wide, which would float a ship; and the waters of the bay . . . . rolled steadily inland, encroached more and more, undermined what they did not overflow, and one of the results was the destruction of an ancient church on the west shore. The edifice, beaten by the waters, slowly crumbled, at last fell and was completely submerged. The old tombstones, with their coats-of-arms and curious inscriptions, went with the rest; and bathers near the spot still occasionally touch them with their feet, and are able to read the names by the sense of touch."

In history this spot is most noted as the scene of the testing of Virginia's only "witch"— the shy and gentle Grace Sherwood, of whom Professor John Esten Cooke has recently written, and the name Witch Duck still remains there as the monument of this frightful manifestation of ignorance and superstition. At present Lynhaven Bay is noted for its oysters— those largest and finest and most delicious of the delicate mollusks, whose noble forms are never degraded to cooking, or insulted with vinegar and pepper-sauce by any one who is worthy of the name "civilized." Now, as in the days of the witch's ducking, the scene is still and lonely—"oozy banks skirted with pines and lugubrious cypresses shining in the sun, white-winged sea-fowl flitting and screaming, the far lines of the Chesapeake coast, and the dim haze toward the shore of the Atlantic. . . The waves are lapping in the grass and flags, and the odor of the pines mingles with the scent of rosemary"— that rosemary which now runs wild over the whole of Princess Anne, and which, they said, Grace Sherwood had brought in an eggshell, that time she sailed across the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, in this frailest of ships, and so proved her witchcraft.

This region was among the very first whereon Europeans took an abiding foothold, the earliest traces of civilization going even to Sir Walter Raleigh's adventures. But before this can be understood, the map of this locality must be before the reader's mind.

Turning sharply westward at Cape Henry, the coast strikes almost straight westward for a dozen miles, terminating in a sandpit curving like a bent forefinger around Willoughby's Bay and Mason's Creek. Three miles further inland is Sewall's Point (named after one of the earliest settlers), where the coast-line turns directly southward, forming the right or eastern bank of the broad tidal estuary called Elizabeth River, after Raleigh's gracious sovereign.

The irregular western shore of Elizabeth River falls away westward from Craney Island to the swampy entrance of the Nansemond River, a broad, sluggish inlet, beyond which it trends northward with more firmness as the southern bank of the James. The James, at its mouth, measured from Pig Point to Newport News, is between three and four miles wide, nor is this width much reduced for many miles above. Its northern bank is formed by that body of land lying between the York and the James called the Peninsula of Virginia, the southernmost extension of which is the point called Newport News, whence the shore strikes northeastward to Old Point Comfort, outside of which begins the western shore of Chesapeake Bay, which is divided from the Atlantic by the "Eastern Shore," or Accomack, the southern extremity of which is Cape Charles and its outlying islands. Old Point Comfort and Willoughby's Sandspit are less than three miles apart. The expanse of water inside them, including the bight between Old Point and Newport News and the mouth of the Elizabeth River, is called Hampton Roads. A glance at any good map will make this description perfectly intelligible.

Six or seven miles southward of Sewall's Point, and about four above its mouth as marked by Craney Island, the Elizabeth suddenly forks into the Eastern and Southern "branches." At this river-head lies Norfolk, one of the liveliest and most interesting cities in the South. Within its own proper limits live something like 25,000 people; but nearly 25,000 more are grouped in the immediate vicinity, under the roofs of Portsmouth, Beverly and other neighboring towns, connected by bridges or ferries with the central city, which some day, no doubt, will annex them all, with the probable exception of Portsmouth.

Norfolk from the very start—and it was one of the first of the colonial settlements—was a seaport and a commercial town. We find that ships were built there as early as 1680, and that by 1736 the town was thought worthy of civic incorporation. The increase and prosperity were steady until the time of the Revolution, and both were due to its geographical position.

The War of the Revolution found her in possession of the British, represented by the fleet of the Governor, Lord Dunmore, who bombarded the town and abused his power over the citizens. Nearly every house was destroyed, and the picturesque old Church of St. Paul is to-day the only relic surviving this eclipse, bearing its title to the distinction in the cannon-ball which still sticks in its wall.

Immediately upon the coming of peace, people returned to the ruined port, and business recovered itself with so great rapidity that in a short time it far exceeded any previous experience.

At that time the mass of population was on the seaboard, and its inland extension had nowhere gone far beyond the navigable parts of the James, York, Potomac and some smaller rivers. The transportation of merchandise and farm-products, as well as travel, was almost wholly by water, and no place could think of importance, commercially, unless accessible by boats. In Hampton Roads all seagoing vessels to Virginia and Maryland met; and there, also, were obliged to pass a large part of the small craft whose errands lay between the river and bay ports. This nearness to the point of greatest traffic was the advantage Norfolk possessed in her location, enhanced by the deep and capacious harbor afforded by the mouth of Elizabeth River before her doors. She was the first port for incoming ships and the last for those outward bound, while she was the most easily accessible landing-place in the commerce of the James River district, which, a century ago, was altogether the most important part of the Southern Colonies. Besides this, Norfolk was the nearest buying and selling point for a large area of plantations in the Carolinas. An effort to increase the inland patronage was among the first things to which Norfolk merchants bent their energies at the close of the Revolution. But between them and the Carolina planters intervened a belt of flooded woodland, early called "Dismal Swamps." The only feasible way to traverse this barrier was by digging a canal—an undertaking so prodigious, that, although begun in 1787, it was not completed until 1828. A few years later a second canal, also running from the Southern branch of the Elizabeth River, and connecting the inland sounds of North Carolina with Chesapeake waters, was opened; and both have conferred incalculable benefits upon the city.

The geographical position, the climate, the accessibility of lumber, the nearness to the iron-producing regions of Central Virginia, which then were the foremost in the country, and the excellent anchorages near by, early recommended this point as suitable for a Government Navy Yard, and soon after the Revolution one was begun opposite Norfolk, which now has a granite drydock costing a million dollars, and other equipments in proportion, for the building and repairing of the largest ships.

Though usually spoken of as the Norfolk Navy Yard, it is really in Portsmouth—at the southern extremity of the city formerly called Gosport. Portsmouth is an old town, and figured largely in the Revolutionary War. There, in 1775, Lord Dunmore, driven from the capital of Virginia at Williamsburg, established his headquarters; and five years later the traitor Arnold was in command at the same place. Portsmouth is now a city of over 12,000 inhabitants, the terminus of the Seaboard and Roanoke Railway, and a town having large commercial interests, betokened by the dense array of vessels always to be seen along its deeply-berthed wharves, and the constant activity of small steam-craft.

Down below the Navy Yard is the United States Marine Hospital, standing breezily amid a grove of pines, and environed by beautifully cultivated grounds. It is a large, old-fashioned building, with a pillared portico in Greek style, and forms a park for Portsmouth not only, but is a favorite resort for Norfolk people on Summer evenings.

Under the combined influences alluded to, Norfolk early became the home and business headquarters of many wealthy and prominent families, who erected for themselves stately homes along the harbor front, and took advantage of the warm seashore climate to surround their houses with gardens and greenhouses, whose luxurious growth made the city famous for its beauty.

Keeping pace with the growth of the Union, Norfolk advanced steadily, until it again became a war centre, and the desolation of the Civil struggle of '61 fell upon its business and pleasures. Though peaceably taken by the Federals after its abandonment by the Confederate forces, it was long under military subjection, its citizens were absent and its energies were paralyzed. When peace came the Norfolk merchants returned again to take up the march of progress, for to commerce they still looked for success, but under new methods. Thus it happens that the leading features of Norfolk enterprise now have been developed since the close of the Civil War.

Her first care was to reopen railway communication with the interior. There had been a road to Petersburg, and this was now rebuilt, and after a time was consolidated with western isolated lines, until there was formed a continuous railway extending across the greatest width of the State, through Petersburg, Lynchburg, and Wytheville to Bristol, whence it was connected with roads westward and southward. A continuous revenue is thus operated with one idea, if not under a single management, from the cotton, corn, and beef producing regions of the west and southwest, to the advantageous seaport of Norfolk.

In addition to these far-away staple products, the line transports local productions of great commercial value: the marbles of East Tennessee; the ore and manufactured iron, zinc and copper of Southwestern Virginia; the coal of the great Pocahontas district in the Alleghanies; the tobacco, sumac, grain, and other products of Southern Virginia; and the peanuts and lumber of the tidewater region.

Of this whole list, the two most important items are *cotton* and *coal.*

Twenty years ago not a particle of cotton came to Norfolk, and to Colonel William Lamb belongs the credit of organizing this business. His first venture was a misfortune which nearly ruined him; but Colonel Lamb tried again, and this time met with great success. There is no need to trace the steps. Imitators, always ready to profit by another's advance, repeated his ventures, and in 1873 Norfolk was third among the cotton-exporting cities of the Union (surpassed only by New Orleans and Savannah), and second in point of shipments to Europe. This could never have come about had not the railways done all in their power to further its growth, especially by granting through bills of lading to foreign destinations.

Now, cotton, amounting to about half a million bales annually, is gathered at Norfolk, by steamboats and railways, from Virginia and the Carolinas not only, but from Tennessee, Kentucky and the wide area tributary to Memphis. The most improved and powerful steam compressors have been erected, and ships are laden daily beside them for British and other European ports.

The principal cotton-dealing firms in England have resident agents, who buy for them direct in Norfolk, at the Cotton Exchange, which is so intimately connected with the Exchanges in New York, Savannah, New Orleans, Memphis and Liverpool, that reports are received every few minutes. Four-fifths of all the cotton handled comes over the Norfolk and Western Railway.

Of coal, that road necessarily brings all that is derived from the great mountain fields in Tazewell County. A branch railway brings this coal (and much coke) down to the main line at the crossing of New River, near Dublin, Va., and thence it is hauled about 275 miles to Norfolk. This coal has proved especially valuable for steam-making, and has come to be in great demand by ocean steamships. To receive and deliver properly the immense quantities mined and sold, a slight promontory, just below old Fort Norfolk (a picturesque relic of the War of 1812, which forms a prominent feature in harbor scenery), and four miles northeast of the city, was selected as offering a suitable situation for building coal piers. This became the property of a subsidiary corporation, known as the Lambert's Point Terminal Company, which connected the city and railway terminus with the new property by a railroad, constructed the first of a series of enormous piers, half a mile in length, to the end of which the coal-cars may be run, and where shutes and pockets are arranged, and laid out a village in the neighborhood.

To this convenient port, only ten miles within the Capes, vessels of the heaviest draft come for cargoes of coal, or to fill their bunkers. The pier has very recently been completed, but already the indications are that the first year's trade will amount to half a million tons. Very soon additional piers will be built, and Lambert's Point become a shipping-place for other kinds of ocean-bound freight; while the speedy erection of a huge grain-elevator is promised. All of this will result in great benefit to Norfolk, and indicates the energy and business-like enterprise and wealth of her citizens.

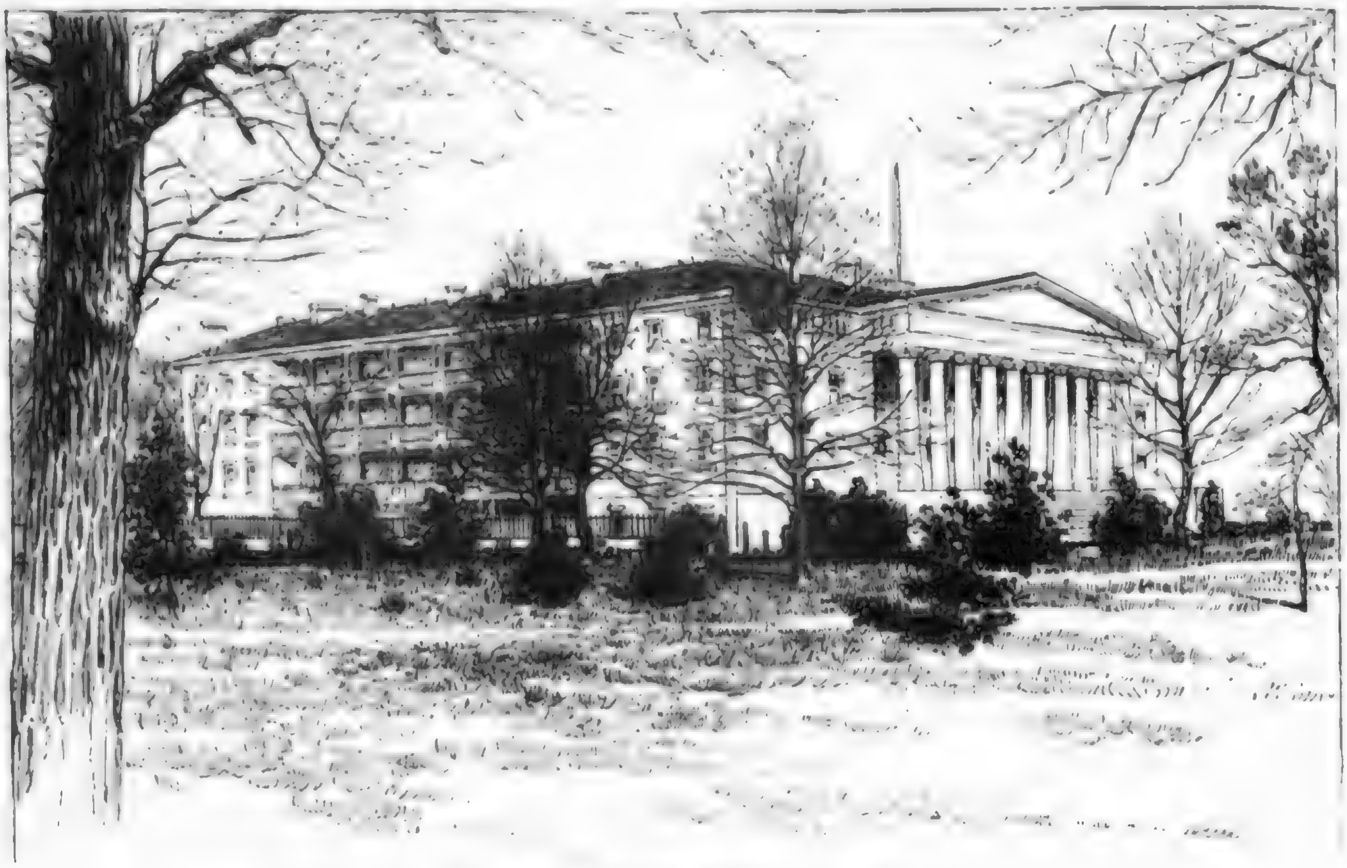
The country about Norfolk is low and flat, and the soil sandy, and in many places sterile. Between the city and the ocean is a great stretch of pine-woods and scrub-oaks, elevated only a little way above tide-water and intersected by many swamps. At one time there was considerable farming carried on, but the principal crop was tobacco, and that exhausted the land.

A narrow-gauge railway now runs through this district, twenty miles due east to the shore at Virginia Beach, and from it not a single flourishing farm is visible, though many small clearings and some old and dilapidated plantation-houses are to be seen. In one of these latter-mentioned, Lord Dunmore lived for a time when he was conducting the British attack.

Virginia Beach is a part of that seacoast which stretches so firm and straight from Cape Henry to Cape Hatteras. The sand is white and hard, the rollers of the open ocean come in with the whole impetus of their long career, and, with ceaseless roaring and a magnificent fury of onset, charge up the sloping strand to be broken and swept back baffled and spent. Upon the beach there is now a new and handsome hotel, which offers not only a Summer residence for those who wish to stay some time by the seaside, but daily receives large excursion parties who lunch and dance under the shelter of its spacious pavilion, and go bathing by the hundred in its surf. Many of the excursionists come from distant interior districts.

Nearer, older, more modest, and perhaps more beloved by the citizens of Norfolk, is Ocean Beach—a hotel and dancing-hall on the beach of Lynhaven Bay, only ten miles from the city, and connected by a narrow-guage road, which in the Summer runs almost hourly trains.

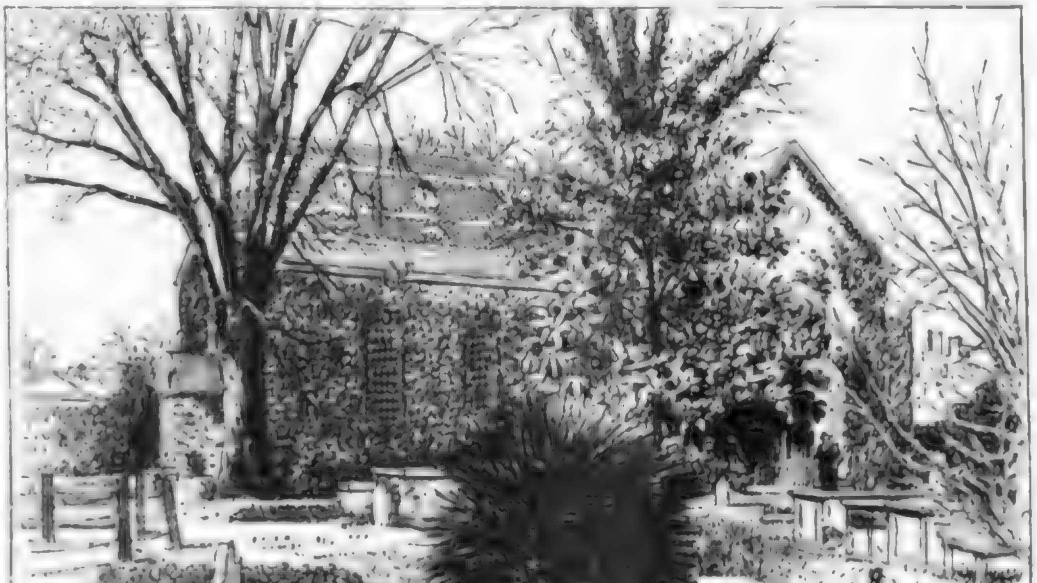
Near to the city, and upon all sides, but especially southward, lie the "truck-farms," for the raising of early fruit and market vegetables, which form so important a resource to the country people of that neighborhood. It would be too long a story to attempt here anything like a description of these vast gardens, which were described and illustrated a few years ago by the Rev. E. P. Row, in his book on "Small Fruits." Some very large farms, owned by wealthy proprietors, are managed on a great



UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL, NORFOLK.

scale and with elaborate machinery, but many small cultivators add their minor contributions to the general outgo, which amounts to about a quarter of a million dollars annually.

This is more advantageous than even that amount of money would seem to imply, because it comes at the end of Winter, during the agriculturist's "off season," and provides him with money to pay the Winter grocery bills, and the like, which otherwise he would have no opportunity of getting. This money, too, is all derived from Northern consumers, and hence is a clear addition to the wealth of the community.

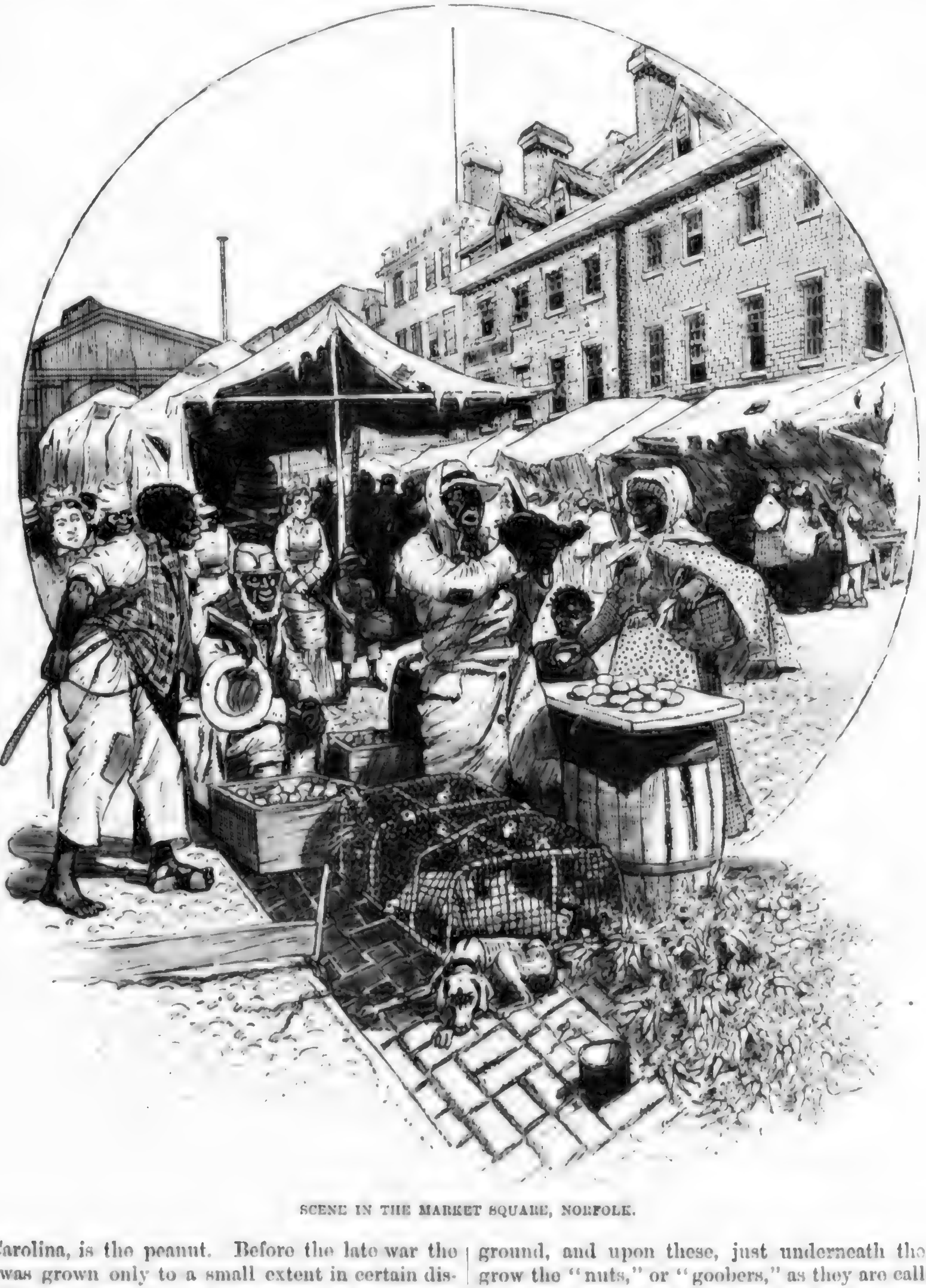


ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NORFOLK.

The truck season begins in February, and the first thing ready for market is kale. Tomatoes, strawberries, and every sort of garden produce, rapidly follow, reaching New York in advance of anything grown north of Charleston. Very little is sent away by cars, though hereafter the new railway which runs to Wilmington along the "Eastern Shore" is expected to carry a great deal to Philadelphia and Pennsylvania points. Maryland and Northern Virginia are supplied by boats to Washington and Baltimore. To New York, enormous quantities of early produce are carried inside of twenty hours by the steamers of the Old Dominion Company, who have built their later boats with a covered 'tween decks, especially designed for this trade. The coolness and quiet of the ocean trip is especially favorable to the transportation of this perishable material. To New England (Providence and Boston) run the Merchants' and Miners' line of steamships, which also carry great quantities of fruit and vegetables. The scenes on the wharves at Norfolk, when the negro 'longshoremen are hastily loading "truck" in the early daylight, are extremely exciting and picturesque; scarcely more so, however, than the daily market, where the countrymen and shore people bring their fish and produce for sale under sheds and awnings like those of the famous French market at New Orleans.

Another crop of great importance to the farmers in this southeastern corner of Virginia and the adjacent parts of North Carolina, is the peanut. Before the late war the peanut was grown only to a small extent in certain districts of North Carolina and Tennessee, and there was little outside trade in it. Since then, however, a great demand has sprung up, and trial showed that they could be cultivated with great success all along the Lower James River Valley, as well as in the districts I have mentioned. The farmers embraced the idea so generally, that now four-fifths of all the peanuts raised are Virginian, and the crop has come to amount to half a million bushels annually.

The peanut is adapted to light, dry and somewhat sandy soil, and requires considerable attention in cultivation. The plant is a soft-stemmed vine, and resembles the sweet-potato. At frequent intervals upon the creeping stems little branches shoot downward into the ground, and upon these, just underneath the surface, grow the "nuts," or "goobers," as they are called in the Carolinas. When, in early Autumn, they are ready to be gathered, the vines are turned out of the ground by a peculiar plow, and stacked up to dry in the sun, care being taken that they do not get wet; or, at least, do not remain so. In a fortnight or so, the vines are cured, and the peanuts are picked and put in bags holding two bushels. The vines are sometimes fed to the hogs, but



SCENE IN THE MARKET SQUARE, NORFOLK.

generally are saved for manure, in which capacity, mixed with phosphates, they serve an excellent purpose.

Though the peanuts are now fit to eat, they must be prepared for market. The farmers therefore sell them to the owners of factories in Petersburg, Weldon and elsewhere, but mainly in Norfolk, who first sort them, according to size, into three grades. These grades are then placed separately in large cylinders, operated by machinery, where they are brushed and polished by rolling and shaking against one another; then are picked over a second time, and finally are packed for market. Several large factories, with expensive machinery, exist in Norfolk. They control the peanut market, and give employment to some hundreds of people, mainly colored girls. American peanuts are used almost wholly as a delicacy, to eat. The French and African peanuts, on the other hand, are mainly ground and pressed for the extraction of an oil which serves in making "olive" oil and for various other preparations.

Norfolk is noted quite as widely for its sea delicacies as those its land produces. Nowhere can one get a more varied or inspiring fish dinner; while the oysters of the neighborhood are not only of superior excellence, but so numerous that their catching, cultivation or preparation for market affords occupation to a large class of people. The low, sedgy shores of the whole south side of the waters we are circling about are particularly favorable to oyster-growth, and develop that bivalve in its highest excellence when aided by human cultivation. Lynhaven Bay asserts that she raises the very best oysters in the United States—a pardonable egotism, for they are quite good enough to be best. Each of the little creeks—Mason's, Tanner's, and the rest—have given brand-names of wide celebrity to oysters. In the mouth of the Nansemond, and all up and down the James for many miles, the river is paved with great areas of oyster-growth, to which planters resort from far and near to gather the small "seed" oysters which they sow upon their inshore beds and "cultivate" for market. Great quantities of this seed are used not only by the planters on both sides of the Chesapeake, but many shiploads are each year sold from the Lower James River to go to Northern oyster-grounds.

Every one who goes to Norfolk will at least *wish* to spend a day in the Dismal Swamp, the attraction of which to most of the world has been conveyed through the deep poetic romance of Tom Moore's famous poem. It is possible to take a trip on one of the small canal-steamers and so see much of the Swamp and many other interesting things; but this is a somewhat tedious experience, and a better way is to devote a day to a canoe-trip.

To do this one goes, upon the Norfolk and Western Railway out to Jericho Run, and there hires a negro to paddle him in his cypress canoe as far as he cares to go. By starting fairly early in the morning, it is possible to reach Lake Drummond and return by eight or nine in the evening.

The Swamp is oval in shape, and fifteen to twenty miles in breadth. It is simply a great area of submerged woodland, lying over a low ridge, which in the centre reaches a height of twenty-four feet above tide-level, whence the water flows in all directions. "That the Swamp never becomes dry," the writer has explained elsewhere, "is due to the fact that it is like a huge sponge, which receives the inflow of a wide range of highlands westward of it. Amid the mazes of rank vegetation, the morasses of reeds and fern-tussocks, and the porous peat-beds which underlie all the juniper tracts (excellent peat for fuel), the water cannot work its way out. All that is needful is to open channels of exit—main outlets and lateral ditches—in order to drain the Swamp completely and effectively. The land recovered would be of the highest possible richness; great rice-fields would be created, with facilities for irrigation, and grazing meadows of the best kind. At the same time the larger outlets would furnish canals for the better transportation of lumber now inaccessible."

It is probable that this will be done for the northern half of the Swamp very shortly; but until it is systematically accomplished, the lumbermen are careful to keep the two or three canals well locked, in order to retain enough water for boating purposes.

"This introduces," to quote myself again, "the principal industry and value of the Swamp—its lumber. Nearly the whole 150,000 acres embraced, is, or was, covered by a dense forest made up of a great variety of trees. Of these, the two of chief value are the cypress and the juniper, or white cedar; both are becoming scarce, and the latter is now to be found only in remote and inaccessible districts. . . . The scarcity of juniper is due not only to the steady ax, but to great fires in the past, which, in addition to burning the trees, devoured the roots, peaty soil, and logs buried underneath to the depth of several feet. Cavities thus made filled with water and became 'burnt holes.' It has been asserted that Lake Drummond occupies such a burning, but this is a mistake."

The Jericho Run Canal, by which you enter the Swamp in your canoe-voyage, runs southward from the Nansemond River to Lake Drummond. It was cut seventy-five years ago, and was originally fifteen feet in width, but now has been contracted by the encroachments of vegetation and soil, until, in many places, there is scarcely room to squeeze through. The water, black with the stain of juniper, seems of vast depth, but is really shallow. A small quantity of it, held to the light, looks like weak tea; but it is tasteless, and not only wholesome, but reputed to be medicinally beneficial in a high degree. Portsmouth is now receiving its public water supply from this source.

At one side is a towpath, but walking is no longer feasible, the firm land having sunk into a tangled and peaty mass of vegetation, rotting logs, tussocks of grass or fern, and the woven roots of dense bushes, furnishing the only semblance of solidity. Ferns are especially rank and plentiful.

"Behind the water-touching flags, reeds and ferns," I once wrote, "stand bushes and saplings of bay maple, poplar, pawpaw, and a dozen other trees, overrun with smilax and a narrow-leaved brier, which weave them together into a continuous thicket, save when stretches of open fernbrake appear, with here and there a charred stub, to show that fire long ago cleared away the thicket."

Once in a while landings occur, where men are loading long, narrow flatboats with railway-ties, cooper's stuff, and short cypress logs, which have been brought down upon tramways. "In the old days corduroy roads traversed the Swamp, but now these rude tramways have taken their place, and all the lumber is boated out along this or some other canal."

Approaching Lake Drummond, you have to force your way through a sort of tunnel formed by tall reeds and bushes, and then, in more open water, paddle delightfully for a mile or two through a grove of stately but almost useless gum-trees. The lake is a great oval expanse of gray water, subject to lively squalls, and surrounded everywhere by half-flooded forest, which leaves no break visible.

These are some hints as to the scenery and interest of the Great Dismal Swamp. Its natural history, its legendary lore, its fascinating picturesqueness, all remain open to exploration, and are well worthy the time and trouble it takes to get at them. There are few days I remember with greater pleasure than the one I spent canoeing in the Dismal Swamp.

Let us now cross the James River. The harbor of Norfolk opens into Hampton Roads, a splendid sheet of water, safe from any gales that can blow, large and deep enough to float the greatest navy that could be gathered there. One nearly always may see at least one war-ship there, while its blue expanse is ever dotted with the black hulks of ocean-going freight-steamers, the smaller vessels of the New York lines, and the trim steamboats that ply between Norfolk and the score or more of ports on Chesapeake Bay, or on the Potomac, York and James Rivers. Here anchor sailing-ships, also, or make their way slowly portward across its bosom ; while in suitable, weather whole fleets of oyster-sloops simulate a yacht-race as they troop back and forth between the James River dredging-grounds and their homes. In this varied and active commerce borne upon its surface, in the play of light and shade upon its brilliant waters, and in the very charming mirage-effects that transform its shores, Hampton Roads excels in beauty any inland sea along our Atlantic coast.

The most prominent place on Hampton Roads just now is the new railway terminus and harbor of Newport News, seven miles above Old Point.

This place is properly Newport's News. In 1607, so the history reads, the colonists at Jamestown were nearly dead with famine and illness and privation. They believed themselves abandoned, and had resolved to attempt to return to England, or do some other desperate thing. Taking their little vessel, they descended the James, but here at the mouth they found an English vessel, under Captain Newport, anchored off the point of land on the northern shore, who told them that other ships, with John Smith's company and plentiful supplies, were close behind. The colonists landed, and with the newcomers held rejoicings, since which the point has been known as that where "Newport's news" was received. The name, "Point Comfort," was given in equally romantic fashion, and on the same occasion.

Ever since that time the land along this shore of the river and Roads has been under cultivation, but the place amounted to nothing more civilized. The Peninsula was the home of the cocked-hat gentry of Spotswood and Dinwiddie's days, and their capital was at Williamsburg, only a few miles north of us. During the Civil War, Newport News became the point of debarkation and encampment for a part of McClellan's army of 1862. Later, Butler re-fortified it, and relics of the earthworks which guarded the shore, firing futile volleys at the *Merrimac* when she came out to sink the *Cumberland*, and of other "forts" that protected the great camps, remain as grim reminders of the great struggle. But when the army left Newport News, the place relapsed into former loneliness.

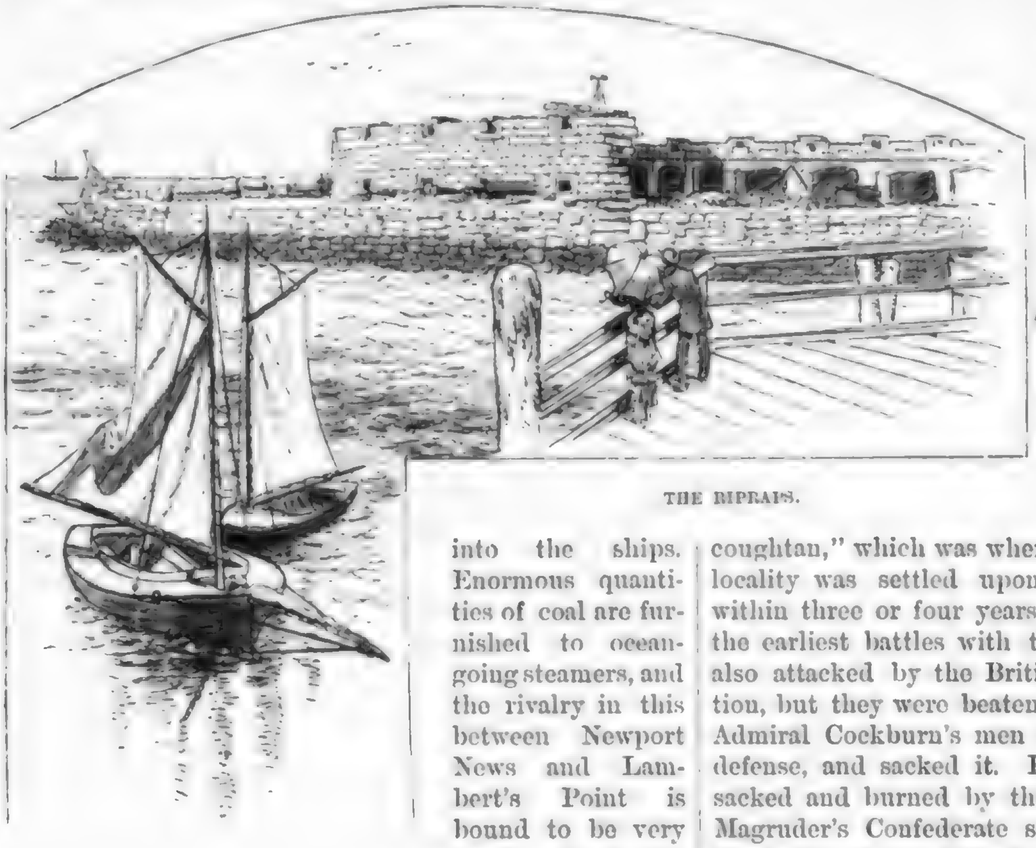
In 1882, however, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, seeking a better sea terminus than that afforded by its wharves at Richmond, laid its tracks down the Peninsula, and came to the shore at Newport News. Twenty-five hundred men encamped there in tents, shanties and dugouts, and a seaport sprang into being under the magic wand of the capitalist. The many tracks of a railway terminus were laid, two great piers were built, and enormous coal-wharves extended to deep water, warehouses, depots, offices and stores were erected ; finally a grain-elevator, as big as the biggest, reared its huge shape in the air, and became a landmark for many miles around. I doubt whether in that flat country there is an object, natural or artificial, as tall as that elevator, within a hundred miles—nearer, in fact, than the hills of the Blue Ridge!

Meanwhile a company of capitalists had bought all the land in neighborhood, and a good deal more, and at Newport News had laid out a town sufficient for 50,000 people. Of grading, indeed, there was little to do. The river is bordered by bluffs some fifty feet in height, at the top of which the country stretches back as level as possible. Streets were marked out and named, however, and a good many houses built. The golden opportunity of securing the workmen who were employed in construction as settlers, by selling them small lots at small prices, was let slip, on the theory that this course would keep away a better—by which was meant a more wealthy—class of people.

Apparently the Old Dominion Land Company gave itself needless concern, for few persons of any class have appeared as intending citizens of the new town except those employed in some way about the railway, the elevator or the wharves, numbering several hundred. With the gradual enlargement of business, this population will slowly increase ; but I do not see how much addition to it can be anticipated, unless manufacturing enterprises are started there. That this may be done is very likely, for in many respects the position is exceedingly advantageous for that purpose.

The rule under such circumstances would be—a miserable tavern, the headquarters of the loungers of the community, and good for little else ; but in this respect Newport News is a remarkable exception. The visitor can here meet something better than the surroundings would promise. The Warwick Hotel stands imposingly upon its bluffs overlooking the river and Hampton Roads. It is built of brick, well heated and furnished, and affords the traveler some comfort. It is not intended, however, that its support shall be derived from local sources alone, for the *Warwick* advertises itself as a tourist resort, and in the early Spring months is crowded with guests who are seeking to escape from the rigors of the North ; and in Summer by Southern people who delight in its coolness. It stands in a miniature park, close to the river, where boating, bathing and fishing can be easily enjoyed ; it has attached an amusement-hall and bowling-alley in separate buildings which are each exquisite studies in architecture and decoration, and it overlooks one of the most charming water-pictures to be seen along our whole coast.

The width of the James at Newport News is about three miles, yet only one hundred yards from shore the depth is sufficient for vessels of 2,000 tons burden, since the deepest channel lies close to the northern bank. The heaviest ships afloat, therefore, can come to the freight wharves and coaling-shutes without danger. An enormous shipping business is done accordingly. Besides the daily steamers of the Old Dominion Company between New York and various Chesapeake ports, the Brazilian line, once in three weeks, and various local steamboats, from one to half a dozen ocean freight-steamers, and many sailing-vessels are constantly loading and unloading here. The foreign traffic, however, is almost wholly in the export of grain, and the newest and most elaborate machinery is used by the elevator-owners for loading it

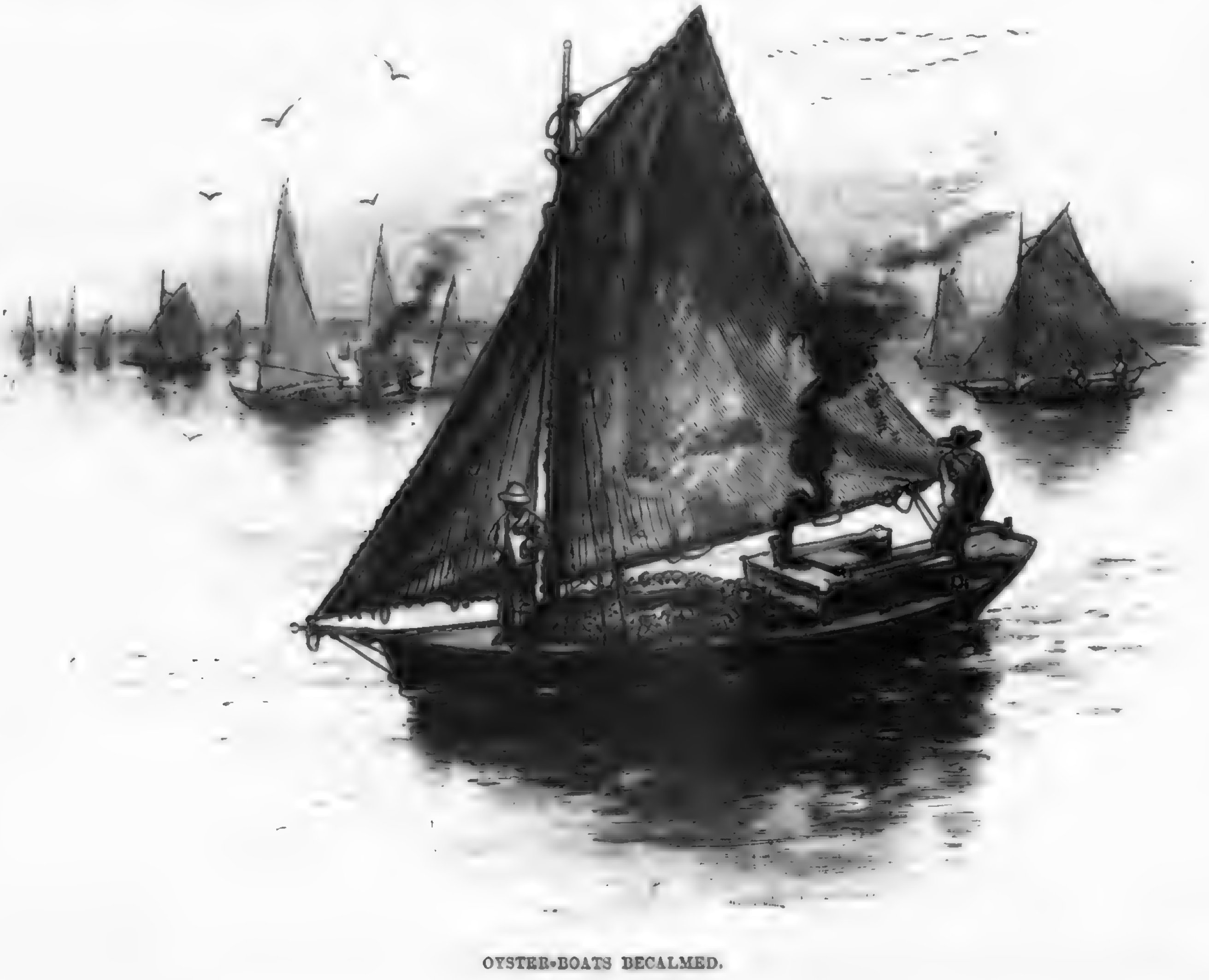


THE RIPRAPS.

into the ships. Enormous quantities of coal are furnished to ocean-going steamers, and the rivalry in this between Newport News and Lambert's Point is bound to be very great. It is but fifteen miles from each of these new ports to the open sea, while New York is twenty, Boston fifty, Philadelphia one hundred, and Baltimore one hundred and sixty miles inland.

Seven miles south of Newport News lies the ancient borough and village of Hampton, which is now the most flourishing of the older villages of the tide-water part of the State. The earliest history of Virginia centres there, and the town possesses some extremely interesting relics of early days.

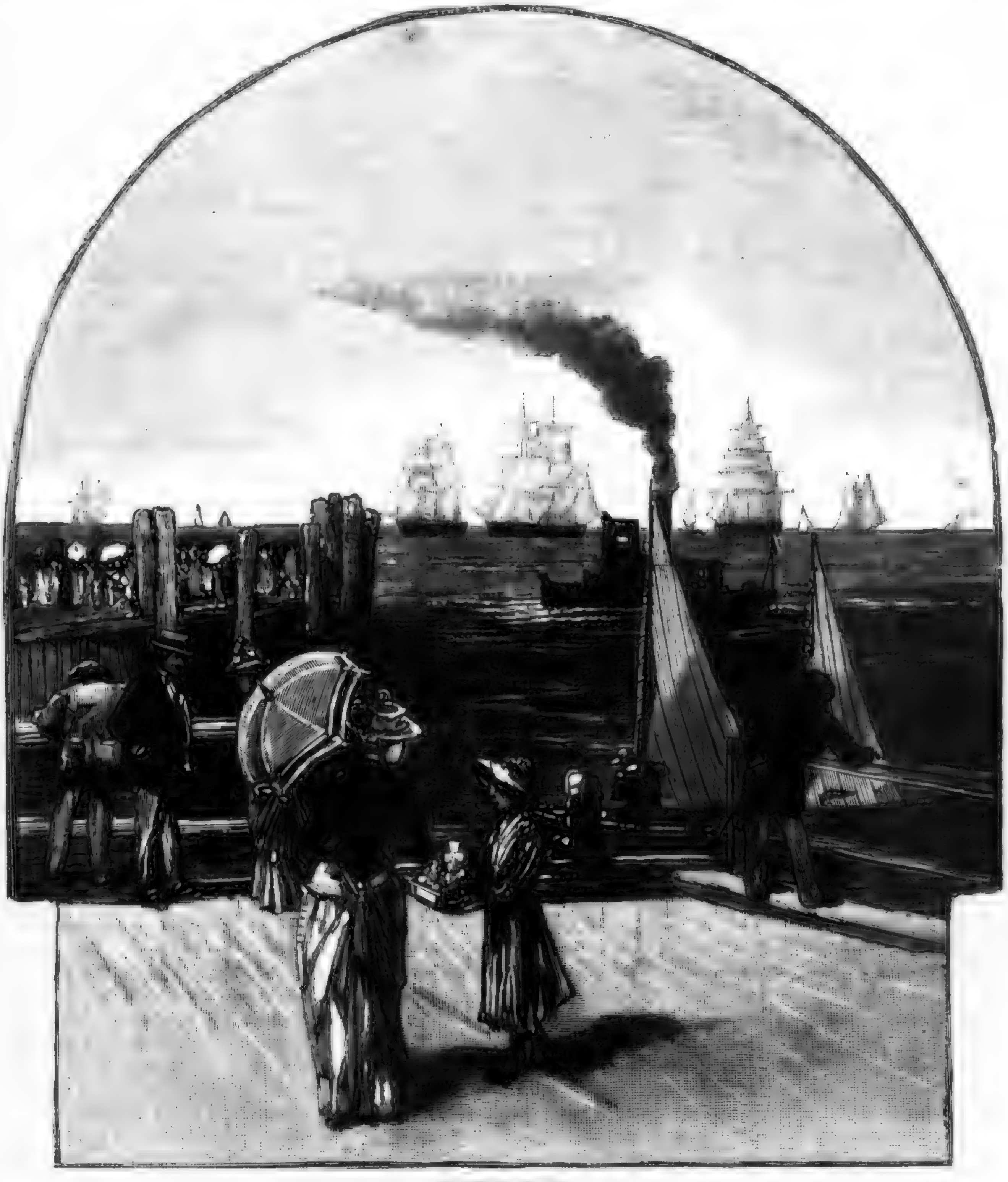
When, in 1607, John Smith and the colonists, having landed at Newport News, were seeking a site for a town, they were met by five natives, who invited them to their town, "Kecoughtan," which was where Hampton now stands. The locality was settled upon by some of the colonists within three or four years, and here was fought one of the earliest battles with the red men. The town was also attacked by the British forces during the Revolution, but they were beaten off. Subsequently, however, Admiral Cockburn's men entered the town, despite its defense, and sacked it. In 1862 it was a second time sacked and burned by the inhabitants and by General Magruder's Confederate soldiers. It quickly fell into the hands of the Federal forces, however, and became a starting-point for McClellan. When Grant began his campaigns against Richmond, Hampton was again occupied, and here General Butler established the great rendezvous camp for refugee slaves, which were there first declared to be "contraband of war."



OYSTER-BOATS BECALMED.

Since that time the town has prospered beyond the average of Virginian villages. It becomes annually the residence of many invalid visitors, owing to the salubrity of its climate; has oyster-planting and fishing interests, and some manufacturing. In addition to this, the Government maintains there one of the largest and most interesting of its Soldiers' Homes, and also the Hampton Institute—a school for colored pupils and for Indians. Both of these institutions contribute greatly to the prosperity, as well as to the public interest, of the town.

Hampton, at the head of Hampton River—a diminutive tidal inlet—stands nearly at the end of what may be called the mainland of the Peninsula. The very end is three miles below, and consists of a narrow sandspit, which Smith and Newport named Point Comfort, in appreciation of their quiet anchorage beside it in 1607. When the next headland above was distinguished as New Point Comfort, this naturally became "Old," and nowadays the Comfort is left off and "Old Point" is the ordinary name. The colonists, who lived in constant fear of foes both by land and sea, saw at once the defensive advantage of its position, as commanding the James River, and built a stockade there. The very site, no doubt, of this early defense had been forgotten by the time when, 150 years later, the British were awaiting Washington's attack at Yorktown, and the Count de Grasse was again throwing up fortifications at Point Comfort to aid the landing of his French allies.



HAMPTON ROADS.

After the War of 1812 was over, and we thought it time to prepare for another, this was the locality chosen for the greatest fort in America, which was begun in 1819 and named Fortress Monroe, in honor of the President.

This third fort at Old Point has thus far escaped the contact of war. It overlooked, during the late rebellion, the naval battles in which the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* revolutionized naval tactics; it served as a storehouse for supplies and ordnance to the Federal troops before Richmond, and became a prison for captured Confederates, among whom was Jefferson Davis. But I think no hostile shell ever dropped into its wide parade-ground or beautiful quarters, and no round shot or hurtling projectile ever marred the fair exterior of its mighty walls.

Fortress Monroe is of irregular shape, with many salient angles, and covers half or more of the little peninsula upon which it was built, and which is now to all intents and purposes an island, since the narrow neck of sand has been cut through and a narrow bridge takes its place. To this is soon to be added an extension of the railway from Hampton.

The level parade-ground, several acres in extent, takes up the main part of the area within the massive walls whose grassy ramparts form the favorite promenade of all visitors; but at one side, in the midst of a grand grove of wide-spreading live oaks, are grouped the handsome houses of the officers of the garrison, whose gardens are models of horticultural display. Several of the casements in this part of the fort are inclosed and furnished as offices, storehouses, etc. But most of them are open, and contain cannon, ready to do their duty should occasion arise. It requires over 400 guns to complete the full armament of this fortress.

"Beyond the officers' quarters a sloping roadway leads to the inner and highest rampart, where heavy guns stand on silent guard. Outside and beyond the wide moat are the outworks (the water battery) along the sea-front. In each arched and open casemate lurks a "dog of war," in the shape of a ten, twelve or fifteen inch gun. At the extreme left, upon a raised parapet, are the great cannon used in the artillery practice. A mile and a half out across the dancing waters floats the small white target. It is a most inspiriting sight to watch the curving flight of the heavy projectile and its *ricochet* along the waters beyond the target marked by huge columns of snow-white water thrown high in air."

The artillery practice to which Mr. F. H. Taylor refers in the paragraph just quoted, is a part of the instruction of the School of Artillery of the United States Army which is carried on at Fortress Monroe, and forms a sort of post-graduate course, after West Point, in this most scientific branch of the service. About fifty officers, all young men, are in attendance, and undergo a three years' course of study, which is by no means confined wholly to gunnery and the mathematics of projectiles, but embraces instruction in many lines of scientific theory and practice.

It would be possible to write a whole article—and an entertaining one, too—about this magnificent fortress, whose interest and beauty it is impossible to describe in a few words.

The whole area of Old Point is a Government reservation, and under military control. Guards are stationed with due formality on the steamboat-wharves and bridges, as well as at the sallyport. An artillery park, surrounded by a fence made of muskets, incloses many workshops, around which lie rows of sleeping cannon and pyramids of round shot and empty shells. Other shops and storehouses of equipments take up a considerable space, while there is a pretty village of those whose duties or privileges require or enable them to live close to the fort. Room is left, however, between the ramparts and the water for a hotel—one of the greatest in size, and most lavish in adornment in the United States—the renowned Hygeia. Here piazzas are estimated by the mile, mirrors and stained-glass by the square rod, and carpets by the acre. Everything is upon a large scale—even to mine host. A thousand guests can be luxuriously lodged in its labyrinth of rooms, and the elegance, conveniences, manners and expenses of "swell" New York belong to its daily routine.

Two prominent influences have united to make this one of the most popular watering-places in the world, and one which in America is equaled only by Saratoga and Newport in the number of persons of public reputation who are annually to be met in its corridors. These two attracting influences are its climate and its social advantages. In the former characteristic, it possesses little if any superiority over the whole region embraced in the present article—Norfolk, Newport News or Accomack; but in the latter respect, it is unrivaled by reason of the adjacent garrison and artillery school, which gathers at Fortress Monroe a large number of cultivated and leisurely gentlemen, together with not a few ladies, whose greatest pleasure is to be found in benevolently contributing to the amusement of the mass, and the enjoyment of a selected few of the guests, by a course of flirtation and social enterprise as systematic and regular as their military duties. The steadiness of the weather, produced by great masses of water on three sides of Old Point, is proverbial, and in the highest degree enjoyable; but it is exceeded in unchangeability by the persistence and perpetual glory of the shoulder-straps that irradiate the parlors and reading-rooms, the dinner and dance, whether it be sunny out-of-doors where the gentle waves curl on the white beach at the piazza's foot, or shady and the water is hissing with hurried foam. Long live Old Point, and Fortress Monroe and the Hygeia; and Phœbus—long live he!

Just across the channel, perhaps a mile away, and on the line which separates Hampton Roads from the outer bay, a round fort rises out of the water, as though built up from the bottom. This appearance tells the exact fact. It is Fort Wool, and its foundation is the Ripraps, a shoal, upon which, many years ago, the Government engineers dumped a million dollars worth of stone, and formed a small island, reared just above the waves. Upon this secure and expensive foundation a fortification was begun, which was intended to be the counterpart of Fortress Monroe, except in size, and to command the entrance to James River. It was never completed, and never will be. Its walls would crumble under improved gunnery; and its ordnance (what is left of it) could make no effect in reply upon a modern ironclad. Its total garrison is one caretaker, and its sole service is to stand as a picturesque relic of an outgrown system of coast-defense. As a matter of truth, Fortress Monroe is little better, considered as a work of defense against such navies as Europe might send to our unprotected shores.

Chesapeake Bay is so broad here, that even from the lofty ramparts of the fort, or the lantern of the lighthouse beside the water battery, the eye can scarcely see the faint line of the lowlying Eastern Shore. I spell it with capital letters, because that is the name given in a general way to the whole peninsula between the Chesapeake and the Atlantic. The lower end alone concerns us, and that used to be called Accomack. It is a level, sandy, pine-grown region, indented by numerous tidal entries, and pitted with swamps. The lower end is broken, by connecting channels, into islands large and small, the largest of which is Goodwin's, and the outermost one a sandy barrier called Smith's, which bears the lighthouse.

A mile within this is Cape Charles, at the terminus of the mainland. The people are chiefly fishermen and oystermen, with some small-fruit farmers. Ten miles above Cape Charles is an inlet called Cherrystone, famous for its oysters, natural and planted. Sportsmen resort to the tidal inlets and low shores in the ducking season, and find excellent sport with wild-fowl and beach-birds; while sea-fishing in the offing is a source of perpetual profit and amusement.

Latterly a railway has been extended down there from Wilmington, Del., ending at a wharf near the Cherrystone Lighthouse, where a new town has been built, called Cape Charles City. This is the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railway, and is connected with Norfolk and Old Point by a steam-ferry. This new road shortens by a large proportion the transportation distance between the Lower Chesapeake ports and Northern cities, and is likely to prove of great benefit to the oystermen, fruit-growers and various local industries on the Eastern Shore.

Thus we have made the complete round of Hampton Roads, from Cape Henry through Norfolk, Suffolk, Warwick, Hampton and Accomack back to the sea at Cape Charles. It has been too rapid a run—too casual a survey; but it hints at the wealth of scenery, history, science, health and pleasure which awaits the student who cares to investigate.

WOODLAND MEMORIES.

By F. B. Doveton.

When with some witching one we have wandered
Dreamily through the dim forest aisles,
O'er Love's vagaries have lightly pondered,
Sunned our soul in her sweetest smiles;
Felt the soft touch of her fairy fingers,
Tenderly toyed with some truant tress,
'Mid the green vistas a spell still lingers,
Woven, ah, me! by her loveliness!

Yon mossy bank where the wildrose blushes
Into a dainty delicious bloom,
Swept by the spray of the stream that gushes
Under the alder's grateful gloom;
Yon swaying hawthorns, whose snows, wind-shaken,
Silently flutter down leafy ways,
Soul-stirring dreams of the dead past waken,
Wreathed with a garland of golden days!

A RUSTY COAT.

By Florence Kirk.

"'We fail; but screw up our courage to the sticking-place, and we will not fail.' I had a strong inclination to raise my eyes and look the speaker full in the face when he said that, but I wouldn't. No, Cynthia, I did not; but do you suppose he knew all about me, and quoted that intentionally? We were at dinner when he brought it in during his conversation with papa; and he looked straight at me. I know, for I could see out of the corners of my eyes," and the black duckling of the Havens brood glances wistfully at her sister.

The odd one of the family was a girl, Elizabeth by name, and unfortunate by fate.

Fourteen-year-old Cynthia, who was valiantly kept down in very short frocks by Bell and Lou, was the sympathetic confidant and chief consoler of this family failure.

"Who said it, Bess? I had such a headache I could not go down to dinner; and then, do you know, Lou went and sewed a tuck in my dress. The *idea*, because I am short she wants to make me out only twelve," with a contemptuous wrinkle of the pug nose.

"Heaven only knows who he is, Cynth. Mamma says he is only an ordinary man in threadbare clothes, but they are not quite that. His coat is a trifle shiny around the seams," she says, "but I thought it looked as though it might have cost enough when new."

"When it came out of the Ark," suggested Cynthia.

"But why should he say *we fail?*"

"Oh, I'll bet a box of caramels, Bess, that I know. *He* has failed, too."

"What?"

"Why, he is like you, maybe. Never did anything right in his life. That's it, depend upon it. That is why his clothes shine, you know—unlucky. He is young, isn't he?" with a knowing look at Bess.

"Well, I think he is not old."

"Came in on another train yesterday, when we reached Quebec, and had a rusty-looking hand-satchel?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I saw him, I did. That is it, Bess; you can make up your mind that he failed at college to get through his examination for a diploma just as you did, and that he has not succeeded in a single attempt since."

"Oh, Cynthia, do you believe it? Do you suppose he knows what it is to be a wallflower, and then be snubbed for being quiet and still? I have been out to just five balls since I have been old enough to go."

"A good number, Bess, for the length of time," nods Cynthia.

"Yes; but I go and set down and *stay* down. There is where the pinch is. No one comes and talks and laughs with me, and is so anxious to take me here and there. Every one has made up his mind that Bess Havens is a failure at home and in society."

"It's a shame, and not your fault, I am sure!" exclaims Cynthia. "But I would *screw up* my courage, as this unfortunate man said. I should be more independent, Bess. There is one thing I am going to do—that is, not to stay shut up in these rooms a second longer. I don't care if we are in a public-house, I am going out. Isn't it cold, though? Won't you rip out that tuck I spoke of while I am gone, Bessie?"

And muffling herself up like a Mother Bunch, Miss Cynthia scampers away down-stairs, out on the high, icy steps, where she falls, bounces up like a rubber image, and is caught by some one who saves her from tumbling the rest of the way down.

"Oh, *you!*" looking up in astonishment at the "rusty" individual she has just been discussing.

"*I*, yes"—with an amused smile. "Do you know me?"

"No, I don't know you," shaking her head, dubiously, and giving a furtive glance at the "shiny coat."

"And you have never heard about Thank you?" he inquires, soberly.

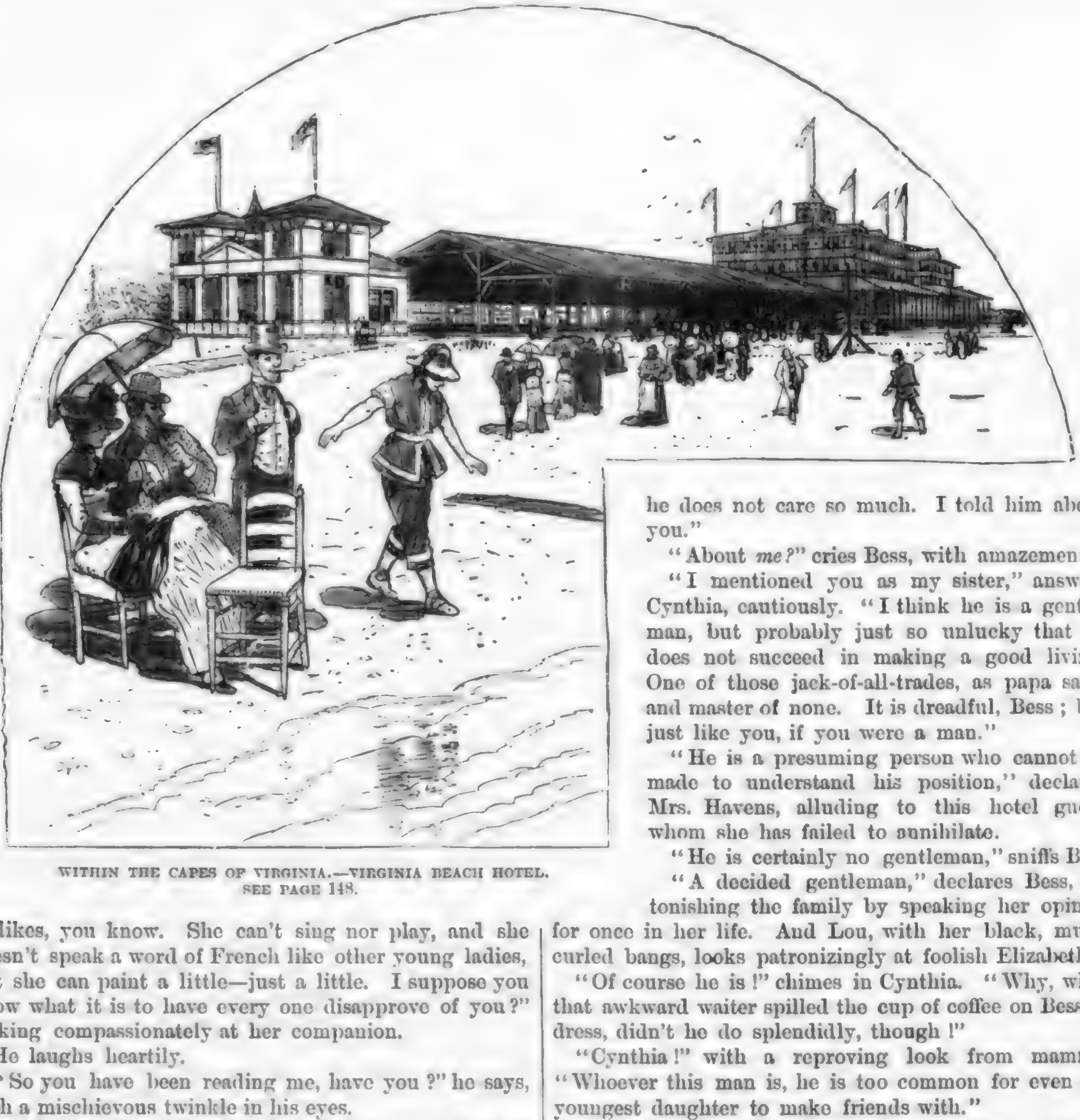
"I forgot it. Bess always talks to me for being so heedless, but I do believe I shall never remember. I have started for that pond over there, do you see? I am going to have a *slide*. My skates are packed up in some trunk, I don't know where. Will you come?" with an indifferent look at him, as though it was a favor to be invited.

"Yes, I will go, because I do not think a little girl like you should go alone."

"But *I* can take care of myself. I'm not timid and shrinking like Bessie."

"Who is this Bessie?"

"She is my sister. The one that no one likes or



WITHIN THE CAPES OF VIRGINIA.—VIRGINIA BEACH HOTEL. SEE PAGE 148.

dislikes, you know. She can't sing nor play, and she doesn't speak a word of French like other young ladies, but she can paint a little—just a little. I suppose you know what it is to have every one disapprove of you?" looking compassionately at her companion.

He laughs heartily.

"So you have been reading me, have you?" he says, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, I know how bad Bessie feels because she isn't different, and I should think it would be very much worse for a man."

"What?"

"To be a failure, as Bess calls it."

Again he astonishes Cynthia with an incomprehensible burst of laughter, but quickly sobers down to the normal state that a depressed being is expected to be in.

Her eyes wander to the suit of clothes, and he understands in a moment.

"I guess I will not venture on the ice to-day," she says. "It doesn't look very smooth. If you don't mind, we will go back."

And when she reaches her room again she rushes in with glowing cheeks and a triumphant air. Bell and Lou and mamma are there, much to her disappointment.

While the enemy is in camp she vainly tries to catch Bessie's eye. At last, behind Bell's chair she succeeds in her mysterious motions toward the bedroom-door, for she is just dying to tell Bessie. Once inside that secluded room, with the door shut, he whispers:

"I have seen him, Bess—I have talked with him—and he is perfectly nice. I am so sorry for him, too. He does not seem quite so—so retiring as you do. Maybe he does not care so much. I told him about you."

"About *me?*" cries Bess, with amazement.

"I mentioned you as my sister," answers Cynthia, cautiously. "I think he is a gentleman, but probably just so unlucky that he does not succeed in making a good living. One of those jack-of-all-trades, as papa says, and master of none. It is dreadful, Bess; but just like you, if you were a man."

"He is a presuming person who cannot be made to understand his position," declared Mrs. Havens, alluding to this hotel guest, whom she has failed to annihilate.

"He is certainly no gentleman," sniffs Bell.

"A decided gentleman," declares Bess, astonishing the family by speaking her opinion for once in her life. And Lou, with her black, multicurled bangs, looks patronizingly at foolish Elizabeth.

"Of course he is!" chimes in Cynthia. "Why, when that awkward waiter spilled the cup of coffee on Bessie's dress, didn't he do splendidly, though!"

"Cynthia!" with a reproving look from mamma. "Whoever this man is, he is too common for even my youngest daughter to make friends with."

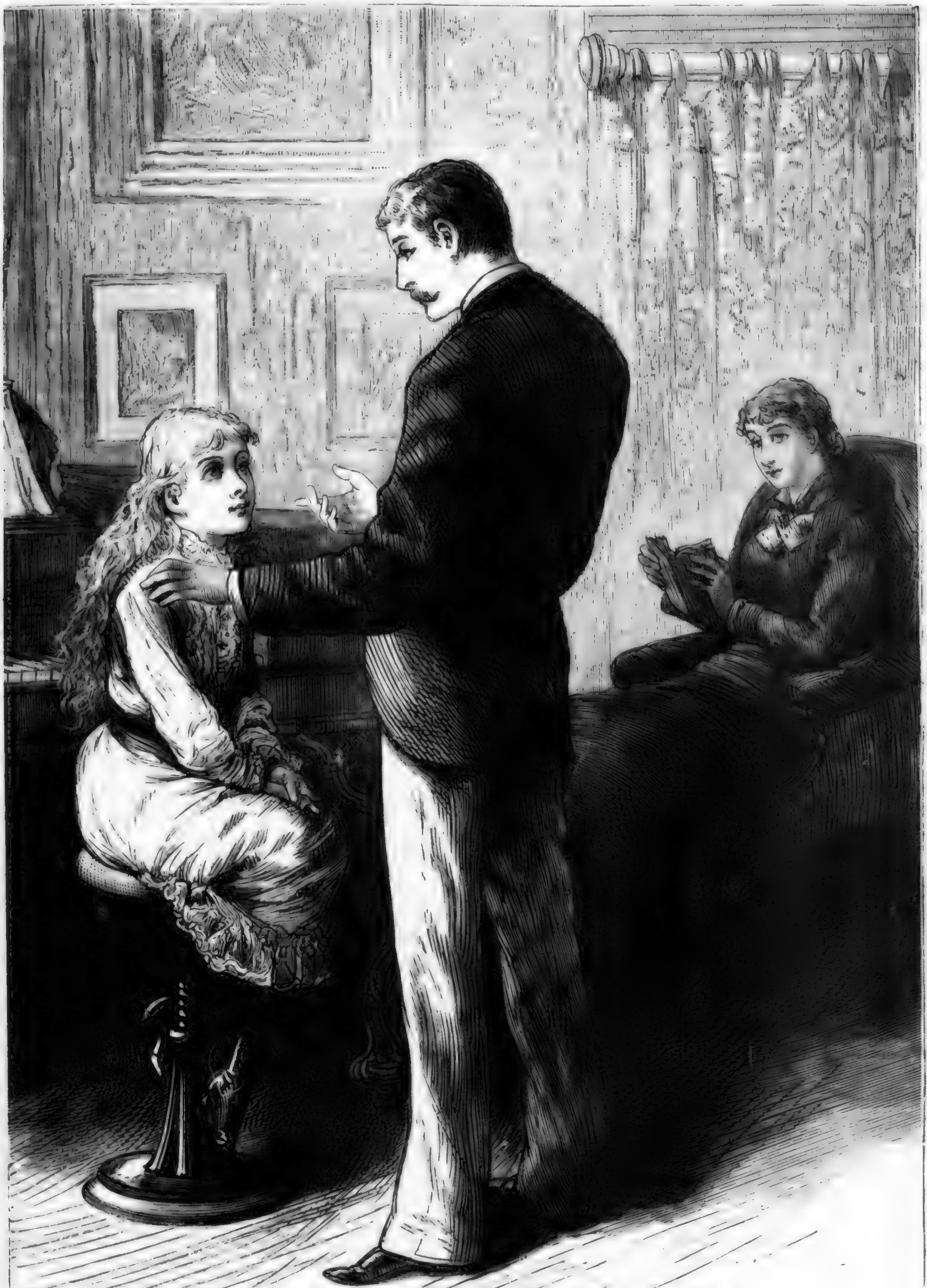
"Yes, mamma," she answered, demurely. "Come, Bess, bring your book down in the parlor. There is no one in it at this hour, and I must have a play on the piano once more. I would not mind what they say, Bess," whispers Cynthia, as soon as they are out of hearing. "You ought to feel sympathy for this Mr. Edwards. I had to ask him what is name is. It was not very ladylike, I know; but he did not mind," she says, pushing open the parlor-door and leading the way.

"Oh!"—it is a long-drawn breath from her.

Bessie pauses, half inclined not to follow.

There is that man in his same much-traveled attire. He is buried in a newspaper, and sitting there as much at ease as a more fortunate individual might have done; so absorbed that he does not even look up, she is sure, and she advances to a far corner and opens her book.

But this man whom mamma and "the girls" have weighed and found wanting, inasmuch as there is not the least glimmer of glittering wealth to balance him, and whom Bess thinks a good deal about, does look over his paper far more than at the printed columns. He looks there only when the brown head is raised, and the soft gray eyes glance shyly at him; then, repressing a smile, he reads stolidly on.



A RUSTY COAT.—"HE WHEELS THE LITTLE DRUMMER AROUND ON THE PIANO-STOOL, AND FROWNS DOWN AT HER. 'WHO TAUGHT YOU TO MURDER MUSIC LIKE THAT?'"—SEE PAGE 159.

Crash ! bang ! bang ! Cynthia has commenced her musical thrumming and pounding.

The newspaper rattles and rattles. The "rusty" coated man, exasperated beyond endurance, rises hastily and wheels the little drummer around on the piano-stool, and frowns down at her.

"Who taught you to murder music like that ?"

"Why, Professor Ulberti !" exclaimed Cynthia, a little nettled. "He taught Bessie, too, until she could play most as good as I ; but she wouldn't."

"She is sensible," with a glance at the face, growing rosy-tinted over the prosy book. "Look here, let me take your music," and this common man plays as Cynthia, at least, has seldom heard one.

"Beautiful !" she cries, when he has finished. "Bessie, come here—wasn't it splendid ?"

"Suppose we go to Miss Bessie," says the presumptuous being, taking Cynthia by the hand and half frightening Bess by sitting down very near her.

And yet it is no effort at all to converse with him. He has a way of extracting the thoughts and opinions and wishes from somewhat reticent Bessie, until she is actually talking as freely and unrestrainedly as she can with Cynthia. It is so nice, too, to be appreciated and listened to, as though she was worth hearing.

He is just a man, and none but "a real gentlemanly man," but she unconsciously likes him.

The pretty rounded cheeks blush under his glance, and he seems well pleased that they should.

But the young confidant has a new theory to unfold, namely, "that Mr. Edwards must be a poor music-professor," and the heart-full of pity increases and expands.

Liking deepens to loving.

One night Bessie waits in their own room for Cynthia. The wide-awake daughter has coaxed her father to stay with him in that very same parlor. Mamma thinks it is absurd to be so public ; but then Cynthia is only a child.

"Nine o'clock. Why doesn't she come ?" murmurs Bess, stifling a yawn. "I do hear her at last," and the next moment the excited girl rushes into the room, and throwing herself down by a chair, bursts into an angry flood of tears.

"Oh, Bess, he is *married !*" she cries, between the sobs.

He ! Bessie knows who, and her heart beats twice as fast as she murmurs :

"Who said so, Cynthia ?"

"Mr. Edwards said so himself, Bess, and I heard him with my own *ears*. He told a gentleman that he had been in Quebec some years ago, and that his wife liked it here immensely. Oh, it's a shame, a burning *shame*, when we had liked him so, and I thought——" But whatever that thought was it remained unspoken. "I came right out of the room as fast as I could. I would not stay to hear another word. But it's outrageous, for I know—well, I know what I'll do"—drying her eyes and wiping the big tear from the tip of her turned-up nose.

Said Bessie : "Never mind, Cynthia, dear ; it is only what we should have expected—*only*——"

"Yes, it is just your luck, Bess. They have all condemned him but you, and I did hope you would like him so much. You did"—looking up at the averted face—"you *did*, Bessie, and he treated you just as though he thought all the world of you, too. It is your luck all over. It was just so in those old times. You would start all right, and study enough to kill you. When the end came some one else carried off the prizes, and you, all worn out, were pushed down among the know-nothings. Here is the end of this, and I am *so* disappointed."

Bessie had a stanch comforter in Cynthia, but that could not unmarry the one she had been foolish enough to like so well, who, if appearances were to be believed, had given her all he possessed worth having—his affections. And now she could trust nothing and no one.

What difference could it make, she thought, if this man, whom she knew so little of, had a wife ?

But it did make a vast difference. He was so nice, and understood the quiet nature as no else did.

"I shall be guarded hereafter—very, very guarded. But I cannot quite believe it ; yet, there can be no mistake."

They were out skating, Bessie and Cynthia. It was a firm, glassy surface of ice, dotted over with graceful, willowy-formed young ladies, light-hearted men and gayly-dressed children—a place where buoyancy and hilarity were contagious. Red cheeks and animation without resorting to powder, or any other stimulant than the crisp, clear, bracing air.

"Glorious !" cries Cynthia, stopping to take a deep inhalation. "Oh, don't go so fast—do wait for me !"

But Bessie, waving her hand at her, darts away at breakneck speed.

She does not rival the other gliding, bright-faced young ladies. There is nothing to particularly attract any one's attention. She is simply Bessie, who has no better opinion of herself than the family and society—who has no expectations other than to be found fault with or ignored. The gray eyes have wept over it, mamma has scolded about it. She cannot comprehend how *she* has such a daughter. "She is so quiet"— and *so sweet*, might have been added.

The free, open air is not the atmosphere of a four walled drawing-room. She feels exempt from scrutinizing eyes, and goes on turning corners and curves, curves and corners, and how did it happen ?

There is a sudden jar, a chattering of the white teeth. The pretty sealskin turban is lying some distance away, and on the ice is a familiar bundle of navy-blue cloth and soft blue fur, from which looks Bessie's familiar face. A moment later and some one bends over her.

"Are you hurt ?" inquires an anxious voice, while the speaker gently assists her to stand.

"It is Mr. Edwards. Oh, dear !" thinks Bessie, blushing. "No, thank you, I am not injured, glancing up at the searching eyes, then down at the treacherous feet.

"But you will skate no more this day," he says, audaciously kneeling and unfastening the skates before she can utter a word of remonstrance. "I was afraid you would fall when you came up here."

"You saw me ?"

"Yes ; I thought my dear friend would need me and I came"— looking down earnestly at her.

And she is so angry, so indignant. This man with a wife to address her so !

"Will you do me the favor, Mr. Edwards, to look for my sister and tell her that I am going now ?" she answers, coldly, and with a flash of the indignation that is filling the outraged heart.

He looks up in astonishment. It is so unusual and unlike her. But there is no need to go for Cynthia. She is there, feeling deeply for "poor Bess ! I shall just give him a good *hit*," she thinks, hastening to them. "You didn't break any bones, Bessie, did you ?" with a nod of recognition to the offending scoundrel. "Splendid ice, Mr. Edwards. Ever on it, before ?"

"No."

"Did not your *wife* care for skating when you were here ?"

It is a moment of breathless expectation to Bessie, and one of evident hesitancy on his part. There is a quick change in his face, and a slight flush as he answered, looking far off.

"No, my wife did not care for such pleasures."

It was too much for Bess.

From his own lips he acknowledges it. With an abrupt "Good-evening!" not stopping to question whether the afternoon had lengthened into the twilight of evening or not, how quickly and fast does she walk away, with Cynthia running after her.

"You did it beautifully, Bess," she whispers. "It is good enough for him. I'll bet he is taken down a little, for he is standing still just where we left him—the mean *wretch!*"

And some hours afterward Cynthia could have told of a soft, gray-eyed individual who wept over this same "scoundrel"; could have related how startled the sister was when she bounced in the next morning with the intelligence that Mr. Edwards and his little hand-satchel had left, and it was her firm conviction that the satchel in question contained all the musical equipments the poor professor possessed, though he did not in the least look like such a being.

"He has actually gone, Bess, for I saw him leave—gone home to his poor wife, I suppose, who does not dream how he flirts when he is away."

"Cynthia—Cynthia, you are unjust!"

* * * * * *

Several weeks elapsed—monotonous ones to Bessie. They were at lunch one day, when Mr. Havens spoke of going on business a number of miles out of town.

"I think I shall drive out."

"And take us with you, papa," cries ever-ready Cynthia. "Sleighing—oh, sleighing, girls! Bell and Bess and——"

"*I* shall not go," interposes Lou.

"Then three of us, papa."

And three went, though the clouds did look dark and laden and cold.

It was a pleasant ride going, but one or two bold flakes beat against their faces when they turned homeward.

It was dusk of a cold Winter's evening, fast closing into the darkness of night, when the snowflakes burst through their sombre prison, and came "silently tumbling down." Little and large, fast and faster they fell, until the small sleighful were coated with the white covering.

Everywhere lay the thick mantle of snow, and still the storm continued.

Mr. Havens halted, a doubt entering his mind.

"This is a new road to me, but I think, girls, that we came the right-hand turn"—pointing to one of those perplexing "corners" where several roads cross.

"That was it, I am sure," answers Bell.

"I think it was the one on the left," speaks up Bessie.

"Bess is always wrong," replies Bell, petulantly. "Papa, hasten on. It is getting so dark."

"Yes; it storms so, I cannot see an inch before my face!" exclaims Cynthia.

"I think I will venture it. I am quite certain I am right"—and Mr. Havens urges on the tired horses.

It is a treacherous step, a sleigh suddenly upset and broken, and the Havens girls are floundering in the deep snow.

No one hurt, but there is no using the sleigh to get home in. There they stand, shaking the flakes from their recently snow-covered garments, and vainly looking around them. It is a situation anything but cheering, for there is not a house in sight.

"What is that, papa?" cries Bess. "Sleigh-bells—listen!"

"Oh, I hope so!" murmurs Cynthia. "I am almost frozen!"

Far off sounded the jingling of bells. Nearer and nearer—would it never reach them? And what if they should not come that way at all? Breathlessly peering into the storm, they wait.

They *are* coming. Slowly but surely some one is approaching.

"Ho! there!" calls out a voice. "An accident?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Havens. "Are you going to Quebec?"

"Near there," is the reply.

"Any place for ladies?"

"Yes."

"Let me go first," murmurs Bell; and Cynthia being next, follows her.

"I have not more than room for these two," says the man, looking dolefully down at shrinking, shivering Bess. "But I will tell you, sir, if you can let your horses carry you, there is some one coming behind me that will take that lady."

Some one! Yes, other bells come tinkling through the storm. It is a handsome span of horses and an elegant, luxurious sleigh. A liveried driver and a well-wrapped form reclining on the back seat.

The others have gone on, and Mr. Havens stands holding his horses a little way in advance, waiting to see the last young lady safely disposed of.

It is only Bess, standing in the deep snow by the roadside, shrinking and trembling.

"Oh, dear!" murmurs the girl. "I must ask to ride."

The driver stops, and Bess speaks in a low, rather piteous, voice:

"May I ride, please? We have met with an accident, and——"

The robes on the back seat are pushed aside, and a muffled form bends forward and lifts up cold Bessie, nestles her down close beside him among the pile of furs and wraps the warm robes around her.

A man's voice bids the driver go on. A voice—where has she heard it?

Papa is satisfied, and mounting his horses, advances.

Bessie has stood so long in the storm, how can she help shivering and feeling a little awe of this silent, commanding aristocrat.

"If I could only stop shaking," she thinks.

The stranger thinks so, too, perhaps, for he reaches over and draws the wraps more closely around her.

"Oh, thanks, I am very comfortable; but I was so cold and I got so tired."

"Did you?"—pityingly, and one arm is placed protectingly around her.

"*Sir!*"—indignantly.

"My dear Bessie"—very tenderly he speaks it, and his face bends down suspiciously near the small mouth.

Soon after a man's hearty laugh rings out from behind the tall driver, and then the low voice of Bessie:

"*Mr. Edwards!*"

"My name is Ned, my sweet little girl."

"I shall never, never forgive you for treating me so. You forget your *wife*," answers a distressed little voice from among the thick robes.

"I forget nothing, and you will forgive and like me, even *love* me, like the whole-hearted darling that you are."

"Did some one take Bess?" asks Cynthia of the gentleman with whom they are riding.

"If you mean the other lady we left, yes. It was Sir Edward Wellington's turnout, and Sir Edward Wellington himself, I think. He comes over from England occasionally to see to a rich estate here. But here we are at last, notwithstanding this heavy fall of snow. Do not stop to thank me. Go in immediately by the fire."

"Come in here," call Mrs. Havens and Lou, who are anxiously waiting for them in the parlor. "We were so frightened about you. Why, where is Bessie?"

"We heard them coming behind us. She actually rode with a rich nobleman, mamma. I might have waited, and let her take my place," adds Bell, regretfully, as the door is pushed open by a well-muffled gentleman—*muffled* in rich habiliments, and behind him, her head reaching just a trifle above the broad shoulders, is smiling Bessie.

"And she?" questions Cynthia.

"Died a few hours after the marriage."

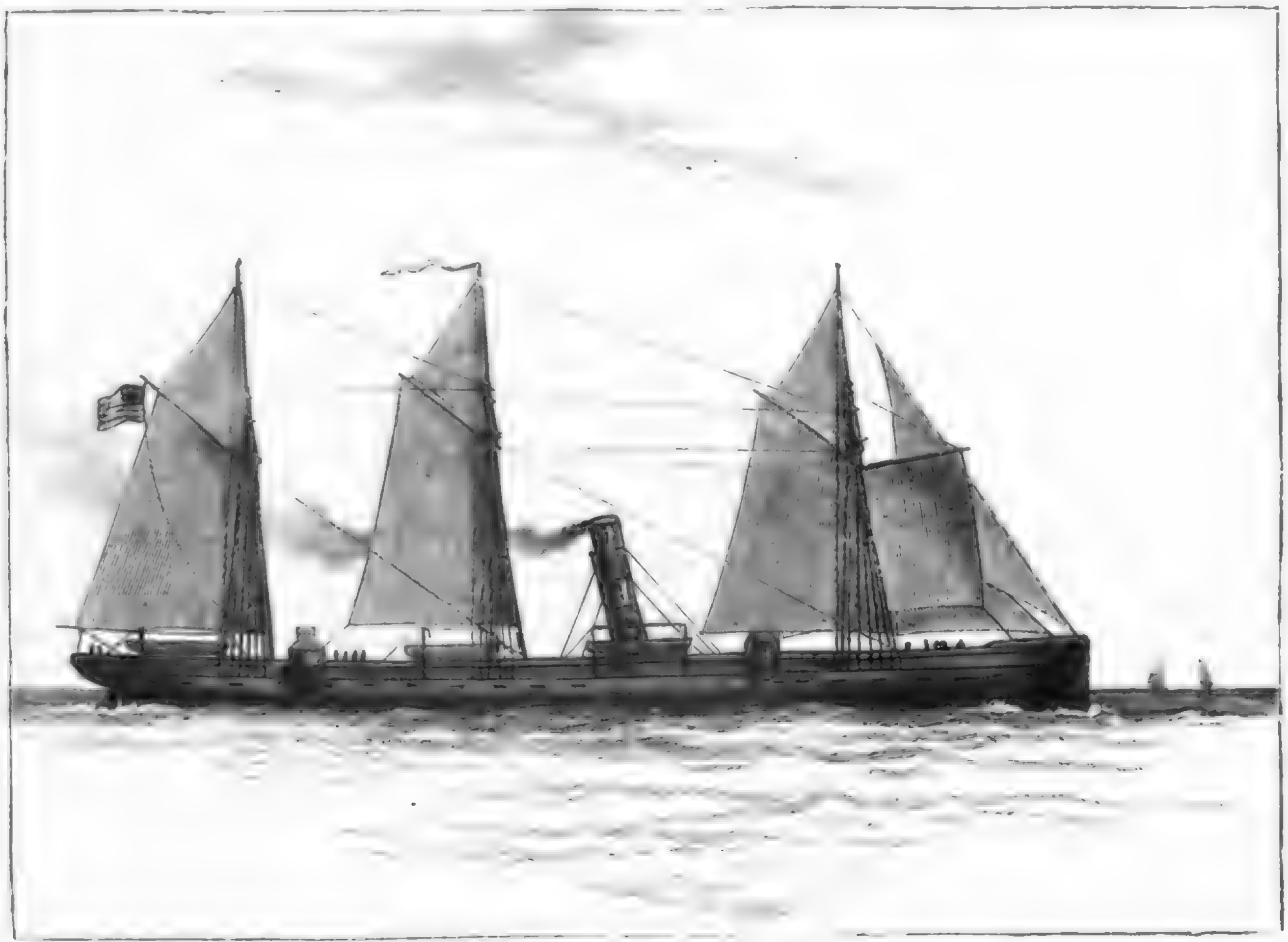
"Oh, he is a splendid success after all—isn't he, Bess? And you, too. But I will not get my box of caramels, will I?" a little dejectedly.

But she did, and that, too, from her brother Ned, who, months later, took his happy bride home across the sea.

"Who would have thought that it would have been Bessie's face to be so lucky," remarks mamma, looking at her older daughters.

Bell and Lou sigh.

"But in just one year's time I shall go over and see them. Only one year," chimes in Cynthia, unfolding the white paper from the last sweet morsel of confectionery, and demolishing it with a soft, lingering smack.



THE UNITED STATES DISPATCH-BOAT "DOLPHIN."

"Who, what! That is not the rusty individual we snubbed so?" murmurs Lou, inaudibly.

"It can't be. It *must* be Sir Edward Wellington!" exclaimed Cynthia, and it was.

"But Bessie," whispers the young sister, when they were again in that room where they have scolded and cried, and are now laughing over Ned, "what is the mystery of that wife?"

"It was when he was here before," she answers, smoothing back the hair from the eager face of the girl who kneels beside her. "A lady, an old friend of his, was very ill, and her property was left so that at her death it would revert to her husband, or, if unmarried, would go to a person whom she abhorred. When she was too ill to ever hope to recover, she asked Ned to marry her. Not that she loved him, or he her, but solely that her property might be his, her friend's, instead of another's. She urged him, insisted upon it, grew worse when he refused, and finally, at the urgent request of both her physician and near friends, to gratify her he did so."

OUR NEW STEEL CRUISERS, AND THEIR USES.

By Lieutenant W. S. Hughes, U. S. N.

Many persons in the United States, intelligent, and well-informed upon most questions of national importance, fail fully to understand the necessity for maintaining a war-navy in time of peace. All are vaguely aware that in the event of war with a foreign maritime power our great coast-cities, and the merchant-ships carrying our flag abroad upon the ocean, would need some sort of protection; only a few realize that the purely peace-duties of naval vessels are scarcely less onerous and important than those of actual war, and still fewer of our citizens have anything like a just conception of the low plane to which the *matériel* of our naval service has fallen.

The war-duties of a navy are well understood. They are, beyond all question, *to guard the coast of its country, and to protect its ocean commerce.* "That "a navy cannot be built in a day" is an axiom that was borne in mind by our forefathers when they introduced into the Constitution of the United States a clause declaring that, while Congress shall have the authority to *raise* armies for national defense, it shall have power "to provide and *maintain* a navy."

But, "in time of peace," Americans as a nation are little inclined to "prepare for war." It is easy to see why this should be so. Our people mean no ill toward any other nation of the globe; we are slow to take national offense, even where national offense is obviously intended, and our Government is ever ready to make all honorable concessions in matters of dispute.

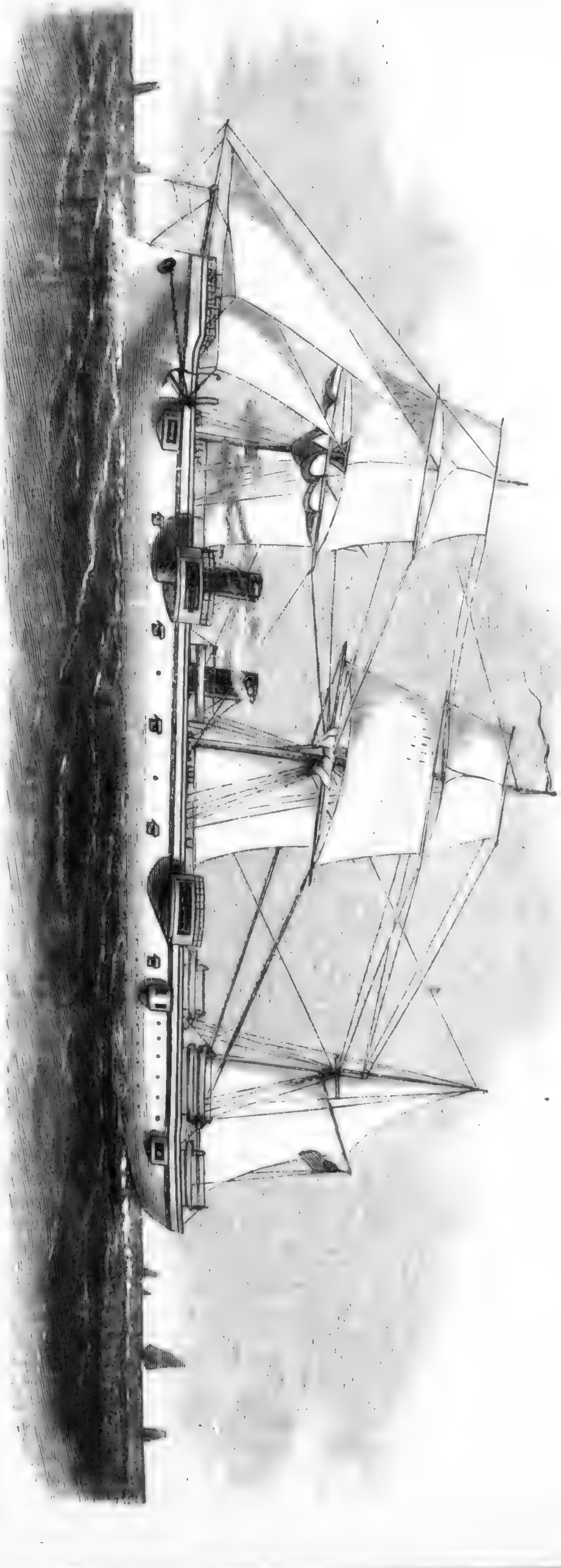
Relying, too, upon our apparent distance from Europe, and upon the enormous power that would be wielded by our fifty-seven millions of people, we fear no invasion of our territory by a foreign enemy.

But, may not this imagined security be a delusion? *Are* we remote from Europe, or from a possible enemy, in these days when steamships cross the Atlantic in a week? English soil extends all along our northern boundary; Spain, in the great Island of Cuba, and France, in Martinique, possess bases for military operations and supplies dangerously near our southern coast.

The natural condition of most countries is a state of peace, but war must be regarded as at any time possible. Until human nature changes, wars at regular intervals will occur; and the United States already has enjoyed a long term of tranquillity. Should we become again involved in war, the chances are strongly in favor of it being with some foreign nation. Do the great masses of our people realize the stern fact that in such an emergency we would be unable to defend ourselves against even a fourth-rate power?

If all the forts and ships belonging to the United States were to discharge their batteries simultaneously and at short range upon a single vessel like the Italian ironclad *Duilio*, it would probably cause no more damage to the ship or her crew than would a Summer shower of hail to the iron dome of our national Capitol.

Within a few days, or, at most, within a few weeks, after the declaration of hostilities, long before any adequate preparations for defense could be made, any one of half a dozen countries of Europe, or of South America, could send to our Atlantic coast one or more powerful ironclads. Such ships, armed as they would be, with guns of enormous power and range, could approach in almost perfect security near enough to throw their shot and shells into the heart of New York city. Against such



THE UNITED STATES NEW STEEL CRUISER "CHICAGO."

ships we would be practically helpless; and whether New York, Boston, and all our coast cities in succession, were laid waste would be a question left entirely to the tender mercies of an enemy. Again, for example, what is to prevent a fleet of English gunboats entering by way of the Welland Canal the great lakes of the North and bombarding Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit and Milwaukee?

But all this pre-supposes a state of war. "What are the actual duties of a navy in time of peace?" is a question one may hear often asked.

They have been enumerated as follows:

1. To form a *nucleus* for the expansion of our naval power for national defense in time of war.
2. To guard the *honor* of our flag, and command the respect of other nations in times of peace.
3. To maintain a *school* for the training and discipline of officers and men, and thus provide for the efficient expansion of our *personnel* in time of war.
4. To further the interests of *civilization* and *commerce*, by affording protection or relief to American citizens domiciled under unstable governments, or in semi-civilized countries.
5. To *investigate the complaints* of our citizens, whose interests are abroad, against alleged injustice on the part of distant civilized nations.
6. To *aid or succor*, whenever possible, the distressed people of any nation, in the interests of humanity and courtesy.
7. To *observe* and *keep informed* of the progress of other nations in the science of warfare.
8. To facilitate the *scientific investigation* of subjects connected with maritime and national interests, and to execute surveys of obscure harbors abroad and on our own coasts.
9. To assist in suppressing *internal riot*.
10. To enforce the *laws of neutrality*, and *to prevent piracy*."

No one can dispute the vital importance of these duties. And when we realize the utter inadequacy of the navy of the United States in its present state to perform them, both for the want of ships and of guns, too much interest cannot attach to any project which tends to correct this dangerous condition of affairs.

"Recognizing the pressing need for appropriate vessels for the service," the late Honorable William H. Hunt, when Secretary of the Navy, took the initial steps in the right direction.

He organized, in June, 1881, a "Naval Advisory Board," composed of fifteen officers, noted for their advanced ideas and professional abilities, who were to decide upon the *number*, *size* and *type* of ships that should be built.

Rear-admiral John Rodgers (since deceased) was appointed President of the Board.

Those who have not had specially called to their attention the vast changes in naval warfare—in ships and in guns—that have been constantly and rapidly taking place of late years, can scarcely appreciate the difficulties and importance of the work required of this Board. If naval superiority depended alone upon seamanship and the personal bravery and devotion of sailors, no navy of the world could justly claim a higher state of efficiency than our own. But, unfortunately for our country, maritime supremacy is now more a question of ships and of guns than of men and old-time nautical skill. In the fighting days of *Old Ironsides* and her sister ships, the American Navy possessed no superior upon the ocean. Again, at the close of the Civil War—thanks to that greatest of naval engineers, Captain John Ericsson—our navy once more stood at the head of the war-fleets of the world. But the deplorable effects of our naval policy, or want of policy, since the war, were apparent. Such immense strides had been made in naval architecture and ordnance by other countries, that the Advisory Board found our present wooden ships utterly worthless as a means of national defense, and entirely inadequate to meet even the necessities of peace.

After four months of investigation and deliberation, the Board decided that, in order to place the service upon a respectable footing, as compared with other countries, and to enable it to properly perform its manifold duties, there would have to be constructed vessels of at least three different types. In their report they recommended the building of *thirty-eight* fast cruisers of various sizes; *five ironclad rams; eight torpedo-gunboats*, and *twenty small torpedo-boats* of the greatest attainable speed.

The recommendation of the Board was incorporated in the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Navy to the President, and embodied by the latter in his Message to Congress.

A Bill was subsequently introduced in the House of Representatives "authorizing the construction of *six* of the cruisers asked for by the Board, *one* ram, and *eight* fast torpedo-boats." But it failed to receive the required vote.

In November, 1882, a new Advisory Board, consisting of seven members, was created, with Rear-admiral R. W. Shufeldt as president.

Congress had passed, in the preceding session, a Bill appropriating $1,300,000, to commence the construction of four vessels. They were to consist of three cruisers—one of 4,500 tons and two of 3,000 tons displacement each—and one dispatch-boat of about 1,500 tons. The passage of the appropriation and the organization of this new Board gave origin to the "steel cruisers," now nearly completed—the *Chicago*, *Boston*, *Atlanta* and *Dolphin*.

The Board prepared the general design of each of these vessels, decided that they should be built of steel, and determined upon the character of their armament and internal arrangements. It was found to be for the best interests of the Government to build the proposed cruisers in the yards of private shipbuilders; and the Secretary, in May, 1883, advertised for proposals for their construction. The offer of Mr. John Roach, of Chester, Pa., proved to be the lowest and most advantageous to the Government, and he was accordingly awarded the contract, at a total price of $2,440,000.

A glance at the accompanying illustrations will give an accurate idea of the appearance of the new ships when finished.

The *Chicago* is an unarmored steam-cruiser, 325 feet long, 48 feet wide, built entirely of steel, and is expected to make at least 15 knots per hour.

The armament will be carried upon two decks. The battery of the upper, or spar, deck will consist of four eight-inch steel breech-loading rifled cannon, each weighing about fourteen tons, mounted in unarmored, projecting half-turrets, and firing a charge of powder weighing 125 pounds. The weight of the shell, or cored shot, will be 250 pounds, with an approximate range of eight miles. On the second deck will be mounted six six-inch steel rifles in broadside, firing a charge of fifty pounds of powder and a projectile of 100 pounds weight, with a range of six miles. Arrangements will be made and ports cut for mounting in each broadside two additional six-inch rifles, in case it be found desirable. A six-inch gun will also be mounted on this deck in recessed ports on each bow, and a five-inch in similar ports on each quarter.

Six Hotchkiss revolving cannon will be pivoted in bullet-proof towers on the upper deck, so arranged as to sweep the entire circle within their range. These are each capable of firing from sixty to eighty explosive steel shells per minute, weighing from one to four pounds, and at a distance of a mile can pierce the sides of any unarmored ship afloat.

The *Chicago* will be divided by transverse bulkheads into ten water-tight compartments. The four middle compartments inclose the engines and boilers, over which will be placed a steel curved deck 1½ inch in thickness, and between the machinery and the ship's side is a space of nine feet filled with coal. Space forbids more than a glance at the motive power of the ship. It will consist of two pairs of double-cylinder compound engines, forty-five and seventy-eight inches in diameter, with a stroke of fifty-two inches. The ship will have two screw propellers, thus securing unusual facility in turning, and will be furnished with all the modern improvements in naval construction, and will be rigged as a bark, with two thirds sail-power. The complement of men will be 300.

The *Boston* and *Atlanta* will be exactly alike in every particular. They are 276 feet long, 42 feet in width, and will be capable of maintaining a speed of 13 knots per hour.

In their internal arrangements, below the upper deck the *Boston* and *Atlanta* will be very similar to the *Chicago*, but their general appearance and disposition of their batteries are quite different.

In this latter matter the Board departed from all previous ideas of marine construction. Instead of exposing the guns on the upper deck, mounted in broadside, as is ordinarily the case with vessels of the class of the *Boston* and *Atlanta*, their batteries are inclosed by a central superstructure rising above the bow and stern. "Outside the forward port angle and after starboard angle of the superstructure an eight-inch rifled gun will be mounted in a barbette about three feet high, built of two-inch steel plates. The forward gun has a train from 40° abaft the beam on the port side, sweeping the whole deck forward, to 30° abaft the beam on the starboard side." The other eight-inch gun will be similarly mounted in the diagonally opposite corner. Six six-inch rifles are within the superstructure—four mounted in broadside and one in each of the unoccupied angles. There will be eight revolving cannon mounted in armored towers on the upper deck, one at each of the angles of the superstructure, and one between each two of the broadside guns.

Like the *Chicago*, the *Boston* and *Atlanta* are divided into water-tight compartments, and the section inclosing the machinery and boilers is protected overhead by a steel deck, and, on the sides, by a coal-armor about 8 feet thick at the water-line. The vessels will be propelled by a single screw, actuated by a compound back-acting engine of 3,500 horse-power, and their coal-carrying capacity will be great enough to admit of crossing the Atlantic at full speed, or the Pacific at the rate of 10 knots per hour. They will have two-thirds sail-power, the "rig" being that of a brig, and will each carry 230 men.

The *Dolphin* is intended for a dispatch-vessel, being built with the object of maintaining a high rate of speed for a period of several days, and hence the general design of the vessel does not greatly differ from that of an ordinary merchant steamer. The length will be 256 feet, with a width of 32 feet, and the crew will consist of 80 men. One six-inch rifle and four Hotchkiss revolving cannon will be mounted on the upper deck, the latter in fixed bullet-proof towers. The motive power is a two-cylinder compound engine, with a single screw propeller.

The guns for the new vessels are now in process of construction at the Washington Navy Yard.

Although, as we have said, the United States possesses no ordnance now ready for use that would be effective in conflict with the ironclads of an enemy, it by no means follows that we are unable to produce good guns.

Americans have always been noted for their inventive genius and mechanical skill. When it was decided that the cruisers were to be built, the Government at once turned its attention to the subject of their armament, and the result has been the production of American breech-loading steel rifles, which, size for size, equal the guns turned out by the most famous gun-factories of Europe.

TO LOVE.

By E. G. Charlesworth.

A streak of reddening light on fallen leaves,
The parting word from a descending sun,
Seems motion in my heart to have begun
Of some long-dead, forgotten thing which grieves;
Some long-lost, early hope which prematurely died
I bid a swift-increasing tear depart,
Half-wishful, too, from sight the past to hide;
Soon twilight's growth slow blends all shapes in one
Inns, abbey,* river, daylight, disappear;
That dead thing sinks which in me seemed to move.
Love, thou art changed, yet still thy name is Love;
Shines nearer heaven, now, thy latter sun,
The lost looks in its light scarce worth a tear.

WILD HORSES.

The wild horses of America, both North and South, are descended from those imported by the first Spanish settlers on the continent. Having enjoyed freedom for generations, they are exceedingly wild, and fly from the sight of man; but, being fine animals and very hardy, they are much sought after, and, when caught, soon become docile. These wild horses are found in Mexico and the southern of the United States, as well as in Chili, Peru, the vast plains of Paraguay and Patagonia, the reputed land of giants.

In Chili the wild horses are captured and broken in the following manner:

"A party of four or five horsemen, with about twenty dogs, were seen formed in an extended crescent, driving with shouts the wild horses toward the river. All were armed with the lasso, which was swinging over their heads to be in readiness to entrap the first that attempted to break though the gradually contracting segment; the dogs serving with the riders to head the horses in. They continued to advance, when suddenly a horse with furious speed broke the line, passing near one of the horsemen, and for a moment it was thought he had escaped; the next he was jerked round with a force that seemed sufficient to have broken his neck, the horseman having, the moment the lasso was thrown, turned round, and braced himself for the shock. The captured horse now began to rear and plunge furiously to effect his escape. After becoming somewhat worn out, he was suffered to run, and again suddenly checked. This was repeated several times, when another plan was adopted. The dogs

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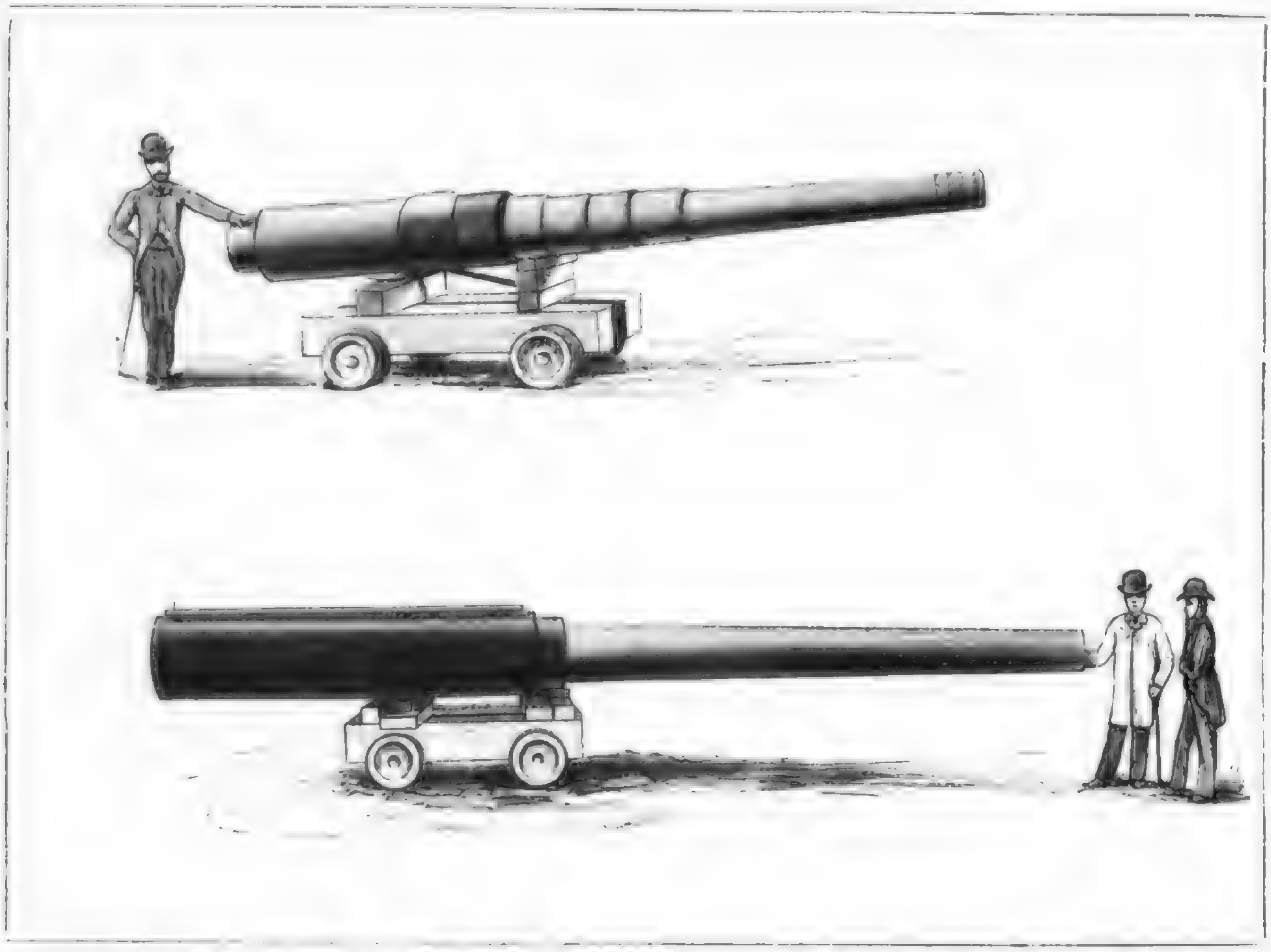
* Bolton Abbey.



OUR NEW STEEL CRUISERS, AND THEIR USES.—6-INCH GUN AND 8-INCH GUN FOR NEW STZEL CRUISERS.—SEE PAGE 164.

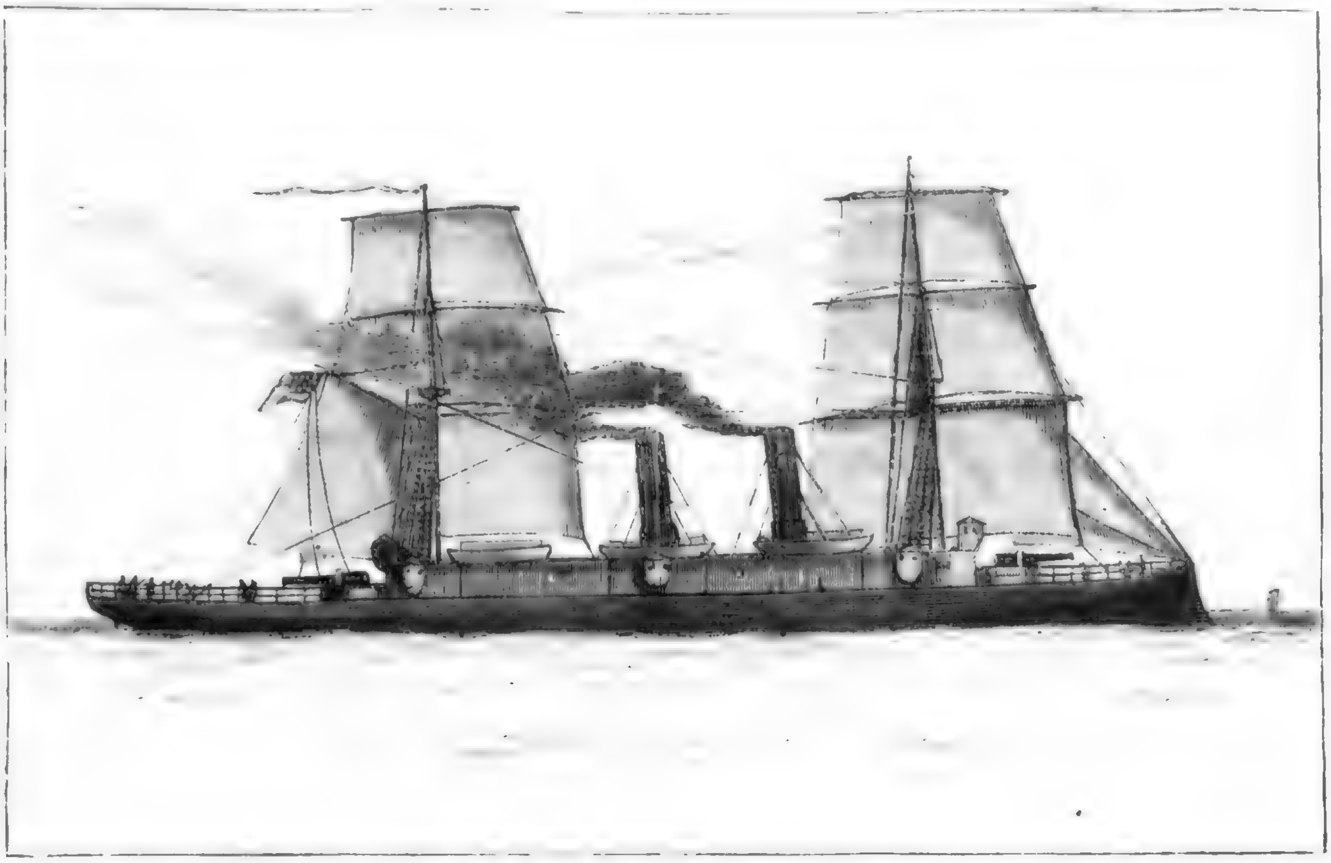
were set on him, and off he went at full run in the direction of another horseman, who threw the lasso to entangle his legs, and precipitate him to the ground. The dogs again roused him, when he again started, and was in like manner brought to a stand; after several trials he became completely exhausted and subdued, when he stood perfectly still, and allowed his captors to lay hands upon him. The shouts of the men, the barking of the dogs, and the scampering of the horses, made the whole scene quite exciting."

The following account is given by Mr. Darwin of the method of horse-breaking used by the Gauchos of Chili and adjoining countries of South America:

"A troop of young horses is driven into the corral, or large inclosure of stakes, and the door is shut. We will suppose that one man alone has to catch and mount a horse which as yet had never felt bridle or saddle. I conceive, except by a Guacho, such a feat would be utterly impracticable. The Gaucho picks out a full-grown colt, and, as the beast rushes round the circus, he throws his lasso so as to catch both the fore legs; instantly the horse rolls over with a heavy shock, and, whilst struggling on the ground, the Gaucho, holding the lasso tight, makes a circle, so as to catch one of the hind legs just beneath the fetlock, and draws it close to the two front; he then hitches the lasso, so that the three legs are bound together; then, sitting on the horse's neck, he fixes a strong bridle without a bit to the lower jaw; this he does by passing a narrow thong through the eyeholes at the end of the reins, and several times round both jaw and tongue. The two front legs are now tied closely together with a strong leather thong fastened by a slip-knot, the lasso which bound the three legs together being then loosened; the horse then rises with difficulty. The Gaucho, now holding fast the bridle fixed to the lower jaw, leads the horse outside the corral. If a second man is present (otherwise the trouble is much greater), he holds the animal's head whilst the other puts on the horse-cloths and saddle, and girths the whole together. During this operation the horse, from dread and astonishment at being thus bound round the waist, throws himself over and over again on the ground, and, till beaten, is unwilling to rise. At last, when the saddling is finished, the poor animal can scarcely breathe from fear, and is white with foam and sweat. The man now prepares to mount by pressing heavily on the stirrup, so that the horse may not lose its balance; and at the moment he throws his leg over the animal's back he pulls the slip-knot, and the beast is free. The horse, wild with dread, gives a few most violent bounds, and then starts off at full gallop; when quite exhausted, the man, by patience, brings him back to the corral, where, reeking hot and scarcely alive, the poor beast is let free."

The Patagonian Indians pride themselves on their horsemanship, and, generally speaking, believe themselves the finest equestrians and horse-breakers in the world; and they are very good ones. But occasionally a stranger gets among them, and shows them that the art of riding is not confined to their country. Captain Chaworth Musters, R.N., spent a considerable time among the Patagonians, and being a first-class horseman, volunteered to break one of their horses. His account is this:

"Conde's stepfather, generally known as Paliki, had a three-year-old iron gray, a very fine animal, tied up ready to be mounted for the first time. Paliki entered our toldo (tent) to borrow my girth, and chaffed me, asking me if I would venture to 'domar' (break) him. Orkeke (the chief with whom Mr. Musters lived) seconded the proposal, and having stripped off mantle and boots, I proceeded to take the lasso and reins, and mount. The instant he felt the unwonted incumbrance he bucked, jumped for several yards, finally jumping into the middle of the brook, and nearly losing his footing. I spurred him out, and once on the bank he commenced to whirl round and round like a teetotum. At last I got his head straight, and after a few more buck-jumps, he went off at racing speed, urged by whip and spur. After a stretching gallop of three miles, I rode him quietly back, now and again turning him to accustom him to the bridle-thong, but not venturing to feel his mouth, and then brought him up to the toldo amidst the shouts of the spectators. Orkeke expressed great surprise, and wanted to know where I learned to 'domar'; and the gratified owner insisted on presenting me with a piece of tobacco."



THE UNITED STATES NEW STEEL CRUISER "BOSTON."

A very rough kind of discipline was that to which the Hon. C. A. Murray subjected an unbroken horse on the North American prairies:

"My companion V——'s Pawnee horse was brought up to him by an Indian leading it with a strong lariat; but as soon as he approached, the animal snorted, reared, kicked, and showed every sign of spite and anger. If V—— came near it in front, it would run at him with its teeth; and if behind, lashed the air with a pair of very active heels. Not being a practiced horseman, V—— could not creep behind the animal and spring on it, or perform any similar equestrian manœuvre; and I, having already mounted my roan, could see that the Indians were beginning to make signs to each other, and to laugh at our predicament. Knowing how dangerous it is among these people to allow yourself to be a subject of ridicule, I told V—— to ride my horse, and I would see what I could make of his wild beast. Accordingly, I took my cudgel in my hand, and walked toward him in front, telling the Indian by signs to hold on to the lariat. As I approached, he snuffed and snorted as he had done to V——; and when he thought I was near enough, jumped forward to seize me with his teeth; but I saluted him with a heavy blow on the head with my cudgel, and, finding that it checked him, I repeated the application. He appeared stunned and stupefied for a moment, so I jumped on him, and telling the Indian to let go, gave the word to march. For the first few minutes I continued to belabor my unruly steed with the cudgel, and accompanied every blow with a loud rough ejaculation, in order that he might learn to know my voice. Before I had long treated his ribs to the same wholesome discipline that his head had undergone he appeared to be quite humbled and docile, so I rode quietly on with the party; and whenever he showed symptoms of resuming his pranks, I had only to call to him in the same tone as before, and he returned to a sense of duty."

SILVER, AND ITS PRODUCTION.

Silver mainly belongs to the American Continent, and here only to the great mountain-chain known in its southern portion as the Andes. In Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia it is not now, and apparently has not for ages, been found in any quantity likely to affect the market. What were the sources which in the days of Solomon made this metal "as stones" at Jerusalem, and "of no account," we cannot say. Certain it is the silver mines of the Eastern Hemisphere had, during the Christian era been very sparingly productive. Hence the supplies that flowed in from Mexico and Peru, during the reign of the Emperor Charles V., gave an impulse to commerce similar to that which in our time followed upon the opening up of the Californian and Australian gold deposits.

Chili since 1835 has yielded silver to the value of more than $300,000,000, chiefly from the three districts of Arqueros, Chanarcillo and Tres Puntas. All these three are substantially abandoned from exhaustion. Caracoles, on the frontiers of Bolivia, is not in a flourishing condition. The Peruvian mines of Potosi and Cerro del Pasco are nearly exhausted.

In Mexico, and in certain sections of the United States, such as Nevada, Montana, Colorado and Utah, much silver occurs. But in Mexico the most productive deposits have, during the three centuries of Spanish rule, been discovered and ransacked.

It is sometimes contended that the system of extracting the precious metal from its ores, as followed by the Spanish-American population, is very imperfect. This is a mistake. Humboldt, himself a pupil of the great Freiberg Mining School, came, after a very close investigation, to a different conclusion. European capitalists who have thought that, by the introduction of Cornish miners and Saxon smelters, they could open up a new epoch of prosperity, have repeatedly had to smart for their rashness.

One especially unpleasant fact remains: if the wages and other outlay in each mining district in South America are compared with the quantity of fine silver realized, a loss of about fifty per cent. is perceptible! Thus the Spanish-American republics are being impoverished by this ruinous industry.

The world's annual yield of silver cannot be rated higher than $50,000,000 annually, with no definite prospect of its increase.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD. THE FARMER'S BOY.

Really a farmer's boy had been Robert Bloomfield, a son of an humble family, among whom, however, some degree of culture had been hereditary. Old Isaac Bloomfield, of Ousden, the village factotum, was the ancestor of Robert the poet and Charles the bishop, the once well-known Bishop of London; but the mother of the poet, who kept the village-school at Honington, seems to have supplied the element of poetic fire. The father of Robert died when the latter was an infant, and his mother married again, so that, at eleven years of age, he went to Mr. Austin, of Sapiston, whose wife was Robert's aunt, as farmer's boy. Small of his age, he was scarcely likely to make a living by his hands, thought Farmer Austin, and so his mother, in distress, appealed to his elder brothers, who were at work in London, to help her with the boy. Said George, the eldest brother, "Send him to me, mother, and I'll make a shoemaker of him."

And so the mother and the boy traveled up to London together by stage, and Robert was left with his brother, with many commendations as to his careful bringing up — easier to be given than carried out, for George then lived in a light attic at No. 7 Fisher's Court, Coleman Street, with two turn-up bedsteads in it, and five men at work; and Robert became handy man to the workshop — fetched the men's dinners, and whatever else they might want. The potboy came every day to know what porter was wanted, and brought the newspaper with him, which it was now Robert's task to read to the rest. On Sunday there were walks abroad, and discursive visits to places of worship here and there. One Sunday the brothers visited a chapel in the old Jewry, and were much impressed with the style and diction of the preacher—a Dissenting divine, who discoursed in the style of the *Rambler*, with dignified and tragic action. And George could not help thinking that his brother took a start from this time, for Robert began to con over the *London Magazine*, which the elder brother took in, and specially the "Poets' Corner," and thought he would try his hand. And so his verses got into the "poets' corners" of country newspapers, and were cut out, and handed about, and much admired by the shoemakers.

All this time Robert had been at work, discrediting the old adage, and sticking to his last, even when tagging rhymes and verses; and he was now able to earn his bread, when a sudden storm arose in his trade, as between lawful and unlawful journeymen. Robert was in the latter category, having never served a regular apprenticeship, and, meek and uncombative, he bent before the storm, and went back to Suffolk, once more to his old master, as an enlarged edition of the farmer's boy. And now the vivid but limited impressions of boyhood were strengthened by more fully conscious observation. The sweet pastoral calm of his native county, its gently-swelling hills, and softly-flowing streams—all this spoke strongly to his newly-awakened sense.

And when Robert went back to London, to make himself a lawful journeyman by apprenticeship, he felt that, lawfully or unlawfully, he had become a journeyman poet, and thus was conceived and set to fructify the germ of "The Farmer's Boy," while in other ways he was nothing but a working shoemaker. And while he stitched and thrummed the numbers grew. When the poem was finished, a local Mæcenas was found in the person of Capel Lofft, of Troston, by whose means "The Farmer's Boy" soon appeared—a small quarto volume, elegantly printed, with wide margins, and illustrated with cuts by the inimitable Bewick. Happy the possessor of the original edition, with its charming vignettes, and who possesses the calm and equable temper duly to enjoy the quiet, pastoral spirit of the poem!

INSECT BENEFACTORS.

There are insects which from the earliest times have been held up to young and old alike, in fables and stories, as examples of a persistent industry, well worthy of imitation: the busy bee which "improves the shining hour" by storing up honey for Winter consumption; the restless ant with its imaginary store of grain; the spider, inspirer of the gallant Bruce, an architect undaunted by temporary failure, who again and again renews the intricate meshes of his web as soon as they may be destroyed. These, by the lessons they thus teach, may well be held to be indirect benefactors to their human superiors, who destroy the bees wholesale to rob them of the honey when stored, level the ant-tumps with the ground as eyesores and impediments to mowing, and pursue the cobwebs in every nook and cranny with the far-reaching Turk's head. Direct benefits also are conferred on us by these self-same little examples: the bee supplies us with its sweet honey to please our palates and soothe our sore throats, and wax, useful for polishing our floors and many other purposes; the ant contributes formic acid to the world of medicine; the spider, not to take into account his persecution of the tiresome and dirty housefly, supplies in his web an excellent styptic which will often stop the most obstinate bleeding. There are Milton's "million of spinning worms, that in their green shops weave the smooth hair'd silk," whose treasures, enjoyed alone for thousands of years by the celestial Chinese and natives of India, have since gradually extended to the heathen West, until Cook Mary Jane is no longer genteel unless she can rustle up the area-steps on Sundays in her silk gown, a luxury which a Roman emperor is recorded to have been unable to afford his empress. The ideas of the ancients upon the subject of the origin of silk were rather vague, some supposing it to be the entrails of a spider, which, fattened for years upon paste, at length burst, bringing forth its silken treasure; others that it was spinned by a hideous horned grub in hard nests of clay—ideas which were not dispelled till the sixth century, when the first silkworms reached Constantinople, introduced and cultivated, like many other benefits, by the wandering monks. From thence they were soon imported into Italy, which for a long period remained the headquarters of the European silk trade, until Henry IV. of France, seeing that mulberry-trees were as plentiful in his southern provinces as in Italy, introduced silkworm-culture with great success. Kirby mentions the following interesting extract from the *Courier de Lyon*, 1840, as showing the extraordinary quantity of silk there annually consumed at that period: "Raw silk annually consumed there, one million of kilogrammes, equal to 2,205,714 lbs. English, on which the waste in manufacturing is 5 per cent. As four cocoons produce one graine (grain) of silk, four thousand millions of cocoons are annually consumed, making the number of caterpillars reared (including the average allowance for caterpillars dying, bad cocoons, and those kept for eggs), 4,292,400,000. The length of the silk of one cocoon averages 500 metres (1,526 ft. English), so that the length of the total quantity of silk spun at Lyons is about 6,000,000,000,000 (or six and a half billions of English feet, equal to fourteen times the mean radius of the earth's orbit, or 5,494 times the radius of the moon's orbit, or 52,505 times the equatorial circumference of the earth, or 200,000 times the circumference of the moon." What should we do without the cynips, a fly which, attacking the leaves of an old oak of Asia Minor (*Quercus infectoria*) with its ovipositor, causes an unnatural growth to rise upon their surface, a nidus for its eggs and larvæ, the gallnut essential in the manufacture of ink? In England they have several species of cynips which in the same way pierce the outer skins of twigs or leaves in order to deposit their eggs, together with some peculiar secretion which causes the abnormal growth which forms the nursery of their young; the oak apples on the twigs and the small galls on the leaves of oaks, the mossy red Bedeguar galls on the stem of the wild dog-rose, the leavy clusters on the dyer's broom, and many others. The ink galls of the Levant are more valuable; and consequently, if possible, gathered before the larvæ have escaped, like the boy in the nursery tale, by gnawing their way out of their edible prisons, leaving them to turn a paler color and be much less esteemed in the market. We have authentic records that a blood-red dye was obtained by the Phœnicians long before the time of Moses, by the ancient Greeks and by the Romans, from an aphis-like insect, feeding upon a small kind of oak, from which it took the name of *Coccus ilicis*, a first cousin to the *Coccus cacti*, which has in more recent times quite taken its relation's place as a popular dye under the better-known title of cochineal. This insect feeds upon a species of prickly fig-tree, growing chiefly in Mexico, where very large plantations are made of it, for the sole purpose of cultivating the coccus, which is reared and carefully tended upon its tender shoots. At harvest-time the cultivators sweep, with soft squirrels' tails, the branches of their scarlet inhabitants, which are then, having been well sun-dried or baked in an oven, sent off to the dyer's in the shape of tiny red grains, to produce splendid colors in all kinds of fabrics, rich and plain, or to be made into the familiar essence of the housekeeper which gives the startling red tops to molds of blanc-mange and changes the luscious stewed pear from an ugly brown to a pleasing red—an effect which, in childhood, I believed to be produced by boiling, in the same way that the boiled lobster dons his hunting pink. Another aphis, the lac insect, inhabiting a species of fig in India, gives out from its body, as it sucks, a clear, glutinous substance not unlike the honey-dew produced by the English aphides, the milch-cows of the ants. This substance, collected, strained, and run out into thin, transparent plates, is the shellac so much used in making varnishes, sealing-wax, japanning, etc. Mixed with naphtha, it forms a cheap and nasty varnish, easily made by boys, for laying on the bindings of fishing-rods or the heads of home-made fishing-flies. Pharmacy is indebted to two beetles for a blistering agent which it could ill dispense with, the *Cantharis vesicatoria* and *Mylabris cichorii*. The former insect, more commonly known as the Spanish fly, from its being first introduced from Spain, provides the drug cantharides, much used in blistering, and also administered internally as a diuretic. The man whose hairdresser gives him timely warning that "the hair is getting rather thin upon the crown, sir," applies a mild blistering in the form of cantharides pomade, and is generally rewarded with a thicker growth at the expense of a good deal less pain than a man I once knew, who, fearing approaching baldness, shaved the top of his head and applied Stevens's famous ointment for horses. He nearly went mad, but the hair grew. There were times when insects formed the chief part in doctors' recipes; the wood-louse as an aperient, a ladybird for colic, earwigs for nervous affections; and when exhaustive accounts were written of the anti-odontologians, a certain insect cure for toothache; but these I must not now include in my list, nor must I write of the delicate flavor of the high-scented goat caterpillar, the roasted palm grub, and the fried grasshopper, lest the fastidious eaters of the raw oyster and scavenging crab should turn up their noses, not relishing such fare as the elves had at their feast with the

> "Unctuous dew-laps of a snail,
> The broke heart of a nightingale
> O'ercome in music."

A RELIGIOUS SERVICE ON THE MARCH.

A Sketch of Army Life.

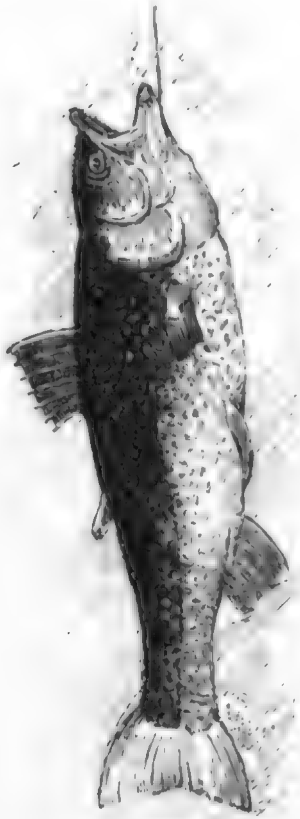
In May, 1862, Shields's Division was making an easy march from the Shenandoah Valley to join McDowell in the proposed co-operation of that command with McClellan's right in the lines before Richmond. Sunday morning came, bright and pleasant, but after a stormy night. The rain had left the roads in a bad condition wherever they crossed through low ground.

As some of the artillery had stalled, details were made from each infantry regiment and sent back to help pull the guns out of the mire, and the column was halted. Twelve-pounder Napoleon guns weighed more than twelve pounds apiece, it may be well to say for the benefit of the civilian reader, so that it was the work of two hours or more to get the batteries on dry ground again. Meanwhile, the infantry regiments in advance stacked arms by the roadside, and the men scattered about to amuse themselves as they liked; writing letters home, reading, chatting, playing cards, sleeping.

Suddenly there was a bugle-call at the head of our regiment which more than astonished us. We were as familiar with most of the calls as we fancied we were with ourselves. But this call, though we recollected having heard it before, perplexed us. It could not be, and yet it certainly was "church-call"—a call with a pious twang to it, as all old soldiers remember. That settled it; the chief bugler must be drunk.

Church-call, in accordance with our American respect for religious liberty, was the only bugle-sound that did not exact obedience. It was understood to be an "invitation," not a command. But for very curiosity's sake, if from no worthier motive, many crowded up to the head of the regiment.

Church-call it really was, and was meant to be. The colonel was there, jauntily sitting his mettlesome steed, slapping his bootlegs good-humoredly with his riding-whip, and beaming all over his not religious countenance with delight at what seemed to him a brilliant idea. He had determined to improve the then unusual concurrence of several things, a fine Sunday, a dry piece of ground, and the presence of the chaplain, and, accordingly, he had made the bugler sound the call for divine service.



THE LUNGE.

Army life is generally not conducive to devoutness of spirit, and the twelve months of intimate mixture of religiously reared youngsters with rapscallions who had never known a conscience, had pretty nearly dissolved whatever religious sentiments any of the men had brought with them into the service. Nevertheless, a good-sized crowd flocked up around the chaplain, who opened with prayer and then gave out a hymn. A few soldiers, and only a very few, joined in the singing, under the lead of the chaplain's not very musical tones. But their voices were weak, and their zeal was sadly unlike that which used to burst out at the prayer-meetings that were of daily occurrence when the regiment was first brought together in the camp of instruction in Ohio.

The colonel was evidently pained and disgusted with the half-hearted performance of those who stood about with a stolid expression of features, barely-open mouths, and giving no sound for men with such chests and lungs as theirs were. He would nudge one man with the butt of his whip, as a hint to be more earnest, and he would scowl at another, his horse even prancing impatiently against the sluggards.

"Sing out, man!" the colonel muttered to one, and he repeated the words in a harsher and still harsher key to another and another. For he was all the while growing more indignant at the want of unction in these men whom he knew to be intelligent and enterprising on a skirmish line, and capable of heroic determination in a charge. His hints became stronger, and—the truth must be told, for it is history—his language, too, began to be more than forcible, even from a military man carefully trained at West Point, for such an occasion. He was distinctly heard to exclaim: "D—— it! why don't you sing?" when the chaplain and his congregation, and perhaps the well-meaning colonel himself, were relieved by the galloping up of an aid with orders from the general to take arms and move on.

T. F. Galwey.

THE LUNGE.

This delicious-flavored fish belongs to the Salmonidæ, as testified by his name, *Salmo namaycush.* The latter termination was given it by the Indians, with whom it furnished a staple food-product. It differs from the brook-trout in many ways—the shape of its head, its forked tail, and absence of colored spots in particular, and in habits and food it is entirely unique. The latter lives to a very great extent in Summer on larvæ, grubs and flies, which the lunge rejects with scorn, and seeks the quivering flesh of smaller shad, waiters, minnows, and other fish.

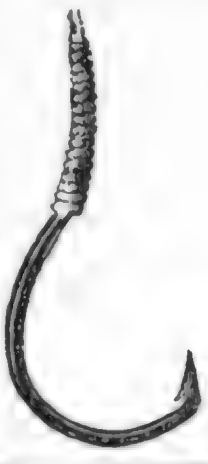
The flesh when cooked resembles that of the salmon, and is certainly equal to it in flavor, especially when cooked, as all fish should be, fresh from its native depths. European epicures should not expect that fish transported from the shores of the Caspian Sea and fiords of Norway for their Lucullian banquets would be as delicious as they would under other circumstances.

The lunge varies from two to fifty pounds. One nearly this weight was captured at Georgeville, on Memphremagog Lake, and sent to Boston, and the gentleman who caught it told me he hooked and played another, a day or two later, on the same pond, that was from seventy to eighty pounds. He said it was quite gray in color, and toothless, but being alone in the boat and a stiff breeze blowing, he lost it.

Fish attain to a great age, especially the Carp family. Some of those in the parks of Paris, France, have brass rings attached to them proving their age to be over two hundred and fifty years. These are quite tame, and eat out of one's hand.

The lunge, or namaycush, is found in the lakes of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Province of Quebec and New Brunswick, the local name being "laker."

Did you ever spend a Winter in these semi-Arctic regions? If not, you have no idea of the feelings that welcome the coming Spring. Looking out, some warm noon in April, you notice great rents and gashes in the white robe that so long and so drearily has covered the further hills. The bluebird twitters on a leafless spray, and the evening sky is crossed with long, wavy lines of wild fowl coming north to breed. Then comes the question, When will the ice go out? For ice does not, as you would suppose, *melt* away, but after it becomes thoroughly water-soaked and honey-combed it sinks, and of course the displacement causes a corresponding rise of water.



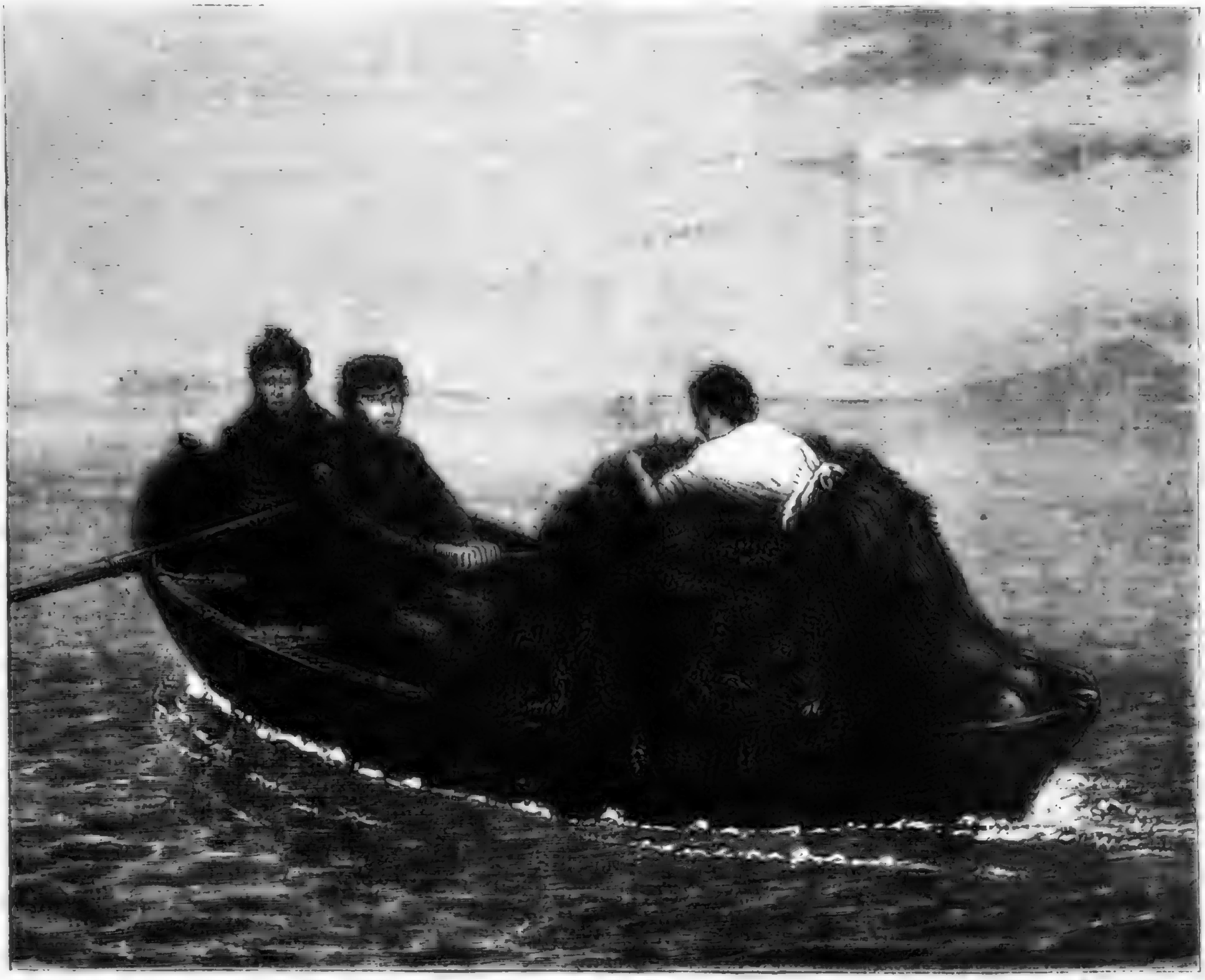
HOOK FOR LUNGE-FISHING.

Immediately this takes place, the lunge, leaving their deep-water haunts, come for two or three weeks near the surface, and bite with the voracity of a bluefish at any shining troll they espy. A jolly breeze dancing over blue waters crowned with piny islands and girt by hemlock-covered mountains, a good boat and genial companion, and all the sport desirable may be obtained; but see that your rod is strong and not too pliable, your line at least two hundred feet long, and your troll securely fastened on wire or strong gimp. Any large showy troll will answer the purpose. After June the lunge quietly sinks to a depth of eighty and one hundred feet, where he is only caught with live bait. In this case your boat must be securely anchored, and your hand-line lightly held in one hand, while you turn the pages of a pleasant book, or sketch, or take note of Nature's pages:

> "Touched by a light which hath no name,
>   A glory all unsung,
> Aloft on sky and mountain wall
>   Are God's great pictures hung."

Of all the lovely nooks where lunge are found, none can exceed the beauty of Willoughby Lake, Vt. This deep-blue lake, one thousand feet deep, a mile wide, and six miles long, nestling between mountain walls covered with pine and birch and maple (and within easy ride of New York or Boston), affords all that nature can give or art desire.

The French "habitants" who follow lunge-fishing for business take most fish through the ice, whereon they erect shanties warmed with stoves, and patiently wait the luck which always attends the persevering. It is to be regretted that the introduction of yellow-banded perch has seriously affected the lunge product, as the latter, eating the small perch, are killed by the sharp, prickly dorsal fin of the latter. The lunge, as before stated, will not take a fly, and the only real sport to be obtained with him must be by a troll; for a limited time, consequently, from the angler's point of view, he is not as desirable fishing as his smaller but more attainable cousin, the brook-trout. In the spawning season, when officers are sent by the Canadian Government to Georgeville, Province of Quebec, to see that the law is not violated by catching fish then unfit for food, it is a wonderful sight to see the shallow sandbars perfectly covered with these magnificent fellows, weighing from five to fifty pounds; and twining among them may be seen the sinuous bodies of gigantic eels greedily devouring the spawn.



A BOATLOAD OF VRAIC.

VRAIC OR VARECH GATHERING.

The great thing for the Jersey gardener is to have his produce in the London market as early as possible, and in this he has to compete with the South of Europe, so that he is not always successful. A ready communication with England is, however, very much in his favor. The general mode of manuring the ground is by the use of a particular seaweed, locally termed *Vraic.* The oldest existing records prove it to have been used and greatly esteemed from time immemorial; and so highly is it now prized and sought after, that its growth is protected by the laws of the island, which only permit its being cut from the rocks at one particular season of the year on the western, and at two different periods on the eastern, coast, where it is found in the greatest quantities. Even the vraic which is thrown upon the beach is the subject of regulations, being portioned out amongst the proprietors and occupiers of land according to the extent of their respective estates. It is used in different ways; being either spread fresh upon the ground, and dug or plowed in at once, or first allowed to decompose upon the surface; or else, having been burnt to ashes, it is in that state used as a manure, particularly when grain is to follow. In any state, and used in any manner, it is highly beneficial to the soil and seems to restore its strength, however exhausted from repeated crops, by its unctuous and saline properties; but the ashes are a more lasting manure than the fresh weed; and the poor, after burning it as fuel, for which purpose they dry it in the sun, are able to obtain in exchange for eight measures of these ashes one measure of wheat. To every soil, whether light or heavy, the vraic is applied and found serviceable; and though neither lime nor chalk are found in the island, the want of them is not felt by the farmer. It is estimated that 30,000 loads of vraic seaweed are annually put upon the land. The cutting is made twice a year; first, in February; and second, in July; and must be terminated by law before the end of August. The poor have the first cutting, and that they carry in their arms. The first day of cutting is kept as a grand festival, and after the termination of the day's work, the inhabitants come together at the various gardens to drink cider and have a merry dance. The burning and melting of the ashes of the seaweed for manufacture into barilla or soda ash is altogether neglected in Jersey, as the ash is more valuable for manure than for any other purpose. On the Chanssey Island, belonging to France, near Granville, barilla is still manufactured to a small extent, as there is no call for its use on the rocky island.

THE HORSESHOE SUPERSTITION.

The origin of the horseshoe superstition has never been satisfactorily explained. Among the theories offered, that contained in the following is among the possibilities: The horseshoe of old was held to be of special service as a security against the attacks of evil spirits. The virtue may have been assigned, perhaps, by the rule of contraries, from it being a thing incompatible with the cloven foot of the Evil One; or from the rude resemblance which the horseshoe bears to the rays of glory, which, in ancient pictures, were made to surround the heads of saints and angels; or, finally, from some notion of its purity, acquired through passing through the fire. This latter supposition receives some countenance from the method resorted to for the cure of horses that had become vicious, or afflicted by any distemper which village farriery did not understand; such disease was invariably attributed to witchcraft, and the mode of cure seems to imply the belief that the imperfect purification by fire of the shoe which the animal wore had afforded an inlet to malevolent influences. Accordingly the horse was led into the smithy, the door was closed and barred, the shoes were taken off and placed in the fire, and the witch or warlock was speedily under the necessity of removing the spell under which the animal suffered.

MIDSUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

The proud pomp of the Midsummer is here:
With daisy blooms the meadow lands are white,
And over them the birds chant their delight,
And the blue, listening heavens bend to hear.

Within the lily's painted cup the bee
Swings drowsily, and dreams about the rose
He loved in June, and how her leaves repose
When none can find them save the winds and me.

The trees are heavy with their wealth of green:
And under them the waiting maidens walk
And fill the idle hours with girlish talk
Of such a knight as never girl has seen—

How he is noble, good, and princely tall,
And one day he will come, from his far place,
And read the blushes in his true love's face,
And she will rise and follow at his call:

And then I see a little, painted boat
With white sails set to seek the Summer sea,
And in that boat two lovers, young and free,
With favoring winds, 'neath smiling skies afloat.

And all the proud Midsummer's pomp is come,
And all the joy of flower, and bird, and bee,
And all the deeper joy, when he and she,
Their hearts' Midsummer found, with bliss are dumb

GWENDOLEN'S BURGLARS.

By Frances B. Currie.

"But, papa, would you have me marry for money?"

The speaker was a lady of twenty-two who addressed a worried-looking gentleman of sixty years.

She was his only daughter—his only child, in fact, and he would have been justified had he considered few men deserving of her.

She was very pretty. She had a pliant, graceful figure; a perfectly colorless face, excepting for the vivid red in her lips; eyes hazel, and black brows, and hair bright as sunlight.

"I would *not* have you marry for money," her father said. "That would be a degrading contract. Allan Prescott has something besides his money to recommend him. Still, his pecuniary advantages are not to be despised. I wish to see you comfortably established in life, for my affairs are in such bad condition that I fear I cannot long support you."

"If you simply desire me to be supported, I might maintain myself. I can play the piano; I can keep house; I can paint on china and make a pudding. Surely I can find my vocation!"

She spoke lightly, but her words irritated her father.

"You have said something like that before, Gwendolen, and you mean it, in spite of your trifling tone. Why don't you say frankly that you would be a music-teacher, a housekeeper, a dauber on china or a cook, rather than marry Prescott? That is undoubtedly what you mean."

"If you prefer me to say such disagreeable things, I will do so, papa."

Her father took her by the shoulders, while an expression on his face indicated that he would like to shake her. She remained standing, her black brows drawn into a sharp little point above her nose, and with a decidedly bored expression about her red, sarcastic lips.

"Now meet the question fairly. Will you marry Allan Prescott or not?"

"I should think it would be soon enough to answer when he asks me," she said, inconseqnently. "Would you have me emulate Elizabeth Baxter, who refused her lover 'afore he axed her'?"

"He has told me of his intention to ask you to be his wife, and I would know what answer you will make. Oh, Gwendolen, can you not see that you have worried me to death? My business affairs are reaching a crisis, and before the end comes I want to see you safely cared for. If Prescott was unworthy of you, I would tell you to paint pottery for a living rather than be his wife; but he is a gentleman, a man of honor, and he is fond of you. What more can you desire? Confide in me, my dear! What answer will you make?"

She drew away from him.

"Don't ask me, papa. I really don't know what I *shall* say."

Mr. Thayer seated himself with the air of a man whose patience was exhausted.

"Go away!" he said, crossly. "I can never get a straightforward answer from you. I want to be alone."

She started to go—a little resentful flush raising in her cheeks—then hesitated, came back, knelt beside his mute figure, and placed her cool little hands upon his head.

"Dear papa, if you will know that I mean no disrespect to you I will tell you all I feel regarding this proposal."

He made no answer, but encircled her with his arm.

"When you told me this morning that Mr. Prescott had spoken to you, you were displeased because I did not accede at once to his proposal. You said he was honorable and agreeable, and that he had money. You and I have been so constantly together since mamma died that I had believed you would be reluctant to lose me, and yet you seemed very willing to give me up. Your business required ready money, you said, and if you had not the expense of keeping a home for me you might save enough for your purpose. I know your trouble, and I want to help you. But would you want me to marry if we were not in straitened circumstances? Suppose Mr. Prescott was poor; would you still wish me to be his wife?"

Her father withdrew his arm from her waist.

"Let us be candid with ourselves and with each other, papa. I cannot marry for a mercenary motive."

"Very well," he interrupted, almost roughly; "let us have no more words about it. You are willing to see me bankrupt and disgraced. I might have expected as much from one with your sentimentalities."

Her answer startled him.

"Yes," she said, rising to her feet, "I would rather see you a wretched pauper in the street than know that my father, whom I had honored, had sold his daughter to keep up the business."

She was going haughtily out of the room, when he stopped her.

"It is as well that you should know the details of the case," he said. "I will not be alone in my pauperism, for when I fall, a score of my creditors will sink with me. They will say I have robbed them, though God knows nothing has been further from my intention. My house is already mortgaged for more than it is worth, and I am absolutely without resource."

She put her arms about his neck now, and drew his tired head against her bosom.

"Will you not consider this proposal, Gwendolen? Allan will be here to-night, and will want his answer.

"Yes," she said, slowly; "I will consider it."

* * * * * * * *

Gwendolen had cause to be proud of Allan Prescott's love. He was a man of exceptional attainments, and, better still, a man of perfect honor.

He was ten years older than she, had a spirited and handsome face, a tall, active figure, and a breadth of chest and firmness of muscles which spoke eloquently of his strength.

He and Gwendolen's father were both manufacturers, and though the former did not know it, his success in his commercial career had added many lines in Mr. Thayer's careworn face. Mr. Prescott, having so much more capital, had been able to supply retailers with goods much faster than Mr. Thayer, and had unwittingly gained many of the latter's customers.

Mr. Thayer believed it would be useless to struggle against such competition, and was in despair, when Allan came proposing to marry Gwendolen. If only the girl would yield, here was an easy adjustment of all difficulties. These two men, once related, could not remain rivals, but must unite their interests.

It was Saturday when our story opens, and Mr. Prescott was expected at the Thayer mansion, there to remain until Monday. Being quite incapable of taking any advantage of his host, he had acquainted Mr. Thayer with his intention of addressing Gwendolen with a proposal of marriage.

She was lovely that evening. Even her father noticed that she looked remarkably well. As soon as he could do so gracefully, he left her alone with her lover.

He went to the library and sat there an hour. He wondered what was being said behind the closed drawing-room doors. What answer would Gwendolen make? She had been standing beside a centre-table when he left the room, with the strong light of the chandelier shining full upon her face, but he had not been able to judge from her expression what was in her mind. How cool, how self-possessed, how almost scornful she looked in that glaring light. She had known perfectly well why he was leaving her alone with Allan. Had she mentally blamed or thanked him for his absence?"

The time dragged on. It would have been difficult to judge who was the most anxious to know her answer—the young, hopeful lover within the closed doors, or the tired old man who waited without.

The drawing-room doors opened at last, and footsteps approached the library.

"When you are ready to retire," Gwendolen was saying, "James will show you to the south room. You will prefer it to the guest's chamber, into which the sun can never shine. Good-night."

Then she ran up-stairs.

Mr. Thayer arose to his feet.

"Well," he said, extending his hand as Prescott entered the library; "has she given her consent?"

Allan took the offered hand and answered, huskily:

"She has refused me. If I had been a poor man," he continued, at length, "I might have had a chance of winning her. She realizes that she would better her financial condition by marrying me, and she will not accept me with that thought in her mind. She has been most candid with me, and I have never loved and admired her more than I have to-night. She has told me of your difficulties, and how my manufactories are hurting yours. If you like, we will talk over your affairs, and see if, together, we can pull you out of the troubles into which you have fallen."

Very late that night Mr. Thayer tapped at Gwendolen's door.

"I saw your light, and knew you must be awake," he said. "I want to tell you that my affairs will be all right, after all. I am very sorry you disappointed Prescott, Gwendolen. Still, you know your own heart best. He has proposed that he and I shall unite our business interests, and after this the firm name will be Prescott & Thayer. If it was all right between you two, I would be happier to-night than I have been in twenty years. By-the-way, I sent James to bed an hour ago, and did not remember to ask him what room Prescott was to occupy. He said he believed you mentioned it was on the south side of the house. Being in doubt about it, I put him into the guest's chamber. Good-night, my dear. You should have been asleep long hours ago."

He went away, and Gwendolen turned her light down very low, and seated herself at the open window.

So Allan had taken her father into partnership with him. She had told him of their embarrassing circumstances because she believed he would be considerate of his weaker competitor; but she had not hoped for such generosity as this.

She had told him frankly that she liked him, but had never thought of him as a lover until that day.

MIDSUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 174.

Coming, as his proposal did, together with her sudden knowledge of her poverty, she had been unable to separate them in her thoughts; and she would not do him the injustice nor herself the dishonor of promising to marry him while she could weigh any mercenary considerations.

She sat a long time, thinking of what had passed between them. Now that she had refused him, he would probably come there no more, and, singularly, the thought gave her pain.

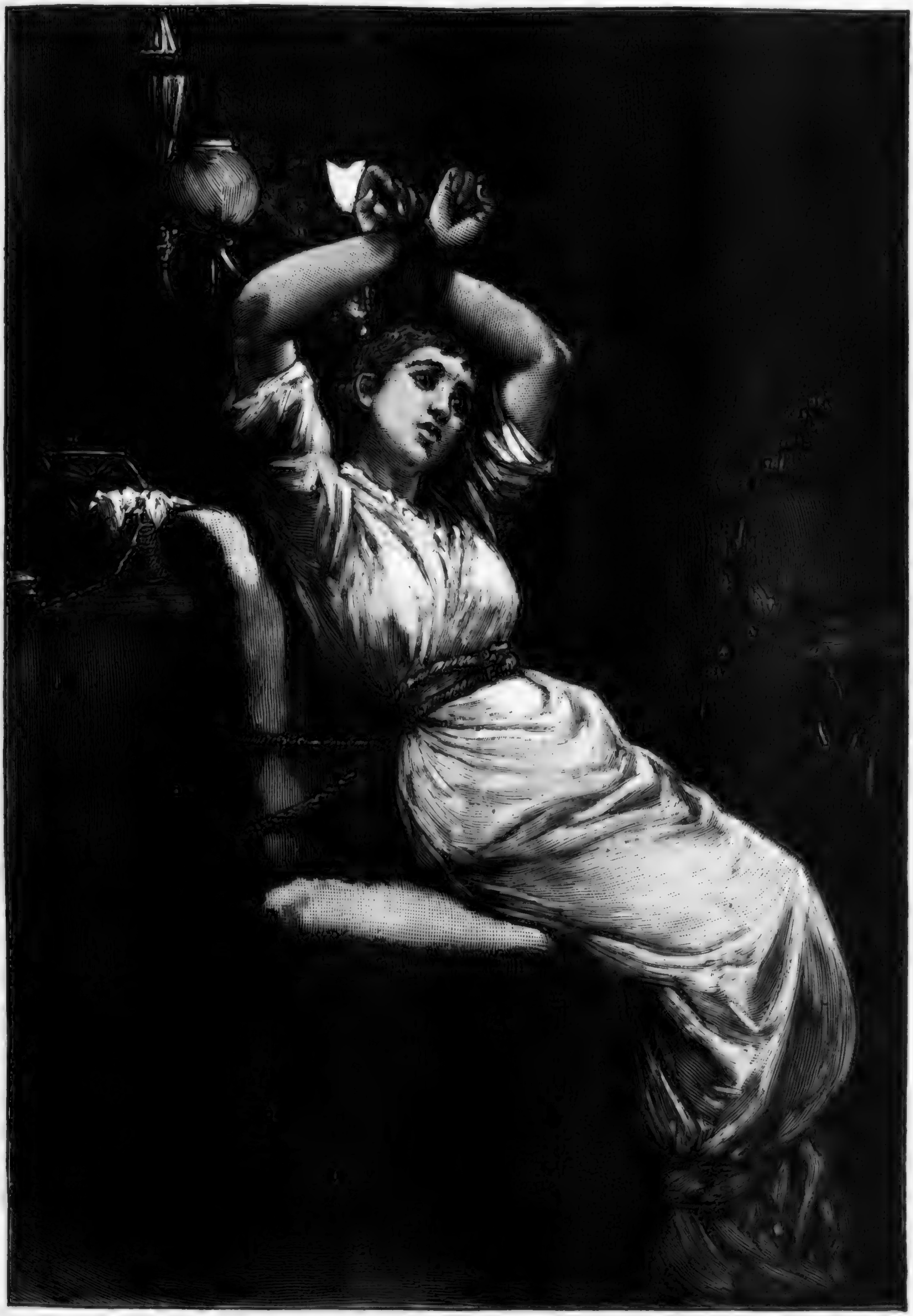
She was still sitting in the darkness, when she was surprised by hearing footsteps in the corridor. Every one in the house should have retired long before, and yet she was certain she heard subdued voices close to her door. What did it all mean? Who could be going stealthily through the halls at two o'clock in the morning? The house was large, and her room was far from her father's or the guest's chamber.

She suddenly felt a sickening sense of fear and helplessness. Were there burglars in the house? The thought set her heart beating so wildly that she was sure it must betray her. She was not a timid woman, but had never encountered any danger great enough to test her courage.

She listened. After all, she might have been mistaken. She could hear nothing now. Doubtless the sounds which had frightened her had been conjured by her overwrought imagination; she had been excited by the events of the day — by her father's misfortunes, by Mr. Prescott's proposal, and by the disappointment and pain she had unwillingly given him.

All these occurrences had made her nervous, and induced her present unreasonable state of fear. She was calling herself a coward, when she discovered a light shining through the crack above her door-sill.

She crept across the room and listened intently, with her face pressed close to the door. There were several men outside—how many she could not learn; but even in the tumult of her excitement she managed to hear some of their conversation. They had stopped close beside her door.



GWENDOLEN'S BURGLARS.—"SHE FOUND THAT, BY HOLDING HER HANDS HIGH ABOVE HER HEAD, SHE COULD REACH THE BURNER. SHE DETERMINED TO BURN THE CORDS FROM HER WRISTS."—SEE PAGE 174.

"Which is his room?" one man asked.

"Hush!" said a second. "Not that one—don't turn the knob!—that's Miss Thayer's bedroom. His is in the lower hall. She told me he was to sleep in the south chamber."

"We'll go to his first," said a third. "They say he carries a bag of money with him every Saturday night. Be careful with that lantern, and keep quiet! If he wakes, he'll be a tough customer to deal with."

A sharp click followed, which startled Gwendolen almost into a shriek. Some one had cocked a revolver.

"I think that will quiet him," one of the men remarked.

Gwendolen stood with her hands pressed to her heart, trying to restrain its tumultuous beating.

She had recognized the second speaker to be her father's butler, and with a woman's quick intuition had understood the whole situation of affairs. These men were burglars, and the butler, either by choice or compulsion, was their accomplice.

He had been told that Mr. Prescott was to occupy the south chamber, and had not known of the exchange made in that gentleman's quarters through Mr. Thayer's mistake. He was therefore conducting his burglar companions to the south room, where they expected to rob Allan Prescott. Not finding him there, the butler would immediately suppose he was in the guest's chamber, where they would find him.

What chance had one man, unconscious of danger and doubtless asleep—what possible chance could he have against three armed and desperate ruffians?

These thoughts flashed through her mind while the burglars went stealthily down the corridor. She had not made a sound, for it would have been worse than useless for her to call for help. In that remote part of the house no one would hear her, excepting the burglars themselves, and she shuddered while she thought that they might so effectually silence her that she would never utter another sound.

She was not a coward, and she suddenly determined to risk her life to save Allan Prescott from these outlaws.

The guest's chamber was in a wing of the house opposite from the south room, and she would attempt to reach Mr. Prescott's door and warn him of his danger before the burglars returned. It would be a perilous experiment. They might have some one stationed in the corridor, or she might, by a misstep in the dark, betray her intention. Should they discover her, they might make short work of her. Still she would risk the danger for the man who had befriended her father.

Knowing that she must act quickly, she summoned all her courage and unlocked the door. When it opened it creaked raspingly upon its hinges. She listened. Had it betrayed her? Instead of retreating, the footsteps now advanced.

She tried to close and lock her door, alive now to her own danger, but she was too late. Three masked men were in her room, stifling the cries which broke from her white lips, and binding her hands and feet with cords which cut cruelly into her delicate flesh.

It was all done so quickly that she had scarcely realized what happened. A lantern had been thrust into her face, blinding her so that she could not see her assailants. They had told her that if she uttered a cry, or attempted to escape, they would send her into eternity.

They had not covered her mouth, knowing, doubtless that, even if she had dared to cry for help, she could not be heard. They bound her to the chair into which they had roughly thrust her, and left her alone.

She could only remember that she had failed to save her lover from these men, who were in search of his money, and who would have it if they stained their hands with his blood to obtain it.

She remained, perforce, where they had left her, sick and dizzy with pain and fright, when she suddenly saw a chance of escape. She attempted an experiment from which another woman would have shrunk as fearfully as from the burglars.

The gas-jet was just above her head, and the light burned very low, as she had left it when she sat by the window. She found that, by holding her hands high above her head, she could reach the burner.

She determined to burn the cords from her wrists!

It was a daring feat, but she accomplished it, moaning with pain, but clinching her teeth when the fire licked her tender flesh, and bearing her suffering like a stanch little martyr at the stake.

When her hands were free it was a comparatively easy matter to remove the other bindings, and she stood released.

The burglars had left the door open, so she had one difficulty less to encounter. She was thankful that her dress was of wool, and did not rustle when she moved.

She slipped noiselessly into the hall, which was now dark, since the thieves had taken their lantern with them.

In spite of her excitement, she could hear them returning. They had found the south room empty, and were on their way to the guest's chamber.

There was no time for caution now. They were close behind her, and she must run—run for her life and save Allan Prescott!

She rushed through the dark corridor, hearing a frightful oath which followed her, and knowing their footsteps were in hot pursuit. The door of the guest's chamber was before her. Unless they fired and shot her, she would reach it in time.

* * * * * *

Mr. Prescott had been very restless that night. Gwendolen's refusal had bitterly disappointed him.

He reproached himself for having been so precipitate in his proposal.

"Why did I not wait?" he asked himself. "Why was I such an insane fool as to suppose she had understood my regard for her? She has been very honest with me. Another woman, in her circumstances, would have married me off-hand to escape from her difficulties. Gwendolen said that she liked me, but she chose poverty and hard work rather than pretend that her liking was anything warmer than it is. Perhaps I might have won her if I had been less impatient to test her feeling for me. Now all is lost."

He did not undress nor attempt to sleep. He sat moodily watching a foolish moth fluttering about the light. He was still busy with his gloomy thoughts when some one tried his door. It was locked, and the person without beat violently against it, calling him by name.

"There are burglars in the house! They are coming to your room! Oh, wake—do wake at once!"

He opened the door, and Miss Thayer almost fell into the room.

"Ring the bell!" she implored, "and try to wake the servants. Have you nothing with which to defend yourself? The butler is in league with the thieves."

He rang the bell and rushed into the hall.

In a little while he returned and found her white as ashes.

"Too late!" he said. "They heard you at my door and ran away. We have the butler, however, and will probably catch the others. When did you see them first?" Then seeing the burns and livid marks where the cords had cut into her wrists, he gave a cry. "You have been hurt! Tell me what has happened!"

They went to the library where she told him all, while he dressed her wrists as tenderly as a woman could have done.

"And you did all this for me, Gwendolen?" he said, when she had finished. "How can I thank you for all you have done to-night?"

"You have done more for me to-night than *I* for you. You have saved my father's good name. How can I thank *you?*"

"I could not help trying to serve your father, for he is my friend, and I love his daughter."

"And I could not help trying to serve you," she said, hesitatingly, "because you are my friend. And I love *you*, Allan."

He started to catch her in his arms, but drew back, the glad look dying out of his eyes.

"You do not mean that, Gwendolen. You have had a terrible strain on your nerves to-night, and you feel happy and at rest because the danger is past. Perhaps my presence gives you pleasure because it increases your feeling of safety. I do not hope for more, nor will I remember words spoken in your present state of mind."

She rested her injured wrists upon his arms, and spoke more hesitatingly than before:

"You have reason to doubt me—reason to disbelieve me—since I have not known my own mind. But hear me now. To-night, when you spoke to me in the drawing-room, I did not know my heart. I believed I had only a warm friendship for you, and that I had more anxiety about papa's affairs than affection for you. I meant to be honest with you, for I thought too much of you to deceive you, even for my father's sake."

"Do not deceive yourself this time, Gwendolen?" he cried. "I cannot bear a second disappointment."

She continued, a little more firmly and courageously:

"After I went to my room I began to see matters differently. Papa came and told me his troubles were at an end, and I knew we could live here just as we had always done, the only difference being that you would not come to see me. That difference made me very wretched. I began to know that if you had been poor, and dishonored, as papa came to so near being, I would have shared your fate rather than remain here without seeing you. And then the danger came to you, and I *knew* that if you were killed I should die. Papa's troubles did not influence me then. I put my arms into that flame to save you, because I——"

He had her in a close embrace long before this.

"Go on," he whispered. "Let me drink my fill of this sweet confession. Because I——"

"Because I love you, Allan."

* * * * * *

Mr. Thayer came down late to breakfast. Having been relieved of his heaviest cares, he had slept sounder than usual, and had heard none of the disturbance caused by the burglars.

He was much astonished when he learned what had happened.

"I telegraphed for a detective," Prescott told him, "and he came immediately. I was fortunate enough to secure the butler, and had him locked in his own pantry until morning. When he was arrested he told who is accomplices were, and the detective says he will have them within twenty-four hours. They ran away empty-handed; but, sir, had it not been for your daughter's bravery, they might have succeeded in carrying away considerable plunder."

"You and Gwen look remarkably cheerful for persons who have passed such a night of horror," Mr. Thayer remarked. "But come, Allan, let us discuss our new partnership."

"Not yet," Allan said, encircling Gwendolen with his arm. "Last night a second partnership was agreed upon in your library, and all it lacks now is your sanction."

Mr. Thayer stared in bewilderment; but there was no mistaking the meaning of Gwendolen's blushes.

"What!" he said. "Has she changed her mind?"

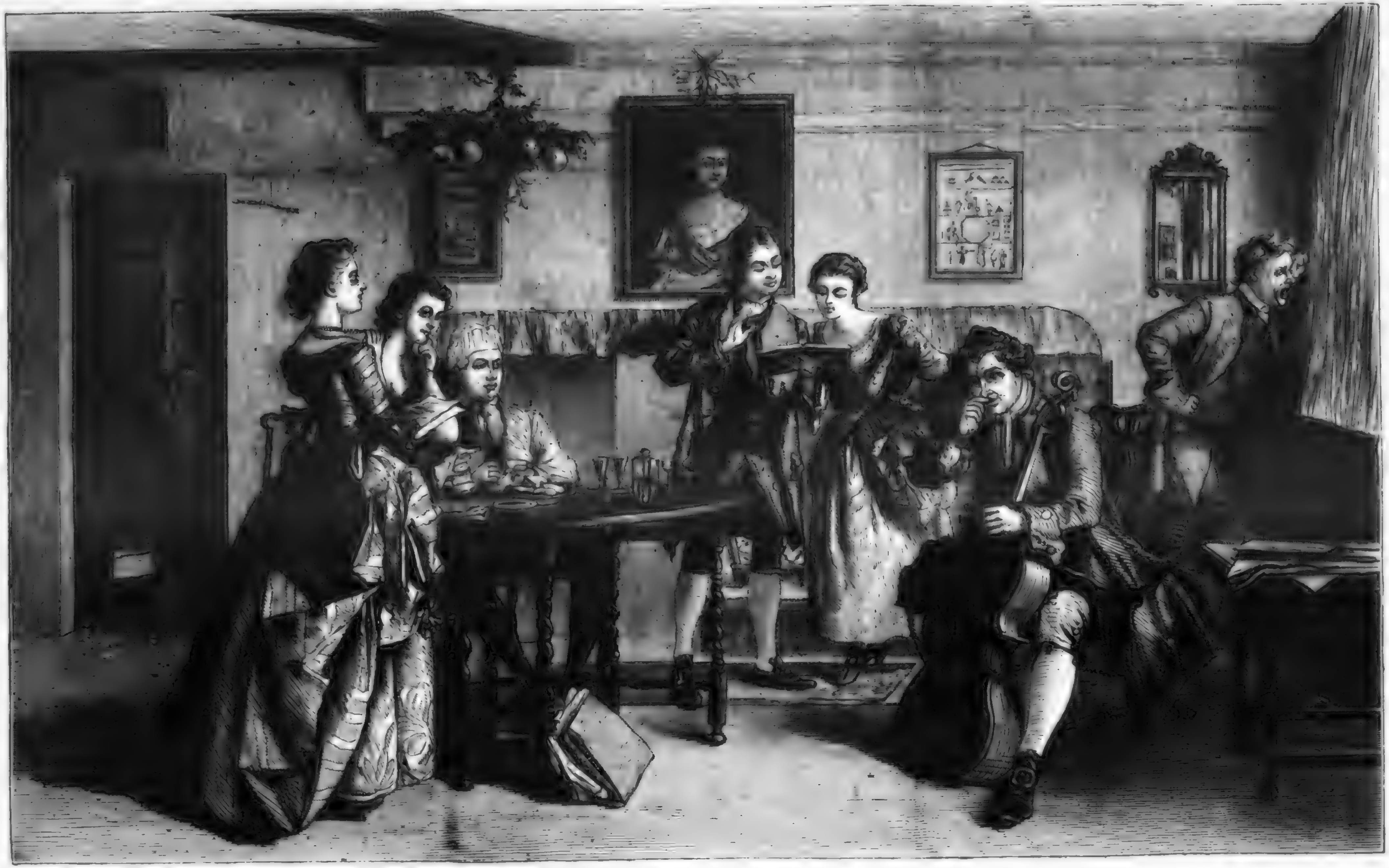
"Oh, no! I only made the mistake of insisting upon having my answer five hours before it was ready for me."

PREHISTORIC STRUCTURES.

CAPTAIN L. U. HERENDEEN, of San Francisco, communicates the following notes on prehistoric structures in Micronesia to *Science:* A few years ago I visited Ponapé Island, in the Pacific, in E. longitude 158° 22′, and N. latitude 6° 50′. The island is surrounded by a reef, with a broad ship-channel between it and the island. At places in the reef there were natural breaks, that served as entrances to the harbors. In these ship-channels there were a number of islands, many of which were surrounded by a wall of stone five or six feet high; and on these islands there stood a great many low houses, built of the same kind of stone as the walls about them. These structures seem to have been used as temples and forts. The singular feature of these islands is that the walls are a foot or more below the water. When they were built they were evidently above the water, and connected with the mainland; but they have gradually sunk until the sea has risen a foot or more around them. The natives on the islands do not know when these works were built; it is so far back in the past, that they have even no tradition of the structures. Yet the work shows signs of great skill, and certainly prove that whoever built them knew thoroughly how to transport and lift heavy blocks of stone. Up in the mountains of the island there is a quarry of the same kind of stone that was used in building the wall about the islands; and in that quarry to-day there are great blocks of stone that have been hewn out, ready for transportation. The natives have no tradition touching the quarry—who hewed the stone, when it was done, or why the work ceased. They are in greater ignorance of the great phenomena that are going on about them than the white man who touches on their island for a few hours for water. There is no doubt in my mind that the island was once inhabited by an intelligent race of people, who built the temples and forts of heavy masonry on the high bluffs of the shores of the island, and that, as the land gradually subsided, these bluffs became islands.

PARTERRES.

TO SECURE perfectly harmonious contrast in a parterre it is best to plant one of the three primary colors—scarlet, blue, or yellow—next to another, or, if a perfect primary is not at hand, to take the complementary color formed, by compounding the other two, green being complementary color to red, orange to blue, and purple to yellow. Many persons indeed say that two primaries form too violent a contrast, and recommend that the



TUNING UP.— FROM A WATER COLOR BY JOHNSON.

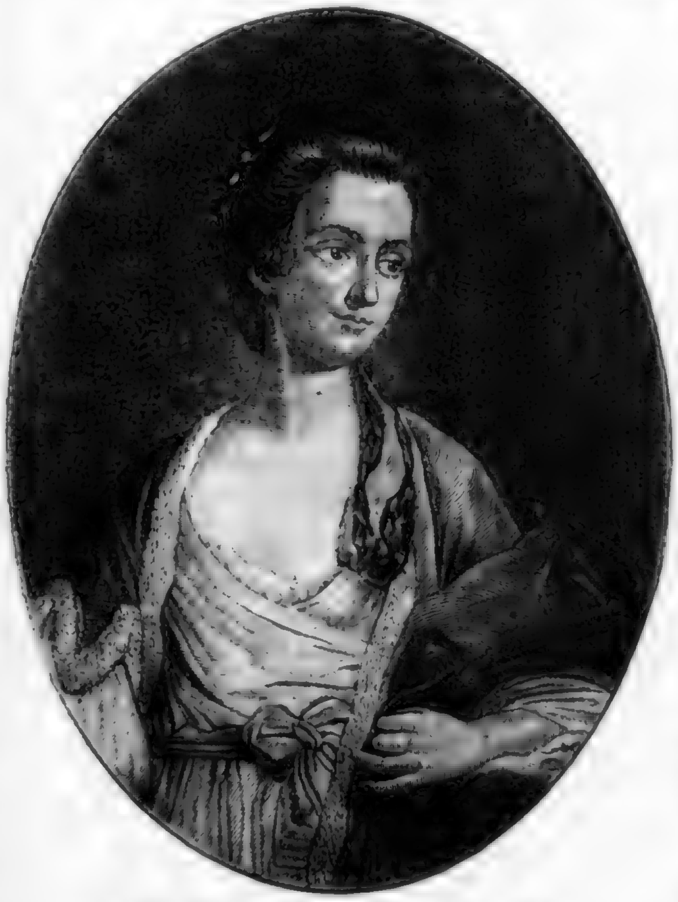
complementary should be employed in preference—for instance, red must be contrasted with blue or yellow, or else with green, but not with purple or orange, because red enters into the composition of both these colors. In default of any of these colors, white or some neutral-tinted flowers may be employed. In the same way blue flowers should be contrasted with either red, yellow, or orange, but not with purple or green, because blue enters into the composition of both colors; also with yellow you must contrast blue, red, or purple, but not green or orange. There are many neutral colors, as red-brown, or olive-brown, or pale-lavender, or even light-pink, which will form sufficient contrast to the others. White is very useful for placing between flowers of a brilliant hue which harmonize badly. Very bright colors, however, should always be used sparingly, and never placed in large masses, because the eye is wearied by too much positive coloring.

It is a very great mistake to plant a clump of dark, funereal-looking evergreens in the centre of a bed of bright-scarlet pelargoniums, bright-yellow dahlias, or white candytuft, as a strong contrast, and to make the whole look cheerful; so far from having this effect, it imparts a harsh, disagreeable appearance to the entire group. Masses of dark-green should never be contrasted immediately with brighter colors. If they are softened by degrees with neutral tints, or even by pale-yellow or white flowers, the group blends insensibly into the surrounding landscape, in place of standing out in violent contrast from the rest.

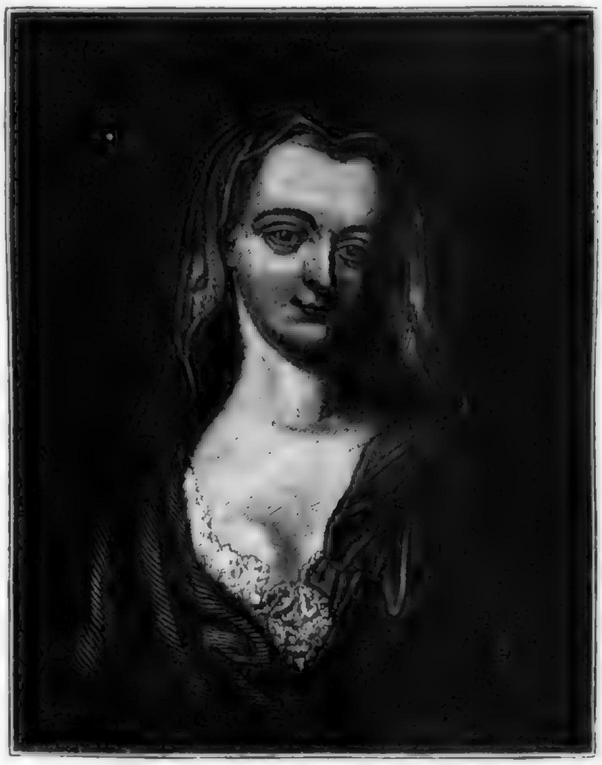
WITS AND BEAUTIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By Amelia E. Barr.

In the year of our Lord, 1702, when Anne ascended the throne, the pleasure-seeking, gossip-loving society of London was in full pursuit after every kind of novelty and excitement. The gaming-tables at White's, the chocolate and coffee houses, the lotteries and clubs were crowded. Duncan Campbell, the deaf-and-dumb fortune-teller, held levees at which people of the highest rank assisted. Wits were discussing Addison and laughing over Swift's caustic satires. Congreve and Wycherly filled the theatres, and there was a rumor afloat of a permanent Italian opera.



MISS CHUDLEIGH, DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.



CATHARINE HYDE, DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

In the eighteenth century we enter into the presence of women whose ghosts are still understood to hold the brevet rank of Queens of Beauty and Wit. The Court of George I. was completely under the influence of women. Bolingbroke secured his return from exile through the Duchess of Kendal. Carteret relied upon the Countess of Platen. Chesterfield intrigued against Newcastle with the Duchess of Yarmouth, and even Pitt secured his position in the Cabinet through the influence of the same lady.

One of the most erratic of its early stars of fashion was Miss Chudleigh, afterward Duchess of Kingston. Her father, Colonel Chudleigh, died while she was an infant, and her mother was very slenderly dowered. But the Earl of Bath took a lively interest in the beautiful girl, and obtained her the position of a maid-of-honor, a position she held, through good and evil report, until she became Duchess of Kingston; for she bewitched, in spite of their better judgment, every one who came within her influence.

While very young a promise of marriage passed between her and the Duke of Hamilton, but during his absence on the Continent her aunt induced her to marry the Hon. Augustus Hervey, grandson of the Earl of Bristol. The marriage was, of course, kept a secret, and she tried —not always successfully—to laugh and brave off the rumors which were whispered about her. "Do you know, my lord," she said to Chesterfield, "the world insists I have twin sons?" "Does it?" replied the witty nobleman. "I make a point of believing only half of what the world says." She had married Mr. Hervey out of pique, believing the Duke of Hamilton false to her, and she soon bitterly repented the step. Then she tore the entry of her marriage from the church register, though afterward—when her husband was likely to become Earl of Bristol—she replaced it. Her dress and manners soon began to exhibit an indelicacy so reckless, that Chesterfield wondered what arts she used to obtain toleration. Horace Walpole, describing her at a masquerade, says: "Miss Chudleigh was *Iphigenia*, but so naked, you would have taken her for *Andromeda*"; and referring to the same occasion, Mrs. Montagu writes: "Miss Chudleigh's dress, or rather undress, was remarkable. The maids-of-honor (not of maids the strictest at that time) were so offended, they would not speak to her"; and it was doubtless on this occasion that her too indulgent mistress gave her cutting and dignified reproof by throwing her own vail over her.

Harassed by her unhappy position and the importunities of numerous lovers, she went abroad, and was received with almost royal pomp by the King of Prussia and the Electress of Saxony. Yet her favor at the English Court was undiminished on her return, and the wisest statesmen marveled at the arts and fascinations which could command her such a reception in Dresden and make her life connived at in London. Her husband was now Earl of Bristol, but she had infatuated the Duke of Kingston, and he, being anxious to marry her, applied to Bristol to aid their views. The despised husband seems to have readily consented, and when she applied to the ecclesiastical court in a suit of jactitation of marriage, the Earl of Bristol—as it had been agreed he should do—failed in substantiating his claim, and his wife was declared "a spinster free to marry." Immediately afterward she became Duchess of Kingston, the wedding being one of great pomp, and the King and Queen wearing their favors on the occasion.

Five years afterward the Duke died, bequeathing to her every rood of his immense unentailed estates and every guinea of his personal property. The heirs at once sought for proofs of her first marriage, and, in consequence, she was summoned to appear in Westminster Hall on a charge of bigamy. The scene is thus described by Mrs. Hannah More, who was visiting Garrick at the time: "Garrick would have me take his ticket and go to the trial of the Duchess of Kingston, a sight of which, for beauty and magnificence, exceeded anything which those who were never present at a coronation or a trial by peers can have the least notion of. Mrs. Garrick and I were in full dress by seven. You will imagine the bustle of five thousand people getting into one hall! Yet in all this hurry we walked in tranquilly. When they were all seated, and the King-at-arms had commanded silence on pain of imprisonment—which, however, was very ill-observed—the Gentleman of the Black Rod was commanded to bring in his prisoner. Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess-Dowager of Kingston, walked in, led by Black Rod and Mr. La Roche, courtesying profoundly to her judges. The peers made her a slight bow. The prisoner was dressed in deep mourning, a black hood on her head, her hair modestly dressed and powdered, a black silk sacque with crape trimmings, black gauze, deep ruffles and black gloves. The counsel spoke about an hour and a quarter each. Dunning's manner is insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words, but his sense and expression were pointed to the last degree. He made her grace shed bitter tears. The fair victim had four virgins in white behind the bar. . . . The Duchess has but small remains of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamored. . . . I forgot to tell you the Duchess was taken ill, but performed it badly." As to her acting, Mrs. More did not certainly judge fairly, for Garrick said that at her trial "she so much outacted him that it was time for him to leave the stage."

In a subsequent letter Mrs. More says: "I have the great satisfaction of telling you that Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess of Kingston, was this very afternoon *un-dignified* and *un-Duchessed*, and very narrowly escaped being burned in the hand. If you have been half so much against this unprincipled, artful, licentious woman as I have, you will be rejoiced at it, as I am. Lord Camden breakfasted with us. He is very angry that she was not burned in the hand. He says, as he was once a professed lover of hers, he thought it would have looked ill-natured and ungallant for him to propose it, but that he should have acceded to it most heartily, though he believes he should have recommended a cold iron." The description is doubtless a truthful one, but has a very unwomanly spice of ill-nature in it. Her persecutors also entirely failed in their chief object—the restitution of the property—for the Duke had so worded the bequest that it was hers under any title, she being called in it "my dearest wife, Elizabeth, Duchess of Kingston, *alias* Elizabeth Chudleigh, *alias* Elizabeth Hervey." "Did you ever," asks Horace Walpole, "hear of a duchess inscribed in a will, as a harlot is indicted at the old Bailey?"

Her last exploit was a visit to the Court of Russia, whither she went *en princesse*, sending magnificent gifts before her. The Empress appointed a palace for her residence, and received her in a royal manner. During her residence there she purchased an estate near St. Petersburg worth £12,000. Then she returned to France, where also she had great possessions, but receiving some news that displeased her, she fell into a violent passion and broke a blood-vessel. Against all orders she persisted in rising. "My heart feels oddly; I will have a glass of Madeira." It was brought her; she drank it, and pronounced herself "charmingly indeed"—but in a few minutes she was dead.

The world knew all her faults; her excellences were not so well known. Yet she was splendidly generous in nature, and unostentatiously charitable. She remembered favors gratefully, and was capable not only of forgiving but of assisting a fallen foe. She was a woman of great courage, never traveled without pistols, and never feared to use them, if necessary. Her whole life and character, indeed, was a romance, and if fully written would doubtless be condemned as too improbable a fiction.

Contemporary with the Duchess of Kingston was Prior's

> "Kitty, beautiful and young,"

Duchess of Queensberry, and not seldom called "the mad Duchess." Eccentricity was her delight, and Lady Bolingbroke gave her the title of "La Singularité," a name which greatly pleased her. She was, however, a good wife and a good woman and a most sincere friend. To the poet Gay she was as constant a patron as her husband; and was, indeed, forbidden Court because of her exertions in his behalf after the prohibition of "The Beggars' Opera."

Prior's description of her is not only very characteristic, but was also at one time very popular. In it he tells us how "Kitty, beautiful and young," pleaded for permission to go into the world and try her fortune, and how, having prevailed, "Kitty, at heart's desire,

> "Obtained the chariot for a day
> And set the world on fire."

Half a century after Prior wrote, Horace Walpole said:

"The Duchess of Queensberry is still figuring in the world, not only by giving frequent balls, but really by her beauty. Reflect that she was a goddess in Prior's days. I could not help adding these lines to his description of "Kitty, beautiful and young":

> "'To many a Kitty, Love his car
> Will for a day engage;
> But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
> Obtained it for an age.'"

Walpole's impromptu brought a reply in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which Kitty is made to account for Walpole's admiration thus:

> "'Guess why,' she cried, 'his praise I share
> With Roman and with Greek?
> Such connoisseurs admire the rare
> And prize the true antique.'"

Walpole has spoken of being at her balls; at one of them she gave him a characteristic reproof for having retired with Lord Lorn and George Selwyn to a snug little room for a comfortable, selfish chat. She sent a servant at once to take the door off the hinges. The gentlemen understood the hint, and returned to the ball and the dancers.

She does not seem to have been a favorite with Walpole, for he records her wild pranks with that gusto which ill-nature frequently gives to his pen. Thus, he describes a quarrel between her and the Duchess of Richmond, whose daughter, Lady Caroline, had recently eloped. "She sent to invite Lady Emily Lennox to a ball. Her mother, who is wonderfully cautious since Lady Caroline's elopement, sent word '*she could not determine.*' She sent again, and received the same answer. The Queensberry then sent word that she had made up her company, and desired to be excused from having Lady Emily's; but at the bottom of the card wrote, '*Too great a trust.*' You know how mad she is, and how capable of such a stroke." But in spite of Horace Walpole's disapproval, she retained not only her beauty and vivacity, but also her popularity, until she was very old; and, with her stately figure and milk-white locks, was one of the most remarkable-looking women in the train of George III.'s young queen.

Few women, in point of wit, rivaled her, except Lady Townshend, who was one of the cleverest and handsomest beauties of that day. Woe to those who fell under the displeasure or tongue of Dorothy, Lady Townshend. In Walpole's letters her name never appears but to herald some stinging shaft or bitter repartee. With head erect, flowing robes and flashing eyes, she defied criticism. Her eyes, especially, had the basilisk power of "looking a fellow-creature down." She did not live with her husband, and we may imagine her look as she counted up the remedies for the sorrows of women: "Such a medicine, so many; such a doctor, so many; but the greatest number find relief from the sudden death of their husbands." In the famous political crisis, when one side was for Mr. Pelham, and others for Lord Carteret, and none for Lord Bute, Lady Townshend added to the mortification of the latter the crowning sting of scorn by the galling reply which she made to his complaint of "having a pain in his side": "Oh, that can't be; you have no side!" It was Greek against Greek when she encountered Horace Walpole. He says of her at one time, when the town was very empty: "So my Lady Townshend is obliged to lie *off* people now"; and later, when she had been very ill: "Lady Townshend has been dying, and *took* prayers, but she is recovered now, even of her repentance." And Lady Townshend summed Horace Walpole up in six stinging words—"*Horace Walpole is spirits of hartshorn.*"

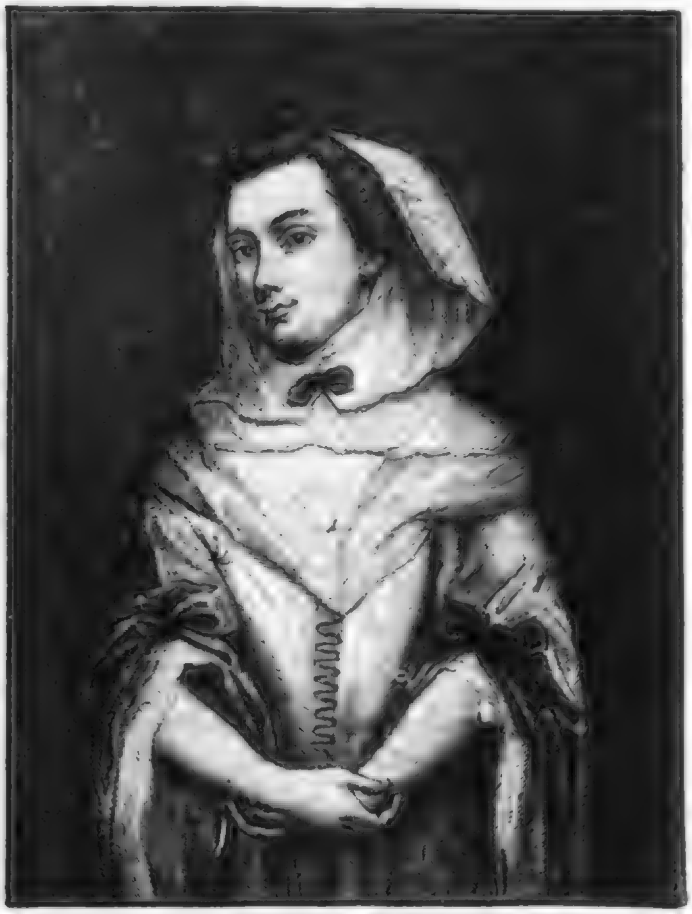
Another beauty of the Court of George II. was Mary Lepel. She had lived much abroad, and in France acquired that piquancy of manner which, grafted upon English propriety, made her almost irresistible. All the talents of the day were enlisted in her praise. Pope and Gay celebrated her. Walpole praised her. Voltaire eulogized her, and Lords Chesterfield and Bath united their powers in a ballad in her honor, of which one verse will be sufficient for the taste of our time:

> "Bright Venus yet never saw bedded
> So perfect a beau and a belle
> As when Hervey, the handsome, was wedded
> To the beautiful Mary Lepel."

For it was Lord John Hervey, the friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, that became the husband of this celebrated beauty.

The surpassing loveliness of "those goddesses, the Gunnings," has become historical; nor is there any other modern instance of mere physical beauty exciting so extraordinary a sensation as that produced by these two portionless Irish gentlewomen. Their names were Maria and Elizabeth; and Maria, the eldest, was only in her nineteenth year when they appeared at Court. Under date of June 18th, 1751, Horace Walpole writes to his friend, Sir Horace Mann: "You, who knew England in other times, will find it difficult to conceive what indifference reigns with regard to Ministers and their squabbles. The two Misses Gunning are twenty times more the subject of conversation. . . . These are two Irish girls of no fortune, who are declared to be the handsomest women alive. . . . They can't walk in the Park or go to Vauxhall but such crowds follow them, they are generally driven away." Though portionless, they were of good birth, their father being John Gunning, of Castle Coote; their mother, Bridget, a daughter of the sixth Viscount Mayo. Maria, the elder, married Lord Coventry, and the present earl is the great-grandson of this beautiful countess. Four months after her marriage she went to Paris, but, according to Walpole's gossiping chronicles, she scarcely made as much sensation there. Her genius was not equal to her beauty, and every day she said some new *sproposito*. Her lord, too, seems to have been, in his own way, still more silly and prejudiced. He spoke no more French than was sufficient to show his ill-breeding. He was jealous and over-scrupulous. When the Duke de Luxemburg told him he had called Lady Coventry's coach, my lord replied: "*Vous aver fort bien fait.*" When pressed to stay for a grand *fête* at St. Cloud he excused himself, "because it would make him miss a music-meeting at Worcester"; and he compelled his lady to send for a fan back which she had given to the Maréchale de Lowendahl, because "he had given it to her before their marriage, and her parting with it would make an irreparable breach." She was wild, arch, *espiègle*, but she certainly wanted tact and discernment, as the following anecdote shows: George II., at the close of his long life, was talking to her one day on the dullness of the town, regretting that, for her sake, there had been no masquerades. "Oh! as for sights," said the thoughtless beauty, "I am quite satisfied with them. There is only one which I am eager to see, and that is a coronation."

She lived but a very few years to enjoy the triumphs of her charms, dying when only twenty-seven, from the use of white lead as a cosmetic. Horace Walpole thus records the event, October. 1760: "The charming Countess



MARY LEPEL (LADY HERVEY).

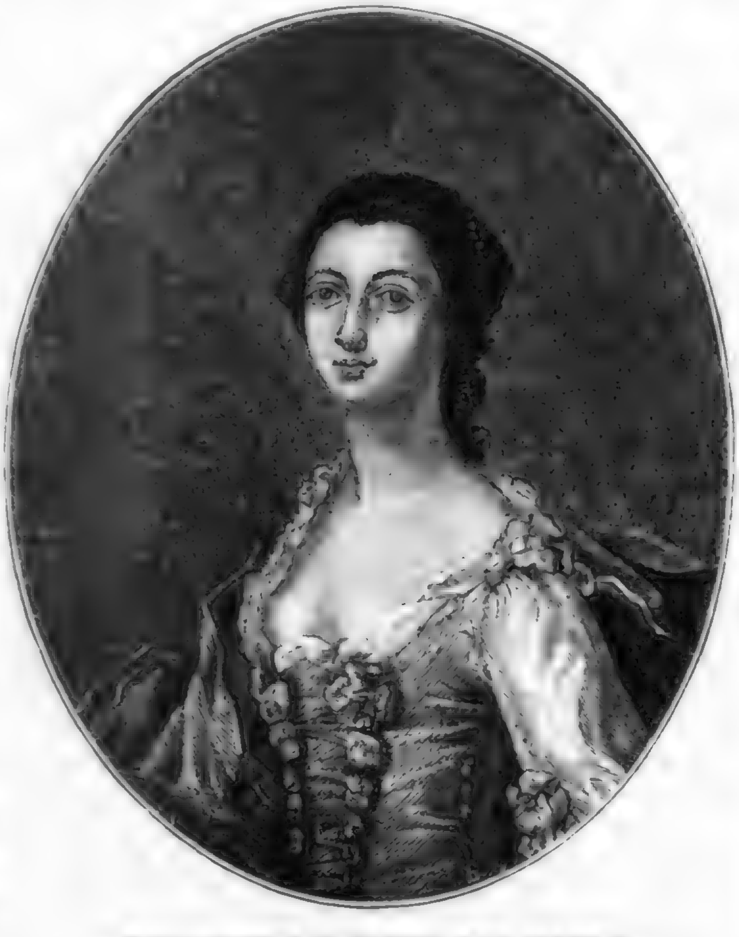
is dead at last. The quantity of paint she used is said to have been the immediate cause of the disorder which caused her death." And this was the end of a loveliness so eminent that her shoemaker in Worcester got two guineas and a half for showing a shoe he was making for her, charging a penny a head. Mason wrote an elegy on her death, which, in spite of many faults, is one of the finest in the language. The following description of her is from it:

> "Whene'er with soft serenity she smiled,
> Or caught the Orient blush of quick surprise,
> How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
> The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!
> Each look, each motion, waked a new-born grace,
> That o'er her form a transient glory cast;
> Some lovelier wonder soon usurped the place,
> Chased by a charm still lovelier than the last."

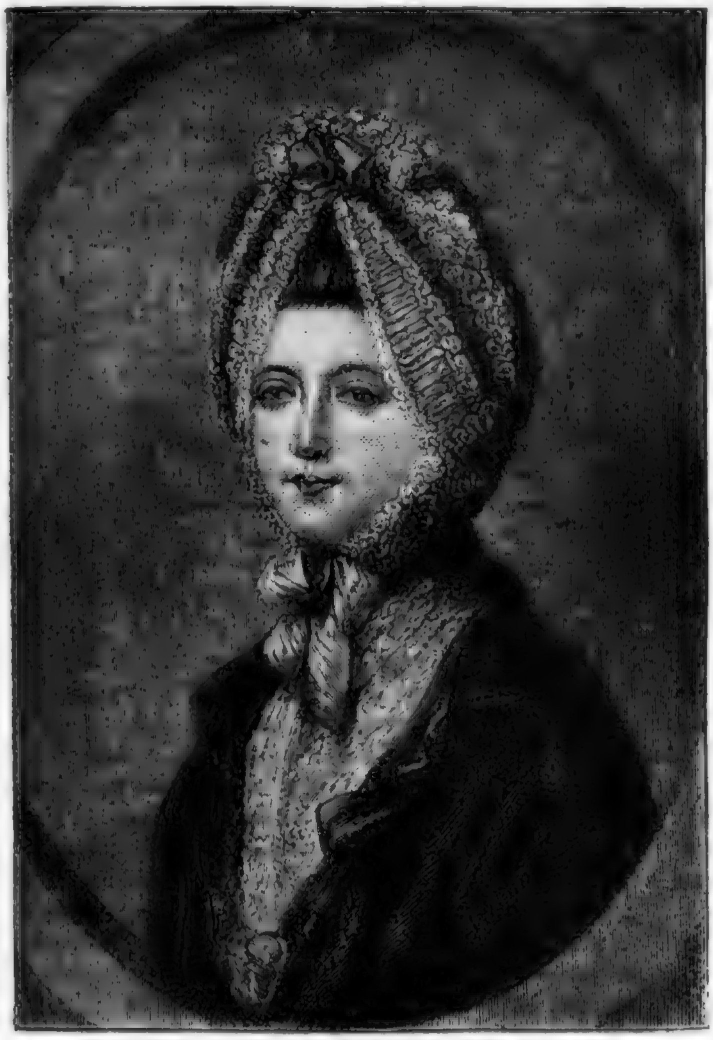
Elizabeth Gunning came to London with her sister, and was married three weeks before her to James, Duke of Hamilton. This affair greatly exercised that charming gossip, Walpole, who thus writes of it to Sir Horace Mann: "The event that has made most noise since my last is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry, a grave young lord, of the remains of the patriot breed, has long dangled after the elder, virtuously with regard to her honor, not very honorably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago Duke Hamilton—the very reverse of the Earl—hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the Spring. About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room while he was playing at pharaoh at the other end—that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of £300 each. He soon lost a thousand. I could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress, why he played at all." It is scarcely likely the selfish old bachelor could conceive of such a passion as the Duke's—a passion which led him two nights afterward to insist on being married at once, though he had neither ring nor license, and could not get the clergyman sent for to perform the ceremony without them. However, he found one more accommodating, and the pair were actually married at Mayfair Chapel, with the ring of a bed-curtain, at half-an-hour after midnight.

The interest and curiosity aroused by the beauty of the sisters was increased by their splendid alliances, and when the Duchess of Hamilton was presented at Court the noble crowd was so great that they clambered on tables and chairs to look at her. There were mobs at the doors of houses to see them get into their chairs, and when it was known they were going to a certain theatre, it was necessary to be very early there, in order to get a seat; and Horace Walpole says that 700 people sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire, in order to see the Duchess of Hamilton get into her post-chaise next morning.

But the free, gay Irish girl must surely have found life very tedious in the Duke's Scotch home; for Hamilton was the quintessence of Scotch pride, and in his castle he and his duchess always walked before their company, even in to dinner. They sat together at the upper end of the table, ate out of the same plate, and drank to nobody beneath the rank of an earl. "Is it not a wonder," asks Walpole, "how they get anybody, either above or below that rank, to dine with them at all?" Scarcely six years after their marriage the Duke died, and the following year she married Colonel John Campbell, afterward the Duke of Argyle, thus uniting the two great houses of Hamilton and Campbell. Eighteen years afterward she



MARIA, COUNTESS OF COVENTRY (MISS GUNNING).

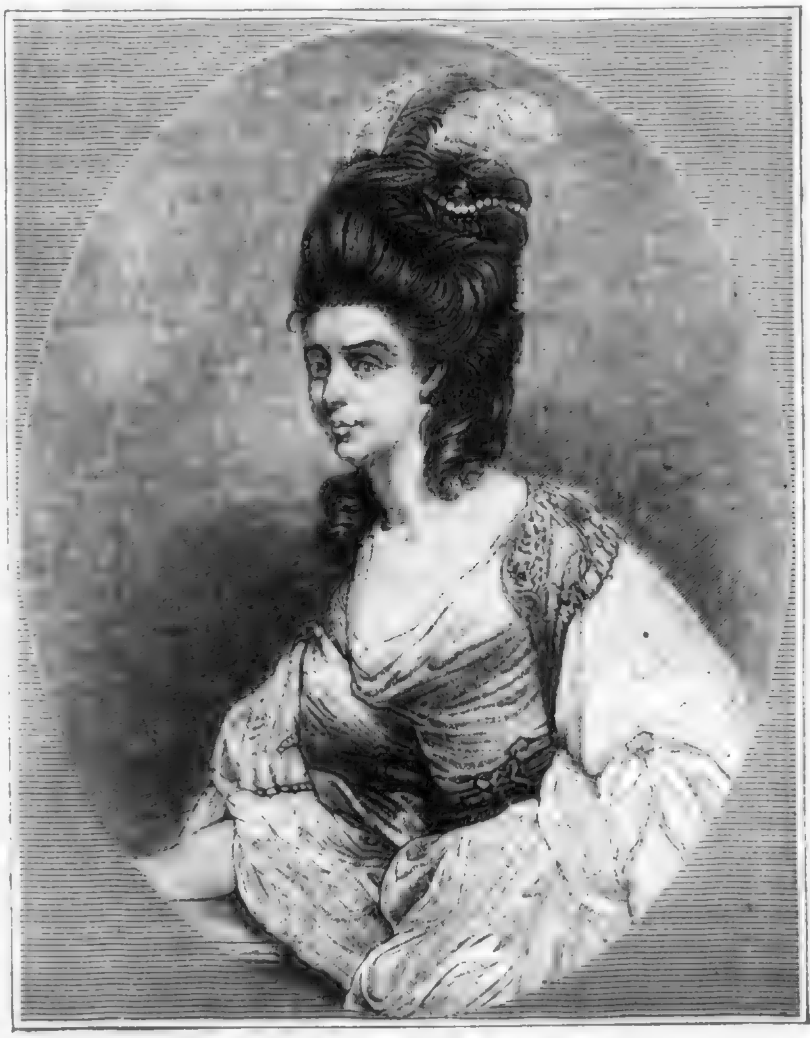


ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF HAMILTON (MISS GUNNING).

was made Baroness Hamilton in her own right, and lady of the bedchamber to the young Queen Charlotte, consort of George III. Thus the unportioned daughter of an Irish gentleman became the wife of two great dukes, and the mother of four; for by her first husband she was the mother of the seventh and eighth Dukes of Hamilton, and by her second husband, of the sixth and seventh Dukes of Argyle. She died on the 20th of December, 1790, in the fifty-sixth year of her age.

A contemporary beauty, and by many considered far more fair, because far more intelligent, was the Lady Sarah Lenox, afterward Lady Sarah Bunbury, and the youngest daughter of the Duke of Richmond. She was celebrated not only for her surpassing loveliness, but also for having been the first love of George III. "It is well known," says Wraxhall, "that before his marriage he distinguished by his partiality Lady Sarah Lenox, then one of the most beautiful women in the kingdom, and in her seventeenth year. Edward IV. or Henry VIII., in his situation, would have married her and placed her on the throne; Charles II. would have endeavored to seduce her. But the King subdued his passion by the strength of his principles and his sense of public duty." It was probably rather weakness of will than strength of principle or public devotion which actuated King George in this matter; for he certainly summoned a Privy Council to consider this very subject. This council gave their decided verdict against the King marrying a subject, and the King submitted. What the lady's feelings were we may guess; the Duke of Richmond never forgave the slight. The depth of the King's grief and regret was sincere and long. Many years afterward, when witnessing a performance of Mrs. Pope, who closely resembled his lost first love, he was heard to murmur in a tone of sorrowful abstraction, "She is like Lady Sarah, still!" Walpole says, of all the beauties at the royal wedding "she was by far the chief angel!" and again, in speaking of her performance of the part of *Jane Shore* in some private theatricals at Holland House, he says: "When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was ever half so lovely and expressing." She died at the age of eighty-two, as late on in our century as 1826, the last surviving great-grand-daughter of Charles II.

The lovely Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, was ten years younger than Lady Bunbury. It is not easy, looking at her portrait, to convey any just idea at this day of the fascination she exercised over her contemporaries; for her personal charms were her least ones; nor did her beauty consist, like that of the Gunnings, in regular features and faultless forms—it lay in the grace of her deportment and the charm of her society. Her hair had a tinge of red and was very lovely, but her face, if it had not been illumined by her mind, would have been a very ordinary one. She is particularly famous for the personal exertions she made in favor of Charles Fox, during the great contested election for Westminster in 1784. During the canvass she visited the abodes of the humblest electors, dazzled and enslaved them by her many fascinations, and even carried the poorest mechanics in her carriage to the hustings; nor can there be any doubt



GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

of the fact that she purchased with a kiss the vote of a stubborn butcher. It was during the excitement of these scenes that the well-known compliment was paid her by an Irish laborer, who, gazing with admiration on her beautiful face, exclaimed, "I could light my pipe at her eyes!" She seems to have been as bewitching to women as to men, for Miss Berry gives her this charming eulogium: "Every eye followed her, every heart beat at her approach. Selfishness forgot itself in her presence, and avarice became liberal under her influence." She died in 1786, at the early age of forty-nine years.

Many lovely and noble women, standing in the front rank with others, almost equally lovely, exerted a powerful influence over their century; yet that influence was small, compared with the intellectual ascendency exercised by the circle of *esprits forts* which first gathered in the salons of Elizabeth Montagu. This lady was the daughter of a Yorkshire squire, and in her youth was almost a pupil of the celebrated skeptic, Conyers Middleton. She had not a very peaceful home, for her brother's unbridled wit and her father's sarcasm needed often the intervention of the mother (called on that account "the Speaker"), in order to maintain a decent calm.

At fourteen years of age she was a correspondent of the great Duchess of Portland, the female Mecænas of her day—a lady of deserving fame, not only for her splendid collections of vertu and her gift of the Harleian manuscripts to the British Museum, but because, among the patrons of literature and art of her day, she, above all others, understood that high breeding which is not only free from pride but free from affability—its most mortifying deputy.

At twenty-one, the young Yorkshire girl, who thought "Solomon wrong when he said all was vanity and vexation, and was very willing to take the vexation, if allowed the previous vanity," married the very dull and respectable Mr. Montagu—a gentleman whose soul was devoted to mathematics; so she, who "doted on a pink *negligé* trimmed *fort galament*," was pinned to the society of problems and decimal fractions. After the death of her only child, however, her character appears in a far loftier view. Her house in Portman Square became the centre of wits, poets, statesmen, churchmen and women eminent for culture and wit. There might be seen the stately and learned Elizabeth Carter, the witty Lady Townshend, Mrs. Chapone, Fanny Burney, Dr. Beattie, Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Lord Lyttleton, etc., and among them old Admiral Boscawen, who looked on and laughed, and in his bluff sailor way called them a party of "Blue Stockings," because full dress was not required there.

In her youth Mrs. Montagu had been a skeptic, but in maturer years she lost that revolting attribute of the *esprit fort*, and became an earnest and practical Christian. Probably this was the reason she had such a warm friendship for Lord Lyttleton, for he also had known and escaped the perils of religious doubt. His "History of Henry II." is a standard work, and often quoted by Hallam; but his "Dialogues of the Dead" ("Dead Dialogues" Horace Walpole calls them) are forgotten. Dr. Johnson's life of him was unfair and malignant, and Mrs. Montagu quarreled with Johnson for it. One morning she met the learned savage at Mrs. Thrale's; he had just been bullying Mr. Pepys into a quarrel about the same thing; but, in order to please Mrs. Thrale, he tried to conciliate Mrs. Montagu. But Mrs. Montagu was very haughty, and Johnson sat watching her like a setter, longing for the attack. Dr. Beattie says he was jealous of Mrs. Montagu's wit, which is scarcely probable, and even his rudeness was manageable; it was always disarmed by the sweet disposition of Elizabeth Carter, Mrs. Montagu's most intimate friend.

Like Mrs. Montagu, she had been in youth devoted to pleasure; had written to a friend "for all the trumpery tinsel things, for all the gold and silver lace, she could rummage up," yet afterward she became eminent not only for her learning, but for her piety. Her attainments in Latin and Greek were extraordinary, and Dr. Johnson once said of some celebrated scholar, "He understands Greek better than any one I have ever known, excepting Elizabeth Carter." Besides being a fine classical scholar, she spoke fluently French, Italian, Spanish and German, and wrote for the *Gentleman's Magazine* under the name of "Eliza." Her piety, if stilted, was deep and earnest, and she heads the great band of modern female saints, an honor more frequently given to Hannah More, for on her fell most obviously the mantle of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

Mrs. More's residence was near Bristol, and her chief visiting place in London was at Garrick's; for Garrick interested himself greatly in the production of her tragedies, "Percy" and the "Fatal Falsehood"; and doubtless their great success was due, in some measure, to his care and influence. But when in London she frequently visited Mrs. Montagu, and there she met Dr. Johnson, who, after listening to the way in which she and her sisters lived, exclaimed, "What! Five women living happily together! I will come and see you! God bless you! You live lives to shame duchesses!" And on another occasion, when he met her with Mrs. Carter and Fanny Burney, he said, in his positive way, "Three such women are not to be found in the world."

Few women have written so much or spent such busy lives as Hannah More. She was made a member of the French Academy in 1784, and the next year, retiring to her hermitage near Bristol, she devoted the rest of her days to the advancement of great moral works. She was of immense service to Wilberforce in his anti-slavery movement, and to her efforts Sunday-schools owe more than to any other single individual. In a tract comprising a good part of a county she soon had 500 children in training. Her tracts for Sunday-schools and the poor had an unprecedented and amazing sale, more than 2,000,000 being sold in the first year.

With Hannah More the mind naturally associates Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Barbauld. Mrs. Chapone's educational works have now been superseded, but they were highly valued in her own day, and in 1776 she was personally complimented on them by the King and Queen. On the contrary, Mrs. Barbauld's writings will always be young and fresh. Her "Hymns of Praise" are, in their distinctive style, the most exquisite prose in the language, and only inferior to those of Holy Writ. What an enduring charm there is in the following one, a charm existing in every page she wrote: "The Winter is over and gone; the birds come out on the trees; the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen; the green leaves sprout, and on every hill and in every green field they offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and the incense of praise. The snowdrops and the primrose make haste to lift their heads above the ground; when the Spring cometh they say, 'Here we are!' The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year, and the hardy laurustinus cheereth the Winter months. Every field is like an open book; every painted flower hath a lesson written on its leaves. Every murmuring brook hath a tongue; a voice is in every whispering wind. They all speak of Him who made them; they all tell us He is good."

XUM

Mrs. Barbauld suggests Mrs. Inchbald, and Mrs. Inchbald Mrs. Siddons. The two families were very intimate, and at one time lived together. Both were then poor and unknown. Mrs. Siddons had been rejected at Drury Lane, and the "Simple Story" of Mrs. Inchbald lay in her desk, its great fame unknown and unsuspected. Mrs. Siddons occupied herself in the most severe household duties, while John Kemble—who was then studying for the Roman Catholic priesthood—sat reading in a corner. No woman was ever more of a queen in private life, whatever humble duty claimed her attention; she moved as if scarcely deigning to touch the earth; her air, her manner and her grand beauty, were as remarkable when ironing her husband's shirts as when portraying tragic royalty on the stage. In the troubles of her early life, the triumphs of her maturity, and in her long decline and seclusion, her character and genius were not only remarkable, but also free from reproach. The noble form lodged a soul that avoided even the appearance of evil.

Very different from these women was the lovely and every way unfortunate Mary Woolstoncraft Godwin, the first agitator of the question of "Woman's Rights." No woman, with the exception of Madame de Staël, made so great an impression on the public mind, and her errors alone have caused her to be forgotten much sooner than her powerful mind and fine sensibility deserved. Her new and startling doctrines were seized with an avidity scarcely credible at this day, and her famous book, "The Vindication of the Rights of Women," was the theme of the most universal praise and abuse. Thomas Paine, the author of "The Rights of Man," was one of her familiar acquaintances; but their intercourse was an argument, their views neither on this subject or any other coinciding. In these arguments Paine either lost his temper or became sulky, and the female champion won an easy victory. Until her marriage with Mr. Godwin, she was the friend of Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Inchbald, but they, with the majority of her admirers, declined to sanction this union; for she had married, some years before, an American called Imlay, to whom she had been a most devoted and serviceable wife. The man, however, took advantage of the fact that the marriage was only a civil one, performed in Paris, and deserted her. Then she married Mr. Godwin, but this act placed her in a position no charity could explain away. Death, however, soon covered her faults with a pitiful oblivion. She left an infant daughter, a few hours old, who afterward became the wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

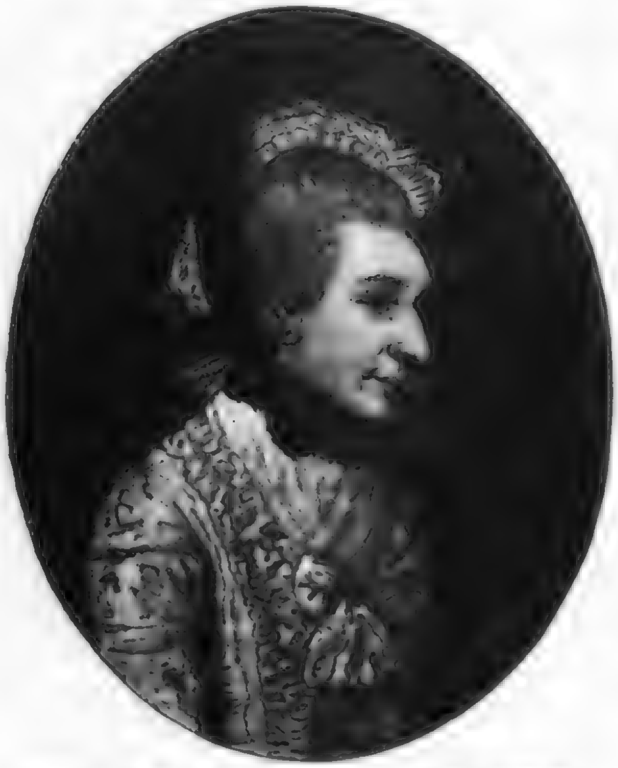
As clever and independent a woman, though not nearly so amiable as Mary Woolstoncraft, was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Her character is a peculiar and not a lovely one; but we must remember that she was born in a circle and at a time that thought "a youth of frolics and an age of cards" sufficient for woman's happiness; and also that she had no mother and only a very careless and imprudent father. "It was my fate," she says, "to be much with the wits—my father was acquainted with all of them." Every one knows the license given to the wits of that day; and the clever, vivacious girl, associating familiarly with them, learned much of their coarseness. She was the daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and, if a careless father, he was at least a proud one. When she was but a child he proposed her as his toast at the Kit-cat Club, and had her brought to the club to be introduced to its members. She was accepted by acclamation, and passed from the arms of one poet and statesman to another. Her picture was painted for the rooms, her name engraved on a drinking-glass and enrolled in the books as a standing toast.

But her alleged remarks, even at nineteen years of age, fall unpleasantly upon the ear. She "despises the impertinences of dress," and "looks upon the world with contempt." Hence we are not surprised that she says, forty-seven years later: "I have passed a long life, and may say with truth I have endeavored to purchase friends. Accident has put it in my power to confer great benefits, yet I never met with any return, nor, indeed, with any true affection but from dear Lady Oxford, who owed me nothing." And again: "The little good I do is scattered with a sparing hand against my inclination; but I know now the necessity of managing the hopes of others as the only links that bind attachment, or even secure us from injury."

Her marriage with Mr. Wortley, the grandson of the Earl of Sandwich, was one of very decided inclination on her part; and when he was sent as British Ambassador to the Porte, Lady Mary went with him. To this journey we owe her "Letters from the East," one of the noblest contributions to English literature that ever proceeded from a woman's pen, not only for their charming style, but for their graphic pictures of an unknown life, and for their historical accuracy. Her return to England was hailed with delight by the Court and by every fashionable and literary circle in London. Then she fixed her residence at Twickenham, and there cemented that friendship with Pope whose rupture was trumpeted to the world and futurity in the bitterest satire and invective. Pope lost no opportunity of wounding her, and how he could sting, no one need be told. Lady Mary, not unjustly, called him "the wicked wasp of Twickenham." But her retorts made even Pope writhe, though in their galling spleen and spite she loses all her womanly dignity and modesty.

The reason of this famous quarrel is no better understood than is her real motive for voluntarily leaving her husband, children and home, and spending twenty years of her life alone in foreign lands. The plea of advantage to her health may be true, but few women would care to purchase health by the rupture of every social and domestic tie. She left England in 1739, and traveled for some time in Italy. Horace Walpole saw her in Florence in 1740, and his account of her is not attractive: "Her dress, her avarice and her impudence must amaze any one who never heard her name. She wears a foul mob that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang loose, never combed or curled; an old blue wrapper that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face, swelled violently on one side, is partly covered with a plaster and partly with white paint, which, for cheapness, she has bought so coarse that you would not use it to wash a chimney." But even in youth she was careless of dress. Pope speaks of *her diamonds and her dirty smock;* and there are frequent contemporary allusions to her want of personal delicacy and cleanliness. Twenty years after Horace Walpole saw her in Florence; he met her again in London, and says: "I think her avarice, dirt and vivacity are all increased. Her dress, like her language, is a galimatias of several countries—the groundwork rags, and the embroidery nastiness. I went last night to visit her. I give you my honor the following is a faithful description: I found her in a little miserable chamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head she had an old black laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair"; and the rest of his description may be spared. Certainly the fall is great enough from the toast of the Kit-cat Club and the beauty in

XUM



WITS AND BEAUTIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
MRS. MONTAGU.—SEE PAGE 181.

Oriental costume who for some time reigned supreme in the highest circles of London.

Abroad it was her custom to take possession of some deserted palace and employ herself in her gardens and vineyards. She raised poultry and silkworms, and rented out the right to fish in her streams—upon the whole, turned her pennies as carefully as if she had been dependent on her profits. Still she was undoubtedly a woman of masculine ability and of wonderful clearness of intellect, and she secured an honorable place in the graver records of her country as the introducer of the first known alleviator of the fearful plague of smallpox. She had the courage not only to test inoculation on her only son, but also to brave the vituperations with which she was consequently assailed, and to persevere in her efforts until she succeeded in establishing the practice. She died in England, having returned there after the death of her husband, August, 1762, and is buried in Lichfield Cathedral.

Many other women, whose names are still familiar, illuminated this century, of which it may at least be said that it unfolded the germs from which the England of 1700 grew into the England of to-day. How charming must have been that Fanny Burney, whose friends—Charles Fox and Horace Walpole among them—sent a round-robin to her father, begging him to recall his daughter from the Court to the literary world, gathering at Mrs. Montagu's and Mrs. Thrale's! How fascinating those Misses Berry whom Horace Walpole adored and to whom he left little Strawberry Hill! not to speak of Joanna Baillie and the clever, brilliant ladies who formed the "elect" of the society that gathered round the pious Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

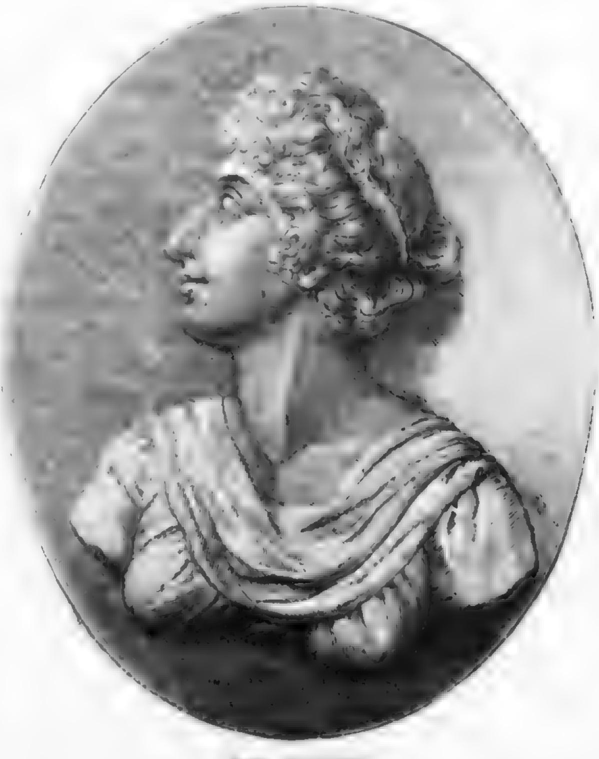
The first half of the eighteenth century has a bad name among us; reformers heap abuse upon it politically, moralists condemn its coarse vices, and Churchmen almost blot it from their calendar. It is universally voted an unspiritual, materialistic and unideal age, an age of animal enjoyments; and Mr. Thackeray bids us notice how *fat* people were under its influence. But during the latter half of it there was a great change in its spirit. We hear no more of such doings as went on while Miss Chudleigh was one of the maids-of-honor. Literature became purer; Tom Jones and Clarissa Harlowe became impossibilities; Wesley elevated the religious atmosphere; Johnson, Cowper and the women who gathered around Mrs. Montagu purified the intellectual one. For, taking them as a whole, the women of this circle had no littleness, nor had they the perversity and daring of modern *esprits forts;* and while their minds were masculine, their manners were womanly and domestic. It will be long, indeed, before the "Blues" will have a queen like Elizabeth Montagu; and if they had, where shall we find such subjects as thronged at her bidding to Portman Square?

SINGULARITIES OF GREAT MEN.

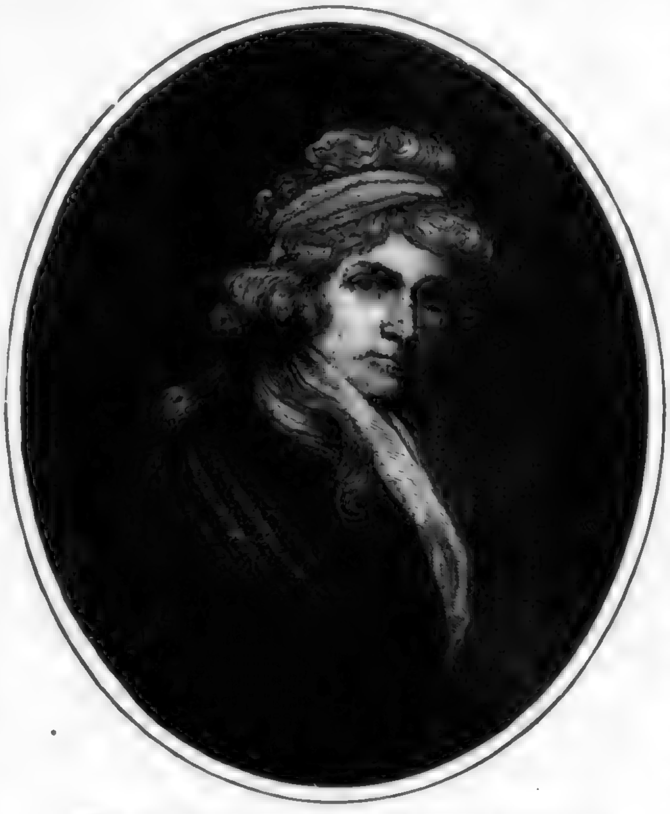
Suetonius said that, during the Winter, Augustus would wear four tunics beneath a thick toga; to these were added a shirt and a woolen undergarment; his limbs, also, were as carefully protected. In Summer he would sleep with both doors and windows open, and frequently under the peristyle of his palace, where jets of fresh water refreshed the air, and where, moreover, was posted a slave whose duty it was to fan him. He could not endure the sun—not even the Winter sun—and he never walked abroad without a broad-brimmed hat on his head.

Ferdinand II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, who died in 1670, says the Abbé Arnauld, in his "Memoirs," "was the slave of his health. I have frequently seen him pacing up and down his room between two large thermometers, upon which he would keep his eye constantly fixed, unceasingly employed in taking off and putting on a variety of skull-caps of different degrees of warmth, of which he had always five or six in his hand, according to the different degrees of heat or cold."

The Abbé de St. Marbin, who, in the seventeenth century, rendered himself so ridiculous with his pretensions and his manias, always wore nine skull-caps upon his head to keep off the cold, with a wig over all, which, by-the-way, was always awry and disheveled, so that his



MRS. SIDDONS.



WITS AND BEAUTIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
MRS. WOOLSTONCRAFT.—SEE PAGE 181.

face never appeared to be in its natural position. In addition to his nine skull-caps he wore also nine pairs of stockings. His bed was made of bricks, underneath which was built a furnace, so constructed as to impart the precise degree of heat he might require. This bed had a very small opening, through which the Abbé used to creep when he retired at night.

Fourier, the learned French mathematician, had returned from Egypt a martyr to rheumatism, and with a constant sensation of cold; he suffered dreadfully whenever exposed to an atmosphere lower than twenty degrees Reaumur. A servant followed him everywhere with a mantle, in readiness for any sudden change of temperature. During the latter years of his life, exhausted by an asthma from which he had been a sufferer from his youth, he kept himself, for the purposes of writing and speaking to his friends, inclosed in a species of box, which permitted no deviation of the body, and left at liberty only his head and hands.

Donatello, the Florentine sculptor, who died in 1466, among other singularities, had the habit of keeping his money in a basket which hung from a nail in the wall of his room. Into this basket his workmen and friends used to dip at discretion.

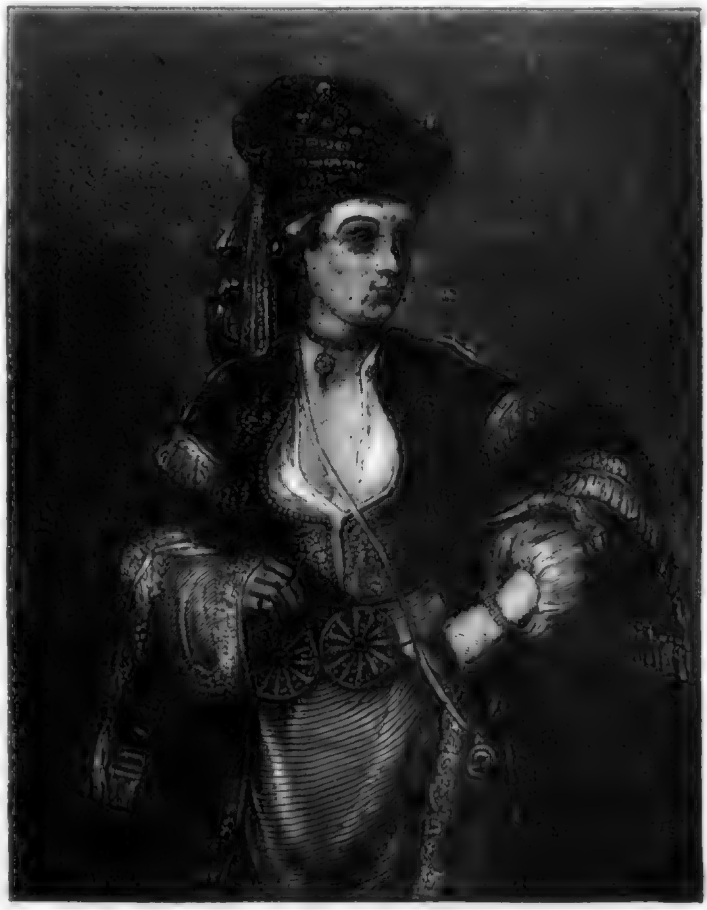
Beethoven had two imperious habits by which he was constantly swayed—that of moving his lodgings, and that of walking. Scarcely was he installed in an apartment ere he would discover some fault in it, and commence looking out for another. Every day, after dinner, despite rain, wind, hail or snow, he would issue forth on foot, and take a long and fatiguing walk.

Shelley, the poet, took great pleasure in making paper boats and floating them on the water. So long as his paper lasted he remained riveted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement. When all waste-paper was used up, covers of letters were next used, then letters of little value, and then the flyleaves of any volume he happened to have with him. It is said that once, when on the north bank of the Serpentine River, he found himself without materials for indulging in his favorite amusement, he having exhausted his supplies on the round pond in Kensington Gardens. Not a single scrap of paper could be found, save only a banknote for fifty pounds. He hesitated long, but yielded at last. He twisted the note into the form of a boat, with the extreme refinement of his skill, and committed it dexterously to fortune, watching its progress, if possible, with more anxiety than usual. The northeast wind gently wafted the costly skiff to the south bank, where, during the latter part of the voyage, the venturous owner had awaited its arrival with patient solicitude.

Socrates did not blush to play with children; Tycho Brahe diverted himself by polishing glasses for all kinds of spectacles; D'Audilly, the translator of Josephus, after seven or eight hours study every day, amused himself in cultivating trees. Balzac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits; Politian, in singing airs to his lute. When Petavius was employed in his "Dogmata Theologica," a work of extreme erudition, his great recreation was, at the end of every second hour, to twirl his chair for five minutes. Dr. Samuel Clarke used to amuse himself by jumping over the chairs and tables; Dean Swift exercised himself by running up and down the steps of the deanery, and even in his latter days, when his constitution was almost broken down, he was, according to Dr. Johnson, on his legs about ten hours of the day.

HOW LETTERS ARE LOST.

"Certain letters which ought to have reached a bookseller in a country town, not having been received, it was concluded," says the author of "The Royal Mail," "after inquiry, that they had been duly delivered, but had subsequently been withdrawn from under the street-door, which was furnished with a slit to receive letters, but without a box to retain them. During subsequent



LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

alterations in the shop, however, when it was necessary to remove the flooring under the window, the discovery was made of thirty-one letters, six post-cards, and three newspapers, which had been carried thither by rats!

"The corners of the letters, etc., bearing the stamps, were nibbled away, leaving no doubt that the gum upon the labels was the inducement to the theft. Several letters contained checks and money-orders. But rats are old enemies to letters, as is known in the Post Office; for in the olden times, when sailing-ships were in use as mail-packets, sad complaints were made of the havoc caused by 'ratts' to the mails conveyed in these ships. Nor are the rats the only dumb creatures which have shown a 'literary turn,' in getting possession of letters.

"A few years ago, a postman was going his rounds delivering some letters in Kelvedon, in Essex, England, carrying a registered letter in his hand, ready to deliver it at the next house, when a tame raven—a worthy compeer, if not a contemporary, of the Jackdaw of Rheims—suddenly started down, snatched it from his grasp, and flew off with it. The bewildered postman could only watch the bird while it made a circuit over the town, which it did before alighting; and so soon as it got to a suitable place, it set to work to analyze the composition of the missive by tearing the letter to pieces. The fragments were shortly afterward collected and put together, when it was found that part of them were the remains of a check for £30, which was afterward renewed when the singular affair was known."

ALEXANDER II.

The following anecdotes of the late Emperor of Russia are taken from Mr. Hare's "Studies in Russia":

A young poet had written a most scurrilous poem, in which he had described and libeled not only the Empress, but also the Grand Dukes and Duchesses. Some one, the censor of the press, went and told the Empress. "The man had better be sent off to Siberia at once," he said; "it is not a case for delay."

"Oh, no!" said the Empress; "wait a little, but tell the man I desire to see him at six o'clock to-morrow evening."

When the poor man was told this he felt as if his last hour had come, and the Emperor must intend himself to pronounce a sentence of eternal exile. He went to the palace, and was shown through all the grand staterooms, one after another, without seeing any one, till at last he arrived at a small, commonplace room, at the end of them all, where there was a single table with a lamp upon it, and here he saw the Empress, the Emperor, and all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses whom he had mentioned in his poem.

"How do you do, sir?" said the Emperor. "I hear you have written a most beautiful poem, and I have sent for you that you may read it aloud to us yourself, and I have invited all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses to come, that they may have the pleasure of hearing you."

Then the poor man humbly prostrated himself at the Emperor's feet.

"Send me to Siberia, sire," he said; "force me to become a soldier; only do not compel me to read that poem."

"Oh, sir, you are cruel indeed to refuse me the pleasure, but you will not be so ungallant as to refuse the *Empress* the pleasure of hearing your verses, and she will ask you herself." And the Empress asked him.

When he had finished she said: "I do not think he will write any more verses about us again. He need not go to Siberia just yet."

A nobleman had entered into a conspiracy against the Emperor, and was sentenced to Siberia. His eyes were bandaged, and he was put into a dark carriage, and for seven days and nights they traveled on and on, only stopping to take food. At last he felt that they must have reached Siberia, and, in the utmost anguish, he perceived that the carriage stopped, and the bandage was taken off his eyes, and . . . . he was in his own home! He had been driven round and round St. Petersburg the whole time; but the fright quite cured him.

Alexander II., the liberator of the serfs, the man who was able, by his individual act, to benefit a greater number of the human race than any one who ever lived, met with a more frightful end than any of his predecessors; but the sympathy and grief of Christendom followed him to the grave, in which he lies with the hair of his morganatic wife, Princess Dolgorouky, cut off after his death, upon his breast. His sarcophagus is covered with a pall, inscribed simply, "His Imperial Majesty Alexander II."

ARCHIBALD FORBES AS A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

Many of our readers are doubtless aware that Mr. Archibald Forbes, the celebrated war-correspondent of the *Daily News* in the Russo-Turkish war, was at one time a private trooper in the English Army. He says, in "Interviewed by an Emperor":

"The Emperor (of Russia), who was quite alone, received me with great courtesy, shaking hands and paying me a compliment on the speed with which I had traveled. It was about the worst period of ill-fortune to the Russian arms, and the harassment of anxiety and mischance were plainly telling on his Majesty's physical condition. He carried himself with rounded shoulders; he was haggard, gaunt and worn; his voice quivered with nervousness, and was fitfully interrupted by the asthma that affected him.

"A few months later, when Plevna had fallen, and that tardy success which revolutionized the situation, I saw his Majesty in St. Petersburg—a veritable Emperor, upright in figure, proud of gait, arrayed in a splendid uniform, and his bosom covered with decorations. Around the stately man a glittering court and suite thronged with enthusiastically respectful homage. The dazzling splendor of the Winter Palace formed the setting of the sumptuous picture; and as I gazed on the magnificent scene I could scarcely realize that the central figure of it, in the pomp of his Imperial state, was of a verity the self-same man in whose presence I had stood in the squalid Bulgarian hovel—the same worn, anxious, wistful man who, with spasmodic utterance and the expression in his eye of a hunted deer, had asked me breathless questions as to the episodes and issues of the fighting.

"The Schipka Pass had been in the Russian possession for quite a month, and it was not unreasonable to assume that a sketch of the position there was, as a matter of course, in the Imperial Cabinet. I asked for the plan, since with its help my task of explanation would be greatly simplified.

"But it seemed there was no such document; and I ventured to say that I could get along much more satisfactorily if I had a sheet of paper on which to jot down some rough explanatory outlines.

"The Emperor said at once, 'Ignatieff, go and fetch paper and pencil.'"

"Ignatieff went, and there remained the Emperor and myself alone together standing opposite each other, with a little green baize table between us. The thought that drifted across my mind as we stood looking into each other's faces was, Emperor as he was, no consideration that the world could offer would tempt me to change places with a man so oppressed by ills. And I noticed, or thought that I noticed, what flicker of thought darted into a corner of his mind.

"As we stood, he listening to me talking, there came in his face for a fleeting moment a strange, troubled expression, which seemed to reveal the sudden thought—'What a chance for this man to kill me!' It was a mere quick shadow, and had passed away ere Ignatieff came bustling back with a sheet of foolscap, on which I rapidly outlined the positions, explaining the details as I proceeded. . . . 'Mr. Forbes,' said he—he spoke in English—'you have been a soldier?'

"'Yes, your Majesty,' was my reply.

"'In the Artillery or Engineers, doubtless?'

"'No, sir,' said I; 'in the cavalry of the line.'

"The Emperor said, 'I had not known that your cavalry officers are for the most part conversant with military draftmanship?' I replied that I had served the army not as an officer, but as a private trooper; I know not whether thus conveying to his Majesty the impression that the honest British dragoon is habitually skilled in plan-making. When at length I was permitted to take my leave, the Emperor addressed to me some words which gave me a natural glow of great pleasure. . . 'Mr. Forbes,' said the 'Czar, 'I have had reported to me the example which you showed when with our forces on the sad day before Plevna in succoring wounded men under heavy fire. As the head of the state, I desire to testify how Russia honors your conduct, by offering you the Order of the Stanislaus with the 'crossed swords,' a decoration never conferred except for personal bravery.'"

THE BALLAD OF "CHEVY-CHASE."

This ballad, the finest and most remarkable of all the old heroic ballads, has commanded alike the admiration of the illiterate and the learned. As Bishop Percy observes, "Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood and the favorite of our riper years."

Ben Jonson envied its author, and Sir Philip Sidney confessed how his own soul was moved by its vigorous strains. The old manuscript of it bears the name of Richard Sheale as the author, but in all probability he was only the reciter of it—an assumption strengthened by the manifest inferiority of other work associated with his name when compared with this ballad.

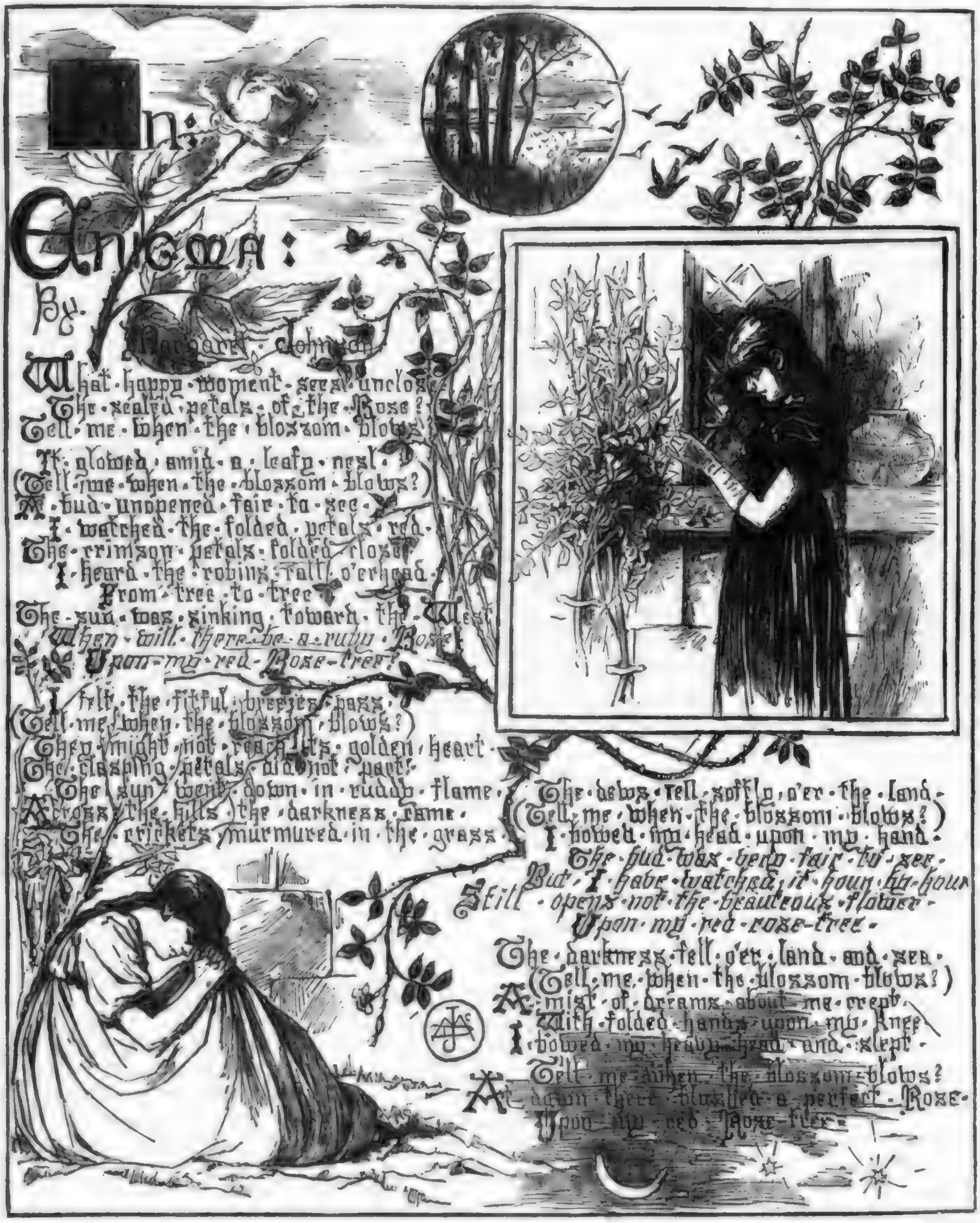
With regard to the incidents celebrated, Bishop Percy considers the poem may have been written to commemorate a defiant expedition of one of the lords of the Marches upon the domain of another. "It was one of the laws of the Marches, frequently renewed between the nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders without leave from the proprietors or their deputies. There had long been a rivalship between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honor, which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind, we may suppose, gave rise to the ancient ballad of 'The Hunting o' the Cheviat.' Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish Border without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil or Lord Warden of the Marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavor to repel the intruders by force. This would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties; something of which, it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad, for these are evidently borrowed from the battle of Otterbourn, a very different event, but which after-times would easily confound with it."

NORWEGIAN HEADDRESSES.

The most common headdress of the Norwegian women consists of a simple kerchief of cotton, sometimes of silk, embroidered at the corners. It is doubled, folded over the head, and tied under the chin. In sunny weather it is allowed to project over the forehead, so as to shield the face from the sun. The corner, which hangs down behind, shows the embroidered pattern and protects the neck and the back of the head. In the neighborhood of Bergen, however, more elaborate headdresses are seen. The patterns are various, but they are all more or less picturesque. In most cases they consist of a crown of white dimity held out by a light but stiff board. Both the kerchief and the red tapes by which it is tied hang down the back almost to the waist. In keeping with this is the blue bodice, over a white blouse, and held in its place by red and yellow shoulder-straps. Still more characteristic and imposing are the bridal crowns worn in some parts of the country, particularly in the Bergen province, and in Thelemarken, where the primitive customs of the country are still preserved, though in other parts they are rapidly disappearing before the inevitable advance of civilization. These crowns are very elaborate and, on the whole, uncomfortable-looking erections. They are profusely decorated with inexpensive gems; but, tawdry as they often are, they are sacredly preserved as heirlooms, and are very proudly shown by their possessors to their children and grandchildren as titles of honor, if not to nobility.

THE OLD CONVENTS OF CAIRO.

After driving through the ruins and dust-heaps, with here and there a fine garden among them belonging to some rich inhabitant, I at length stopped before an open space, with a sort of narrow lane or street leading from nowhere to nowhere, apparently! But the driver told me to descend, and my Bible-woman, who had been there before, guided me down the narrow, dark passage. We then turned out of it down another, darker and narrower still, and I stepped into a pool of mud, not being able to see my way (it had been watered on account of the heat). Scrambling out of this, I found myself on some broken and very dirty stone steps. A ray of early sunshine (for it was only seven o'clock) penetrated the gloom of the high walls, and showed a door standing wide open. No locks, no trim, formal portress—only a ragged boy, who, being asked if this was St. George's Convent, replied by pointing before him, and we entered straightway into a sort of court, partly open to the sky, partly roofed over, a very rude kitchen on one side, and two or three little dens for water-jars, etc. A staircase open to the sky led up to a terrace on which the cells all opened. Divided from this court by a screen of very fine though rather dilapidated, carved trellis-work, was the chief apartment, whose only furniture were an ancient dimity-covered divan, and a mat on which four or five women were seated, one with a book, another repairing a priestly garment of violet silk, and the Abbess, who is simply called *Raysa*, or head (feminine of *Rays*), was smoking a cigar and caressing a pretty little child playing about her knees—the daughter, she said, of the servant of the convent. These were the nuns; one or two more were in the kitchen, and a few in their cells. There were only ten in all besides the *Raysa*. All were dressed in a very simple but convenient garb, that of the Egyptian peasant women, the only difference being that it was all black, instead of being, as with the *secular* females, partly or entirely dark blue. A vail of thin black muslin was on the head, the throat bare and without jewels; otherwise there was nothing in any way distinctive, save a cross at the side. Most were middle-aged women, and three or four were widows. Whether they can leave, if very anxious to do so, I do not know; but from what I can learn, I imagine, if really desirous to return to her family, and they to receive her, that a nun might obtain permission, but that they do not like to leave, either from being content or because it would be looked on as a great disgrace.



An: Enigma:
By Margaret Johnson

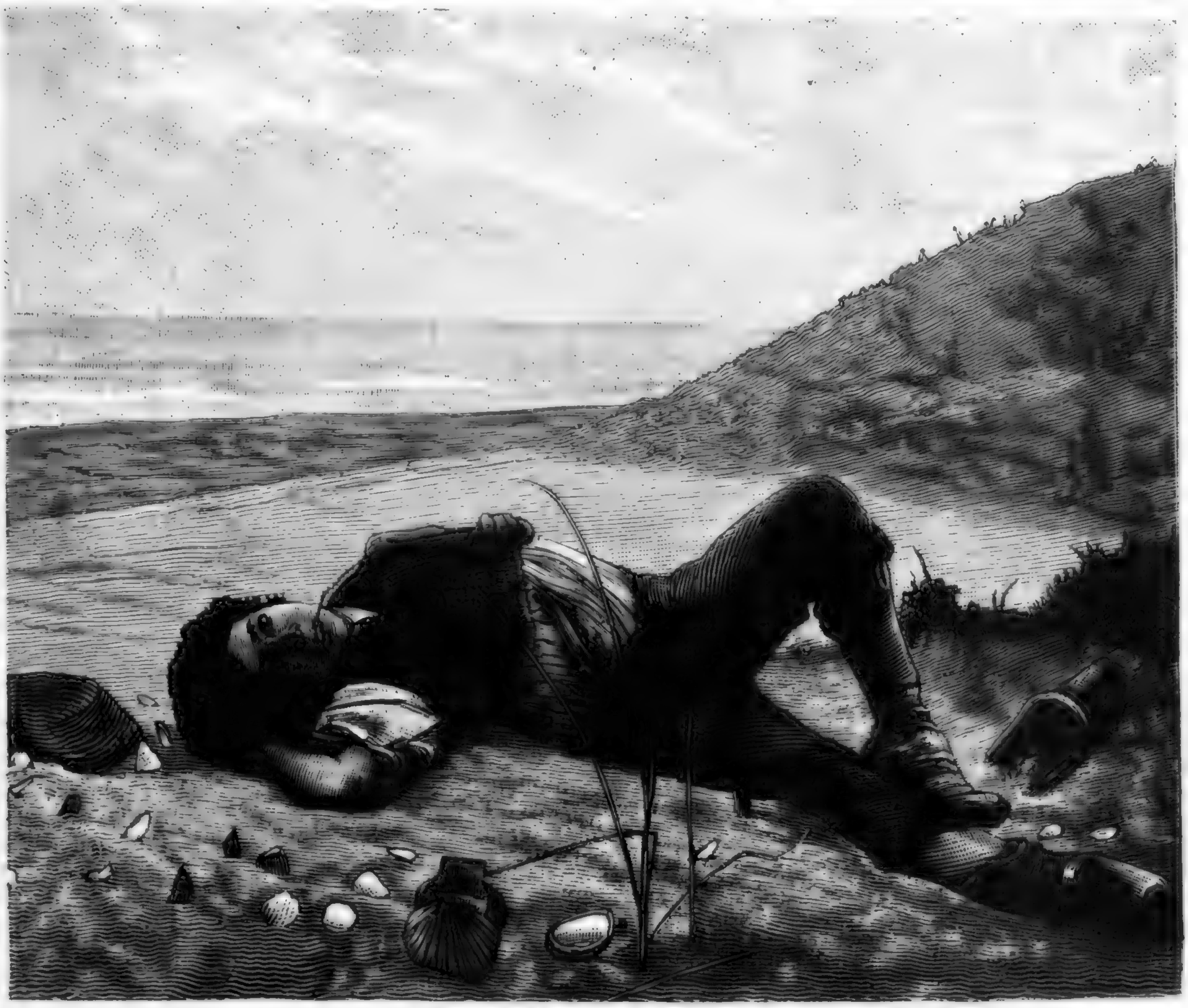
What happy moment sees unclose
The sealed petals of the Rose?
Tell me when the blossom blows!

It glowed amid a leafy nest.
(Tell me when the blossom blows?)
A bud unopened fair to see.
I watched the folded petals red.
The crimson petals folded close.
I heard the robins call o'erhead
From tree to tree.
The sun was sinking toward the West.
When will there be a ruby Rose
Upon my red Rose-tree?

I felt the fitful breezes pass.
(Tell me when the blossom blows?)
They might not reach its golden heart.
The clasping petals did not part.
The sun went down in ruddy flame.
Across the hills the darkness came.
The crickets murmured in the grass.

The dews fell softly o'er the land.
(Tell me when the blossom blows?)
I bowed my head upon my hand.
The bud was very fair to see.
But I have watched it hour by hour
Still opens not the beauteous flower
Upon my red rose-tree.

The darkness fell o'er land and sea.
(Tell me when the blossom blows?)
A mist of dreams about me crept.
With folded hands upon my knee
I bowed my heavy head and slept.
Tell me when the blossom blows?
At dawn there blushed a perfect Rose
Upon my red Rose-tree.



GLORIOUS IDLESSE.—BY VOUQUIN.

OF TWO EVILS.

BY

PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART II.—JOHN BRAYNOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

CHAPTER IX.

JOHN BRAYNOR'S Scrap-book lies open before me as I write.

It is not a very large book. The pages are small. There are not as many leaves as many pretentious volumes of scissored selections contain. I shall copy some things from his volume—not all there is there, small though the volume is—but some of it. I shall copy the first clipping it contains, cut from the Pleanton *Post*, of August —, 1860, and the last one in it, cut from the issue of the same journal for August —, 1880. Not all that lies between, but some of it, I shall write down for you.

There is a portrait of John Braynor hanging on the wall opposite me. It is not mine. A man who loved him, despite all the unloveliness that there was in him to dim the better parts of his nature and obscure the good, has lent it to me for the few months that I shall need it while writing the history of his life, and the lives of those so closely connected with his. I can almost fancy I see him, as I raise my eyes to look upon the painted representation of him which has made *him* immortal, and which promises to help do as much for the young artist who left so much of the souls of the pictured and the picturer on the glowing canvas. There is the face, thin and old before its time; there is the scanty white hair which speaks of more than Time's swift feet; there is a sorrow in the eyes, patience on the lips, courage everywhere, and a hint of hope that I trust he knows now was sure and certain.

But we must turn to the Scrap-book.

Did you ever keep a scrap-book? Did you ever know any one who did? The question may seem a strange one. But let me tell you that I doubt if you ever saw or ever will see a book like the one John Braynor kept.

I can imagine him now, old and gray while still the lying years say he is young, sitting lonely in his library, working at the self-imposed task which was the penance of his life; I can imagine him going away from it, for a little time—only an hour or two—to look for peace in spring-time on the gusty hills, only to creep back to the work of his life, unhappier than ever before. Spring, with his Scrap-book; Summer, with his scissors and paste; Autumn, with the huge pile of papers, including every daily published in New York city, to be read with feverish expectancy and fear—every day; Winter, with the volume growing, growing, growing, ever growing, which was the history of that which had followed the deed he had done.

"Keeping a scrap-book," do you lightly say? Kind reader, mock him not. You little know the awful nature of his task. Words cannot picture it. You little know of the prayers he said as he cut and clipped. You have little conception of the tears which fell upon the pages, leaving them blurred and blotted which had once been white. God pity him, say I. God pity any one who makes the record of his life as this man made his.

Steadfast was he in his toil, early and late, sometimes finding nothing to add to his volume for weeks; then finding much each day, for many days together. I hope no one of you will ever read the newspaper as John Braynor did, at least not for twenty long years, as he had to do—or, at least, did.

Sometimes he went away, for a day or two, to visit the grave of the dead woman he had loved. Many were the evenings he spent, cloudless evenings and stormy ones as well, Summer and Winter alike, by the resting-place of her for whose sake he had done the most grievous sin of his whole life, the one who had loved him, betrayed him, loved him again, and who, "after life's fitful fever," *slept well*, the name of "Annette Dellerton" on the great white stone at her head.

Many were the tender smiles he lavished on the flowers that grew above her breast when Summer was in the land. Many, too, were the bitter tears which fell on the sere leaves of autumn-time as they drifted back and forth over her silent heart. There were bitter sobs, breaking across his lips, to mingle with the frosty blasts of Winter. Then, sometimes, it was by her grave he found the prayerful hopes he dared to have—even *he*—when spring-time brought the green leaves and bright flowers again, sweet symbols of the resurrection.

But after each visit he went back to his task again, reading all the papers which had accumulated, giving it a time and attention which would have driven many another man to despair. It may be that John Braynor hoped to keep his reason and find his pardon through the work he did.

There is little need that I should specify the sources from which the following clippings, copied by me from John Braynor's Scrap-book, originally came. The Pleanton *Post* on the one hand, and the various dailies of New York on the other, are responsible for most of them I shall give particulars only when it is necessary.

In August, 1860:

"DIED.—In Pleanton, on the evening of August —, Mrs. Ward Dellerton, formerly Miss Annette Braynor, of this place. Mrs. Dellerton was taken to the City of New York for burial. Mr. Dellerton took his infant child to his home in that place. Mrs. Dellerton has resided in this village constantly since her marriage, but the business of her husband has kept him in New York much of the time. Their marriage, which took place about a year since, was strictly private. We understand that only the immediate relatives knew of it until the time of her unfortunate and unexpected death. Mr. John Braynor, our estimable fellow-citizen, and a cousin of the deceased, arrived home from Europe just too late to see her alive. Mr. Dellerton has the sympathy of the entire community in his bereavement."

John Braynor put that in first. He wrote no comment on it. Would you have been as brave as he?

In August, 1860:

"BORN.—In Pleanton, on the evening of August —, to Ward Dellerton, of New York, a son, Mortimer Montgomery Dellerton."

"In Pleanton, on the evening of August —, to Mr. and Mrs. James Ampstead, a son, John Braynor Ampstead."

In September, 1860:

"Our readers will remember that the good name of Mr. Ward Dellerton, of this city, was unpleasantly connected, about a month since, with a scandal which his friends had much difficulty in tracing to its source. A young woman, dying in some little town in the interior of New England, claimed to be his wife. We believe she had previously borne a good name. The worst usually *have had* good characters.

"Mr. Dellerton was at that time engaged to a lady of wealth and position in a suburban town, and his wedding-day was not a week away. He and his friends claimed that the story which the young woman in Yankeedom told was either instigated by some unsuccessful rival for the hand of the lady to whom he was engaged, or was a straightout attempt to extort blackmail. It is not necessary for us to say to those who have ever known Mr. Ward Dellerton that the attack upon his character was a failure. His well-known honor and integrity would have been enough to make his simple denial sufficient to any one who had ever had the pleasure of his acquaintance; but his pride prompted him to rest satisfied with nothing short of absolute acquittal in the eyes of all those among whom he lives; attempted blackmail, in the case of a gentleman like Mr. Dellerton, was simply ridiculous.

"He promptly visited New England. He utterly confounded his enemies. Several of them were glad enough to confess, on condition of being allowed to go free from the criminal prosecution which was promised them if they persisted in the course they had undertaken. One man, Martin Glugg by name, proved particularly obstinate, and is now in prison.

"Mr. Dellerton had no difficulty in convincing his intended bride of his entire innocence of all evil, and they were quietly married at her home at the time which had been previously determined upon. Fashionable society here has lost the pleasure of being in attendance upon a great wedding, such as had been planned, but will be none the less anxious to welcome home the happy pair when they return from their trip to Europe, on which they are now absent.

"Our readers may be assured of the entire accuracy of the statements we have made, as we have received our information from a disinterested gentleman of the highest character for precision and veracity, and one who has been, moreover, an intimate friend of Mr. Dellerton for years."

In September, 1860:

"Mortimer M. Dellerton, son of the unfortunate widow of Mr. Mortimer Dellerton, late of California, is dangerously ill with diphtheria. Friends of Mr. Ward Dellerton will remember the death of Mrs. Dellerton at the time of the birth of her child. Mr. Dellerton had long been estranged from his brother, who had been for many years a resident of California, but hastened to make the last hours of his sister-in-law as comfortable as possible. Her death took place, as will be remembered, at some little town in New England, where she was spending the first Summer of her widowhood. She was buried with the family of Dellertons, in Greenwood, and her son will, if he lives, be formally adopted by his uncle.

"The absence of Mr. Dellerton in Europe, on his bridal tour, makes the illness of the child very sad indeed. His uncle, it seems, has developed an intense affection for him. It is believed he will come home as soon as news of the illness of the little one reaches him.

"We have to thank an intimate friend of the family for the information we have presented."

The memory of Annette was not the only thing to take John Braynor to New York. The item last given took him there by the first train. Had he sent an innocent little child to death? Must it be? Could it be? Would God permit it?

He could not go into the house. He found it closed against him. But he wandered, without food or drink or sleep, for long days at a time, in sight of the door, halting the physician whenever he came out, and begging him for news.

One day the child was better, and John Braynor spent five minutes in a restaurant, eating like a famished man. The next day the child was better still, and he crept away at night to catch a few hours of the sleep which he felt he must have or die. The next day the child was worse, and John Braynor went without food, went without drink, went without sleep, and walked wearily round and round the block in which the Dellerton mansion was situated for the whole twenty-four hours. The day after, the child was still worse, and he dragged one foot after the other in his patient, persistent vigil, dying, almost, for food; losing consciousness for a moment, sometimes, with the sleep which he could not fight off. The next day there was a consultation of physicians; money was doing all it could in paying skill, skill was doing all it could in manful fight against the powers of death. And Braynor felt that he could have cast his fortune and his life into the balance in the baby's favor, had that been possible, crying: "Take all—all—but save me from being this boy's murderer!"

In the morning the doctors met, at noon they separated. "There is no hope, the child must die before the close of the day," they said. And Braynor crept away, feeling that the crime of Cain was on his soul, turning his face toward the docks and wharves of the East River.

"Would life be possible after that?" he moaned, as he hurried on.

"Will they ever know my fate?" he groaned, as he stood by the side of the treacherous flood which has been the grave of so much of love and hope and honor, alas! during all the sad and wicked years since *the city* has been *the great city*.

Then he fell down among the boxes and bales which were scattered about, and the sharp-eyed policemen happened to be all somewhere else, and a couple of strong-armed laborers chanced to know the difference between drunkenness and despair, and knew which one was likely to bring the afflicted one down to where they worked, ready for the radical cure of all life's ills which a self-imposed dash into the black waters is likely to be. These two brawny fellows had never studied medicine; they knew nothing of the pathology of minds; they had no more ability, in an educational direction, than enough to enable them to vote, and you know that is not much, even in New York. But they had humanity, pity, and good common sense. They drew the sleeping man into a more sheltered place; they helped him into a more comfortable position; they drew a coarse, heavy, dirty canvas up over him to his chin; then they left him alone.

So he got sleep, blessed sleep; so he saved his reason and his life; so he turned away from the tempting river with the coward's rest it could proffer, when the morning was driving the last faint stars out of sight, and went up to the street where Ward Dellerton had his house.

Which is the better, certainty or uncertainty, the worse that can be true or the suspense that leaves hope possible? The child he had stolen from the blacksmith's home in Pleanton; the child who had been condemned to a life, long or short, good or bad, with Ward Dellerton, was dead—or was not. Why did John Braynor hesitate? Why did he wait, half a dozen blocks away, hoping and doubting? Nothing he could do would alter the truth, whatever the truth might be; the child whose future he had dared become responsible for, not yet two months ago, was dead—or was not.

He saw the carriage of the physician who had been regular in his attendance upon the sufferer come up the street. "There is hope then," he whispered to himself, and crept into a doorway on the shady side of the street, too happy in his hopefulness to dare ask how much hope there might be.

But the carriage went by the house, with never a pause nor a turn toward that side of the street, and he felt as though his aching brain would die.

"Dead! dead! dead!" he cried. "And I was fool enough to think there might be hope."

Then he shouted after the doctor, and ran until the carriage was out of sight, and stood in the middle of the street and wept when he found the man he so longed to question was gone—gone—gone. In fact, he ran the risk of being arrested as drunk and disorderly, which would have been one-half just and true—for he was not drunk—only the keen-eyed policemen were all somewhere else just then.

He got courage to go up the street as far as Ward Dellerton's house after a time. I pity the man who has to carry such a look on his face as he did. Let a detective, or a good criminal lawyer, have met John Braynor just in front of that mansion that morning, and let some one have said, "There is death in there," and *this* would have happened. No questions as to "Who?" "When?" "Why?" or "How?" The other man would have looked Braynor in the eyes for one moment, then his hand would have fallen on his shoulder; "*Thou art the man*," the other would have said. Do you know, I think that the half-crazed man would have bowed his head, only to say *I am*."

He stopped opposite the house. He gave it a sidelong glance. He started, as though in amazement, and looked squarely at it. He drew his hand across his eyes, sadly and slowly and wearily, as though his sight had cheated him, and it was his duty, not his pleasure, to see aright. Then his form straightened a little, though his limbs seemed strangely weak and shaky, and he staggered up the steps and let his faltering hands feel, carefully as he could make them do, at everything which might have held what he so feared to find.

There was no crape on the door—no crape, thank God.

Then the doctor's carriage came back; it stopped before the house; the doctor himself got leisurely out and walked slowly up the steps.

"What—what can you tell me?" gasped John.

"It is all right; we were mistaken. There would never have been any danger at all, you understand, had it not been for the extreme youth of the patient. Happily, skill and good nursing have conquered. There is no danger now. The child will surely live."

Then the doctor went in.

And John reeled down the steps, while the whole street seemed to roll in great waves, and the very sun and sky to turn black before his eyes.

But he knew that to fall in the street meant the hospital; and he knew that the hospital meant time, at least, and possibly danger, for he was surely terribly ill. But he could not afford the time to be sick; he could not run the risk of being dosed for what did not ail him; least of all would it do for him to let another have the chance to learn what manner of disorder it was which had laid its hands upon him.

Will won. Stern resolution prevailed. One or two men looked curiously at him, a lady quickened her steps to get out of his way, and a policeman wondered all that day whether he had quite done his duty in doing nothing; and may be wondering yet, perhaps, if age and political change have not had their wicked way with him. The sun got bright, the sky got clear, the street got level again, and the lamp-posts assumed a peculiar position, with no serpentine waves running up and down them, threatening to snap the lamps off!

John hurried away to get food. He went to a hotel and secured a room, in which he slept all day. Then he went home—home to his Scrap-book.

Think you of all the fearful ills to which infant flesh is heir, and calculate the many journeys which John Braynor made to New York, most of them to find cases less alarming than the one I have recorded; one or two, at least, to find them much worse.

Chapter X.

I return to the Scrap-book.

In November, 1861 (from a morning paper):

"The divorce suit of Dellerton *vs.* Dellerton has just been concluded. This paper has respected the privacy which the chief parties to it have evidently wished to preserve regarding it, and has not printed a word of comment upon it. Now, however, with the decree granted to Mrs. Dellerton, it may not be amiss to give a plain and unvarnished statement of facts.

"No reader of this paper will fail to remember the ugly stories which were in circulation regarding Mr. Ward Dellerton, about fifteen months ago. At that time he was suddenly called away to meet the consequences of his wrongdoing toward a most estimable young lady, whose family is one of the oldest and best known in New England. She died before he had reached her side, if he intended to meet her at all, leaving an infant child to the tender mercies of this insufferable scoundrel. Her cousin, a gentleman of the highest character and most unsullied honor, brought forward such undoubted proofs of her marriage that even the base villain who had meant to let the disgrace of his denial follow his cowardly desertion was forced to admit the truth and do such tardy justice as can be done the dead.

"Mr. Ward Dellerton came home, bringing his dead wife and his living child. He told a heartless lie, as unique in its picturesque impossibility as anything which ever graced the pages of a 'Gulliver' or a 'Munchausen.' A brother of his, of whom nobody had ever before heard, had conveniently died in California (name of town or city not given), some time within a year; this lady, so this poltroon asserted, was his brother's widow. He buried her with the Dellerton name above her, *because he had to.* But he called her his sister-in-law, instead of his wife, and brought his own child home as his nephew.

"This gentleman (!) was engaged to the lady who has since suffered so at his hands, and who has just received her freedom from the Court. He went to her with his lying tale. He sent his friends to her. He bought up affidavits to bolster his (so-called) character, paying fabulous prices for them. His arts prevailed. One day, Ward Dellerton buried his wife; the next day he was on the ocean with his bride, bound for Europe.

"The recent Mrs. Dellerton had a large amount of property when she married. Some hundreds of thousands of dollars of her money went to pay the debts of Mr. Dellerton, whose affairs were hopelessly involved, and who must have sold all his property within a month or two but for his success in deceiving the wealthy woman who listened to his falsehoods. A large amount more was squandered in the most reckless way, or lost in investments of the most foolish character, and the remainder was all in the legal possession of Mr. Dellerton.

"Mr. Dellerton began a systematic course of cruelty and abuse soon after the marriage. This was borne by the patient and long-suffering woman until it became her duty to rebel. The charge against Dellerton was for cruel and inhuman treatment, but the facts we have related came out in the course of the trial. Mrs. Dellerton is allowed to resume her maiden name, while retaining the title which proclaims her a married lady; she is given the custody of her child; and she gets an amount of money which is nearly equal to one-tenth of what her estate was a year and a half ago. On the whole, we congratulate the lady; she is lucky to have escaped with her life. It is believed by many that Mr. Dellerton has concealed some of the property which is really a part of the estate of the divorced lady. Investigations of the suspected frauds will be made at once.

"We can assure our readers that the account above given is not only true, but very mild indeed, all things considered. We have the facts from the lady herself, who has so fortunately escaped from her living death."

(From an evening paper of the same date as the above):

"The Dellerton *vs.* Dellerton divorce conspiracy has reached an inglorious ending, through the aid of purchased perjury and judicial imbecility. Mrs. Dellerton undoubtedly married the gentleman who has suffered so much at her hands and the hands of her friends, solely for his money. We congratulate her on her success in obtaining a liberal share, but we warn her, and all the vampire crew who are backing her, that they must be satisfied. Any further attempt to extort blackmail will not only result in failure, but may subject the cowardly conspirators to imprisonment as well.

"A disreputable morning paper contained a tissue of untruths relating to the case, this morning. The only truth contained in their long article was the mere fact that Mrs. Dellerton has secured a divorce; it is a fact that she has. Mr. Dellerton has put the matter in the hands of his lawyers, directing them to bring suit against the —— at once for $50,000 damages for criminal libel."

(From the next issue of the morning paper):

"We learned last evening from the columns of a journal which sometimes speaks the truth—by accident, perhaps—that we had injured the character of Mr. Ward Dellerton to the extent of $50,000. We were naturally amazed at such a statement, supposing that the entire character of the gentleman in question would be regarded as dear if quoted at a fiftieth of that figure. We at once sent a reporter out to investigate. He called at the residence of Mr. Dellerton, only to be informed that that gentleman was absent. He called upon Mr. Dellerton's lawyers next. These gentlemen were at first inclined to be reticent, but finally consented to make the following statements:

"1. That Mr. Dellerton had ordered them to bring suit as had been stated.

"2. That he had countermanded his orders later.

"3. That Mr. Dellerton had left the city.

"4. That they couldn't [wouldn't?] say where he had gone.

"We assert again the truth of what we said yesterday morning regarding Mr. Dellerton. If he desires notoriety in any greater degree, let him come home and bring suit; if it is money he wishes, he had better keep his own [his late wife's?] instead of trying for ours."

(From the next issue of the evening paper):

"Mr. Ward Dellerton has magnanimously decided not to press his libel suit against the almost bankrupt and wholly unreliable concern which so meanly attacked him yesterday and this morning.

"Mr. Dellerton left the city last evening on business. He will doubtless print a full denial of the infamous charges made against him, when he returns. We shall offer him the use of the columns of this paper for that purpose as soon as we can learn his present address."

In June, 1870:

"Great excitement prevailed in this village yesterday over the narrow escape of the little son of Mr. Ampstead from death. It seems that the lad had been in the river, with other boys of about his own age, so frequently as to make the idea of any danger seem absurd to his parents. Yesterday, however, he ventured beyond his depth, and only the prompt assistance of Mr. Braynor, who chanced to be walking in the vicinity, saved him. He was unconscious when rescued, and remained so for nearly a half-hour.

"To-day the little fellow is quite well again, although a little nervous and weak, and has had numerous calls from his schoolmates, with whom he is a universal favorite, as well as from many of our citizens who have admired his manliness and integrity.

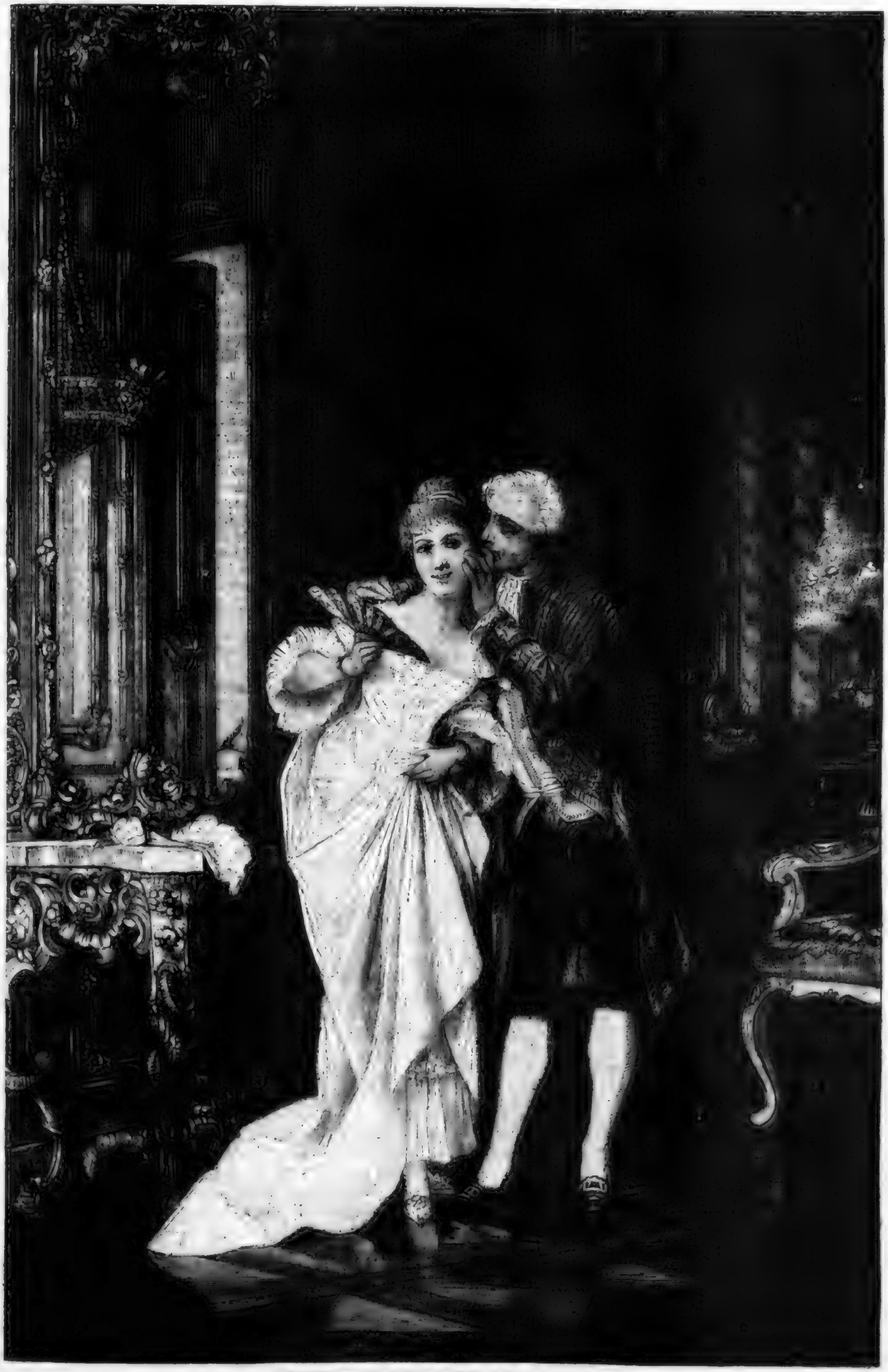
"Mr. Braynor, after whom the boy was named, sent a handsome pony to the lad to-day, with a note suggesting that he take his pleasure on dry land hereafter.

"The other boys of the village are wondering whether they dare risking the means by which little Johnny Ampstead got his pony."

In June, 1870:

"A half-dozen boys, the oldest not yet ten years old, were arrested on the street yesterday for drunkenness. They were severely reprimanded this morning, and then allowed to depart.

"Is it not time that men of wealth and position began to assume that control over their children which was common a score of years ago? Mr. Ward Dellerton has an elegant home, with plenty of money and all that wealth can buy; but his son was one of this gang of young rascals."



A WHISPER.— FROM THE PAINTING BY SCHWENINGER.

In October, 1876 :

"Every one in Pleanton will be glad to know that our brightest and best boy is meeting with so much of honor and success. John B. Ampstead, who was the best scholar in the highest class in our own school during the past year, has recently been admitted to Harvard College. For so young a fellow, his progress has been wonderful, and we learn that his standing on the entrance examination was remarkably high.

"Mr. John Braynor has taken a deep interest in the welfare of this worthy young namesake of his, and will, it is understood, meet all the expenses of his college course. It is not generally known, however, that Mr. Braynor has given time as well as money, and personal attention as well as good will, to young Ampstead. The fact is that Ampstead has studied privately at the house of Mr. Braynor during every vacation for three years, and has had the use of the library there, and the daily assistance of his good friend during school terms. We congratulate Mr. Braynor on his discriminating generosity, and predict an enviable future for young Ampstead."

In October, 1876 :

"Mortimer M. Dellerton, a product of the modern system of parental training, which gives the control of children to hired nurses and governesses in order that the fathers may be in Wall Street—or in worse places—was arrested to-day for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. He made a savage resistance, and the policeman who took him was quite severely bruised about the face and head. Dellerton gets sixty days in which to meditate on his folly."

In July, 1880 :

"The name of John Braynor Ampstead occupies a place of honor among the graduates from Harvard College at the recent commencement. Mr. Ampstead will study law in the office of one of the foremost firms of lawyers in the City of New York."

In August, 1880 :

"A most dastardly attempt at parricide was made last evening at the residence of Ward Dellerton, Esq., of this city. Friends of the family have long been aware that the relations existing between this gentleman and his son were not of a harmonious character, but none had guessed that such an outcome was possible as events have proved.

"The facts of the murderous assault, as nearly as they can be gathered from the statements of the frightened and excited servants, are as follows :

"Mr. Dellerton came home from his business (whatever that may be) at about half-past six o'clock. He was considerably intoxicated, though no more so than on many former occasions, and was in a furious temper about something. So enraged was he that he found fault with his servants without cause—so they allege, and even threatened one of them with personal violence. Asked to say when he desired dinner served, and whether he wished to wait for his son or not, he angrily exclaimed that he wished no dinner, and that he hoped his son would never pass the threshold of his house again until he was brought home dead. He then went to his library, where he spent the evening, ordering a decanter of brandy sent to him soon after going into that room.

"Mortimer Dellerton came home about half-past ten o'clock. The man who let him in (for he was without his usual latch-key for some reason) is certain, not only that the young gentleman was not drunk, but that he showed no signs of having been drinking at all.

"Young Dellerton went at once to the library, and various ones of the servants whose duties called them past that room will swear that there was loud and angry talking between the father and son during the next hour. One or two, indeed, are able to give fragmentary sentences which show that the two men were desperate, each endeavoring to force the other to think as he did.

"At about half-past eleven there was a suspicious stillness, long enough to be remarked by several of the servants, though the exact length of time cannot be definitely stated ; estimates vary from fifteen seconds to five minutes.

"At the close of that interval of silence there were one or two angry sentences from each of the two men, their voices almost frenzied in pitch and intensity.

"Then there were two pistol-shots in quick succession, and then silence again.

"The servants tried the library-door. Mortimer had found no difficulty in going in an hour before, but they found it locked. After a little hesitation, lasting a half-minute or so, the door was broken open and they went in.

"Mortimer Dellerton stood in the middle of the room, his left hand resting on a table which stood there, while he held a revolver in his right. The other man was lying in the most distant corner of the room, entirely senseless and motionless, while the blood was running from a wound in his head.

"The injured man, supposed at first to be dead, was carried to his room by a part of the servants, while others disarmed the dazed and unresisting young man and called for the police.

"Medical help was speedily summoned, and the condition of Mr. Dellerton carefully examined into. It seems that only one shot struck him, although two were fired, but that it was undoubtedly intended to kill. Mr. Mortimer Dellerton is famous as a pistol-shot at the shooting-galleries and among the sporting men of the city, and certainly shot with his best skill and murderous intent. The ball, however, went a little to one side, and, instead of penetrating the skull, glanced off. The physicians say that the shock to the brain of Mr. Dellerton has been very severe, and that he is likely to die from the effects of it, but that there is a bare possibility of his recovery. Up to the time of our going to press he had not regained consciousness, and the latest reports are that he is rapidly sinking. The life he has led has been one of wild excess and dissipation, so even his warmest friends admit, and has had many most exciting episodes in it, well calculated to injure his nervous force. The probabilities are decidedly against him.

"Mr. Mortimer Dellerton was removed to a place of confinement at once. As soon as the news of the tragical occurrence was received at this office a reporter was sent to obtain such information as might be possible from the young man himself. To our regret, our reporter was denied admission to the cell of the accused. He was fortunate enough, however, to find some of the authorities willing to converse on the all-absorbing topic. We give the result of his investigations :

"It seems that Mr. Mortimer Dellerton has refused to make any statement whatever to the officers, other than to assert with the greatest earnestness that he shot his father in self-defense. The officers say that he has not been drinking, and that he manifests no indications of insanity or unusual excitement. Told that the injuries to his victim were likely to prove fatal, he made no answer, but the experienced men who were watching him believed that his actions and looks indicated satisfaction with that probability, rather than a hope for recovery.

"Mortimer Dellerton has a large acquaintance with a class of young men who always have plenty of money, and who, whatever their faults may be, have a habit of standing by a friend who is in trouble. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that an application will be made for bail, and that security in any amount will be offered. Should the results be as sad as now seems likely, there is no doubt that Mortimer Dellerton will be furnished with the means of making a most vigorous defense."

CHAPTER XI.

THERE is only one scrap in John Braynor's book of a later date than the one last given—another hand than his placed that one last record of his work there. We will read it by-and-by. Let us follow him, for a little, as he goes out from his door after the last cutting he ever made had been placed in his book.

When John Braynor walked from his house to his stable the heats of an August noontime lay all along the dusty roads and scorching fields. It was such a day as this, long, long ago, that Mart Glugg had gone away to cool his hot heart and frenzied brain by the side of the stream in the hills; it was such an afternoon as this promised to be that John Braynor had followed him, lured by the false logic of a maddened human will beating vainly against the providence of God—vainly, unless it added sin to its wicked wish.

"Long, long ago," he said to himself, running his thin, nervous fingers through his scanty gray hair; "how long? My God, *how* long? Twenty—twenty—it is twenty years ago this very day."

Then he saddled his black horse, Prince, and having mounted, rode rapidly away. He was anxious for the shade of the trees upon the hills; he longed for the passages between the steep slopes where the ferns grew rich and rank, and where the shadows lay sleeping all day long, though the sun beat and buffeted the less fortunate verdure of tree and hill to a hot brown hue, not a hundred yards away. He must go to the stream? He must look upon its waters again. He must hear the music of its flow. Innocent, he could not go; but humble and hopeful—hopeful—could he be hopeful? Dared he be hopeful? What hope was there for him, when the one who had been condemned by his act to a lifetime at Ward Dellerton's side, and under Ward Dellerton's influence, lay behind an iron door, stone-walls close about him, waiting until they could know whether he was a murderer—or whether he had only meant to be one? Hope? It was a mockery for him to think of hope!

But he must be alone. He must be with nature. The hot glare from the dusty street seemed to blind him. The white walls of the Pleanton homes were a pain to his eyes. He must go away for a little, though he came back to the horror of his life and the anguish of companionship with himself, when the night should come—the night which would remind him of another night twenty years ago, whose memory he could never blot out—a night which he would gladly have given anything, everything, to have had back again to live over. God help him! God help us all! Repentance and remorse cannot do all things; they can undo *nothing!*

He rode up the street. Many nodded pleasantly to him. Several spoke kindly. John Braynor was an honored man in Pleanton, an honored man and a loved one. He smiled and bowed in return to the salutations which came to him, and all the time his soul lay on a very rack of pain; outcast, criminal, despised, he could have borne it better; every smile was like a coal of fire, every nod was a stinging goad.

He had not been up into the hills to that far-away spot where he had found Mart Glugg, not since the evil day he had followed him there. But to-day he would go. To-day he would follow the track which had known neither his step nor Mart Glugg's for a third of a lifetime.

It was hard for John Braynor to go. It is hard for any and all of us to do many things which we will not leave undone, though we unrebukedly might do so. Every turn in the path brought back the past to him; but he had no hope, no future; the past was all he had to live upon; so why should he not go?

It was late when he reached the place where he had found Mart Glugg. He was scarcely sure that it was the place. The tree on whose root the fisherman had sat had fallen into the stream, and slowly rotted away to an ugly and unlovely shapelessness, which told little of the time when it had stretched up its long fingers to the Spring sunshine, or caught the dashing rains of Summer among its thirsty leaves.

The fallen trunk on which Mart Glugg had crossed the stream was gone long ago. The bank had fallen in here, the flowing waters had cut a new channel there; something had partly closed the outlet to this basin-like place, and noisome plants had invaded the sluggish stream; the fish had forsaken their old-time haunts here; a greenish scum festered and scalded in the Summer heat on the dead waters. And John Braynor *looked* at the water, and *thought* of his lost life!

The finger of time and the iconoclastic hands of change had been everywhere. Only one thing remained which was of the past, unchanged and seemingly changeless. It was a bottle. Down in the noisome water, there it lay, just as it had fallen when the resolute hand of a man who had forsworn its enticements for ever had cast it from him. *He* had sworn vengeance, and the bottle would have meant much to him, could his eyes have looked upon it, instead of gazing—if alive, not dead long years ago—at the walls of stone which shut in *his* sin and shame and sorrow. And this man—this man whose unseeing eyes looked at the bottle in the depths and had no thought of the sad tale it told—this man had sworn to bring good to pass; good, and not evil. Each had chosen much the same road to their goal, though; much the same road.

Had their journeys been widely unlike?

It was almost dark when Braynor turned his horse's head toward home. Eager as he had been to see once more the spot where he had found Glugg, he was much more anxious to be away from the horrible place, and home again.

The stars were beginning to find their places in the stately march of night when John was fairly free from the thick woods, and could look about him from the hills as he rode up and down their rugged sides at a sharp gallop.

Down along the horizon there were signs of a coming Summer tempest, just as there had been twenty years ago. The wind blew moist in his face, and a drop or two of rain fell upon John Braynor's cheek. The drifting clouds shut out some of the great stars, and hid the moon from time to time.

On he dashed, urging his horse to greater efforts.

On, trying to keep pace with the thoughts he could not help but think.

On, to no future he could hope for; on, to no future he could think of; on, with a strange fear lying cold about his heart that somehow there was no to-morrow for him—not in this world. Do you believe in what are called presentiments? I—— But no matter.

On, with the horror of the hills behind.

On, with the misery of home before him.

On, on, on! There be too many men and women, alas! whose hearts keep step with John Braynor. May they find all the peace, and all the sweet content, and——

Wait a moment. I cannot write that yet.

John Braynor came in sight of home. The lights of the village shone out at him across the night. He struck his horse, not a heavy blow, nor an angry one, but one calculated to bring him to a yet higher speed.

Some timid animal, startled by the thunderous tramp of flying hoofs, darted across the road. The horse sprang to one side, rearing high in the air, and then rushed down the road like the wind.

And John Braynor knew, in one instant, how much his presentiment had meant, and why his thoughts had groped vainly for an earthly to-morrow beyond his to-night.

Down he went. Down with his head and shoulders upon the cruel rocks. Down, but his foot held in the stirrup. Down, but not free. A prisoner in this mad race, though he could feel the bones of his ankle break asunder, and the sinews and tendons tear away.

On, while he thought of what he had left undone, little as he might have done if he would.

On, while he wondered whether life would be spared to him until he could do a little in the way of attempted reparation for a deadly wrong.

On, while he could feel the bones in his arms, in his legs, and in his body, crack and crumble.

On, knowing that his head was crushed and broken, and his face cut and bruised out of all shape.

On, while the wild wind grew fiercer.

On, while the night grew darker.

On, with the rain falling upon his quivering lips.

On, until he could no longer see the bright lights of Pleanton shining at him through the dark.

On, but with no brighter lights than those of Pleanton's homes falling in upon him from across a darker night than the one through which he was going to his death. It was a terrible way this, in which Fate was writing "Finis" across his life.

Down a narrow lane; up to a stable-door; then the mad beast stood still in the storm, and only shivered and shook from the nervousness of his fright.

But the burden he had dragged neither moved nor moaned. He heard nothing, he felt nothing, he saw nothing.

John Braynor had come home. Was there ever a more terrible home-coming?

* * * * * *

There was not a place in him which was not the seat of the most horrible agony when John Braynor came back to consciousness again. He could not move a limb, he could not draw a full breath, he could not turn his head upon the pillow. But he knew that he was in his own room, upon his own bed, and that Mrs. Johnson and Dr. Pilleo, his lifelong friends, were with him.

He heard the clock strike. It was twelve.

Outside, in a room not very far away, there was a hushed hum of many voices. He knew what it meant. Pleanton's people loved him. They had gathered there to help, to hope, to—he said it softly to himself, but tried to say it bravely—to mourn.

The lamp was turned low. There were strange shadows upon the wall and in the corners. He saw that Mrs. Johnson was weeping. There were tears, too, upon the doctor's cheeks.

He spoke to his old friend, recognizing his own hopelessness in his pathetic question. Not "Shall I live?" Not "May I recover?"

"Doctor," he gasped, "how—how long?"

The doctor understood him.

"Until morning, possibly," he answered.

The tired eyelids closed over the eyes, shutting in, out of sight of his friends, much of the pain which they felt was mental, rather than physical, as they looked down upon him.

There were many minutes so. Then the dying man looked up again.

"Barcase!" he said, in a whisper. "Is Barcase here?"

The doctor nodded to Mrs. Johnson, and she went out of the room. In a half-minute she returned with the man for whom John Braynor had asked, Mr. Seth Barcase, the only lawyer of Pleanton.

"Give me some stimulant," whispered Braynor to the doctor.

The doctor shook his head.

"It will do no good. It will only shorten your life. It will only burn out your powers the quicker."

"How long can I live with it?"

"Possibly three hours; perhaps only two."

"And without it?"

"Six or eight hours, I hope."

"Give it to me," said Braynor, slowly, and with a terrible earnestness and emphasis; "give it to me. While I live I must be strong and quiet. What if it does burn out my life in a few hours less than I might otherwise live? I shall all the quicker find rest—rest—rest."

"Let him have it," said Barcase.

Braynor thanked the lawyer with a look.

The doctor stepped to a table, turned out something from a bottle which stood there, something stronger than mere liquor would have been, I doubt not, and came back to the bedside.

The way in which he placed his hands under Braynor's shoulders, and the tenderness with which he lifted him spoke eloquently of that loyal love which is more than mere professional care and anxiety ever have been or ever will be.

He gave Braynor the draught he had brought. The effect was wonderful. To one who had no knowledge of medicine, there might have come hope as he saw the strength which flashed up into the eyes of the sufferer, and noted the deeper breath which he took. But to one who knew—to one whose business of life it had been to stand where death's near presence was—to Dr. Pilleo, it meant that whatever there was to be done must be done quickly. He had thrown more fuel upon the fire of life, for his friend—his dying friend—John Braynor; but the added fuel did not mean that the fire would last longer. Alas! no; it not mean that. It meant a brisker and a brighter blaze for a little, with the coldness and blackness of death all the sooner.

"I suppose my mind is all right?" asked Braynor, with a quiet vigor, which said much for the virtue of the potion the doctor had given him.

Dr. Pilleo passed his cool hand over the aching head of his friend with a dainty, caressing tenderness.

"Your mind *is* all right," he said, with firmness; "though it is almost a miracle that it is so. Indeed, with your head crushed and broken as it is, with your limbs shattered as they are, I—I——"

"You might save me?" queried Braynor.

The doctor bowed.

"But——" began Braynor.

The doctor touched the chest of the sufferer.

"There is damage here which is beyond me," he said; "damage which is beyond all human skill. Oh, John Braynor, John Braynor! my dear, dear friend! why could it not have been me instead of you? Why might not my old and useless life have gone out instead of yours—yours, so young compared with mine; so useful, so lovely, so good."

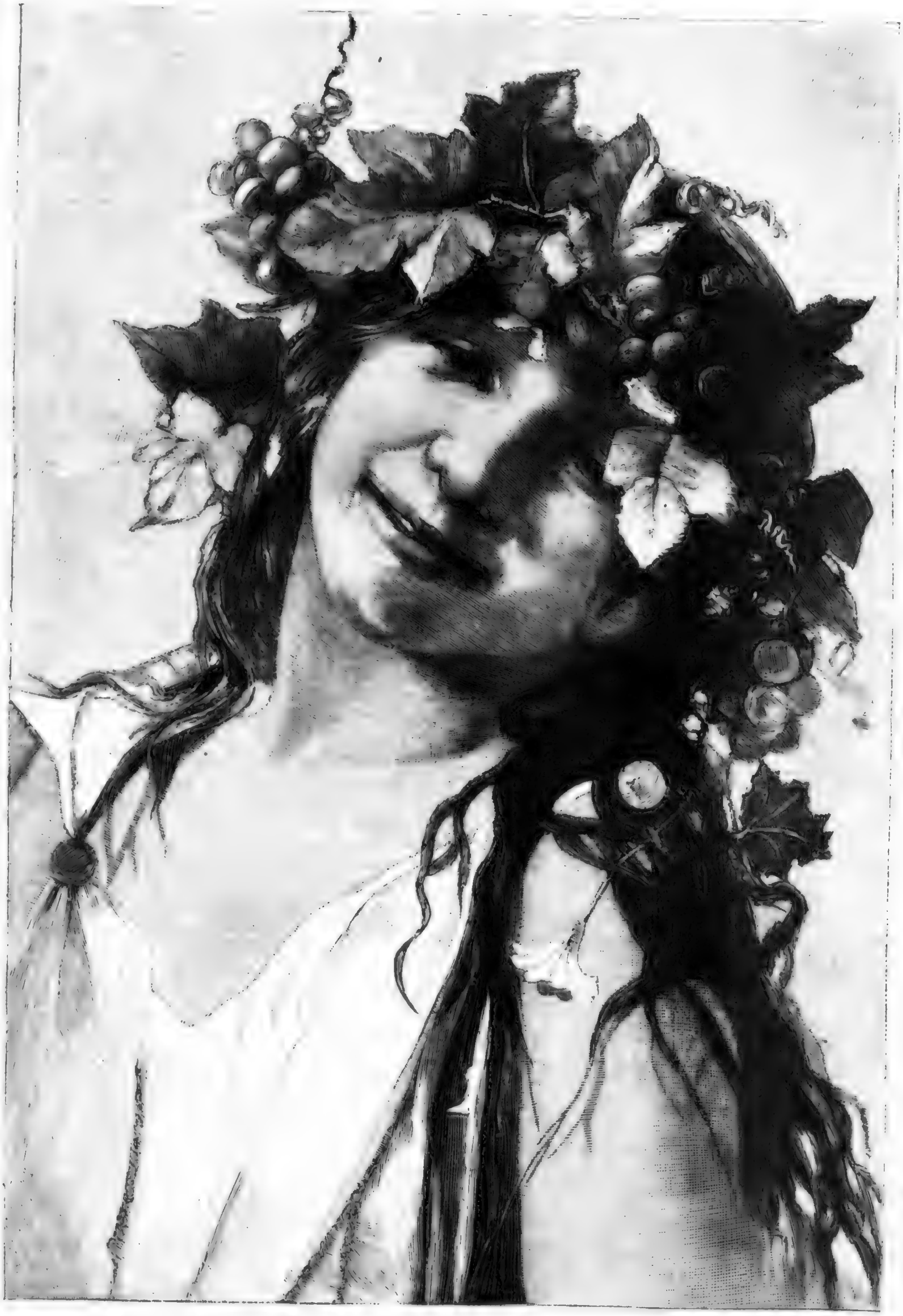
He burst into tears, and stooping over, he kissed the man for whom he so mourned.

But Braynor only closed his eyes and groaned. It was not physical pain which overmastered him. He would have welcomed the rack and the thumbscrew, if he could only have blotted out one night from his life and from that of two others. He remembered the child he had stolen from Mrs. Ampstead's side, an innocent babe then, with all the possibilities of a true and honored—though it should be humble—life. And now, now, was he the murderer of Ward Dellerton—he, John Braynor—by the hand of another? And was he the murderer of the soul of one who bore the name of Mortimer Dellerton? Was he? Was he? He groaned aloud again most bitterly, and when the grayhaired clergyman whom he had known and loved his whole life long entered the room, and stepped softly to the bedside, he turned his head as far aside as his powers permitted, and the hot tears rolled down over his torn cheeks.

But the dying man had work to do, work which must be done, and he brought his will to his help. He shut back the crowding tears at their sources, to weep them in his silent grave, perhaps, and turned his eyes toward Barcase.

"I must make my will," he said; "and you must write it for me. Remember, all, that the doctor says my mind is clear and strong."

"We will," said they all.



A BACCHANTE.

CHAPTER XII.

"GIVE me more of the stimulant," said Braynor.

The doctor looked doubtingly at the lawyer.

The lawyer nodded his head emphatically.

The doctor obeyed Braynor's request. He turned more fuel upon life's flame, already shaking and quivering under the icy breath of Death.

"Open my desk," said Braynor to Barcase.

Barcase did so.

"Look for a large envelope directed to 'John Braynor Ampstead.'"

"I have found it."

"Seal it, please."

Mr. Barcase complied with the request.

"I desire you to take charge of that, in accordance with a provision I wish written in my will. Please get writing-materials, and draw the table near my bed."

The lawyer speedily did so.

"I am ready," he said.

"Put it all into the necessary legal language," said Braynor; "do it thoroughly and exactly, but be quick about it. I shall say what I wish done; you must write it as it should be, to be beyond doubt."

"I will. I am ready. State your wishes."

"Give to my namesake, John Braynor Ampstead, all my houses, lands, bank and railroad stock, books, papers, furniture, and so forth, together with all the personal effects which I do not give away to friends before my death."

The lawyer wrote for some time. At length he looked up from his work.

"It is done," he said: "what next?"

"I leave to my friend and legal adviser, Seth Barcase, a sealed package, in trust for my namesake, John Braynor Ampstead, to whom it is addressed. The trustee, Seth Barcase, is to deliver the same to John Braynor Ampstead, only when two conditions have been complied with."

"Wait a little," said the lawyer, writing rapidly for a minute or two; "now let me hear the conditions, or let me write one at a time, if you please?"

"I suppose I may give my reasons for imposing the conditions, as well as the conditions themselves?"

"You mean to have them written in the will?"

"Yes."

"Certainly it can be done, if you wish it. I am ready to go on."

"Because the sealed package contains that which demands the logical and kindly consideration of a trained mind, I direct that it shall not be delivered to John Braynor Ampstead until he shall have been regularly admitted to the Bar."

"Very well. It is so written," said the lawyer, after a little.

"Because the package contains that which no heart can interpret with justice unless it has felt the divine power of love, I direct that it shall be given to John Braynor Ampstead only when he shall be happily married to the woman of his choice."

The lawyer's pen ran rapidly over the paper for a little time. Then he raised his head.

"These are strange conditions," he said, "but they are legal enough, and you have a right to make them. They are written. Now what is to be done if the conditions fail?"

The suffering man lay in silence for a minute or two, his eyes closed. It may be that the near approach of death sharpens the intellect; and that to those who are sinking away from earth and the limitations of earth life, it is given to judge more wisely of the future needs of those who are to be left behind than can be done when the grossness of a strong and vigorous body shuts the soul in and hampers it—standing, a wall which cannot be passed until it falls to dust, between the spirit and its wisest activities. It may be that to John Braynor, and to others like him, lying on the boundaries of another world, wisdom undreamed before is given.

I only say *it may be*. Since stolid Science, watching by the beds of the dying, has done no more than doubt, I can but doubt too; since Science has never asserted that such a thing *cannot be true*, I am not quite sure that *it can be and is!*

John Braynor had not thought that the conditions he had imposed might never be complied with. The pain upon his lips seemed to deepen as he lay there and thought of the possibility that his intent might fail. There was that in his sealed package which young Ampstead must know; and he must bring his legal knowledge to the contemplation of it, or the legal knowledge of some other man to whom it would be necessary for him to go for aid, and John Braynor shrank from having another man, not Ampstead's friend—and his, called in to share his secret. And then, since his love for Annette was his plea and apology, he must have the aid of an equal love in the heart of the one who was to read his confession when he was dead and gone. And yet—John Braynor Ampstead living, he had a right to know the truth. He dead, perhaps the world had a right to know it too. Of Ward Dellerton and his so-called son he could not think; it seemed as though they had passed beyond his power to set them right. To his despairing thought Ward Dellerton was dying, and when he thought of Mortimer he thought of the gallows too, as though there were no future for him without it.

"Come," said the lawyer; "come, my dear old friend, every moment is precious. What shall I write next?"

The fire of life was burning low. The darkness men call death was drifting very near.

"More!—more!" moaned Braynor, turning his wistful eyes toward the bottle.

"Give it to him," said the lawyer.

The doctor shook his head.

"It is almost murder to do it," he said, plaintively.

"But he must have it, or die unsatisfied. Give it to him. Do it, or I will. Shall I?"

And Barcase rose to his feet.

"No! no! no!" said the doctor, in little spasmodic jerks of sound.

Then, once more, he kindled the flame to brightness again.

"Thank you," said Braynor.

The doctor turned aside his head with a stifled groan. Braynor had thanked the lawyer, not him.

"And now," said the lawyer.

"Write that when John Braynor Ampstead dies, if he does while either condition remains unsatisfied, that the package is to be burned unopened.

"It is so written."

"And that when Seth Barcase dies, if he dies before John Braynor Ampstead, his heirs are to burn the package at once."

"But that is not wise," said the lawyer; "let there be another trustee. My death should not make so much difference as it would if it should precede your young friend's admission to the Bar, or his marriage, with this condition in your will. Leave the matter for another's hand."

"No," said Braynor; "it shall be as I have said. It is in the hands of God. It were better for me—better—better——"

"More!—more!" cried the lawyer, eagerly; "don't you see he is going?"

He pointed toward the bottle.

The doctor did his bidding. The flickering, fading life flashed up again.

"Have your way. It is written. What next?" said Barcase.

"From my money deposited in bank all debts and my funeral expenses are to be paid."

"Yes."

"Then the sum of nine hundred dollars, with legal interest from the date of his arrest in this village till the time when he calls for it, is to be paid to Mr. Martin Glugg."

The lawyer raised his head and shot a sharp look of inquiry at the doctor.

"Go on," cried the latter, "and for the sake of Heaven, hurry! I will answer for his mind. But he is going—going fast."

The lawyer wrote swiftly.

"Give to Mrs. Johnson, my friend and housekeeper, the sum of two thousand dollars."

"Yes."

"To Dr. Pilleo the sum of one thousand dollars."

"Well."

"To Seth Barcase five hundred dollars."

"It is done."

"And to John Braynor Ampstead all the rest of the money in bank to my credit."

"It is so written. Is that all?"

"It is all."

They raised him up tenderly. They held him strongly in their loving arms, as though they could never, never let him go. They put the pen in his weak and faltering hand. The paper was held before him. He signed it. Dr. Pilleo and the clergyman witnessed the document. Then they laid him down upon the bed again.

For a minute or two they thought him dead, and the sign of pain which lay upon his ashen lips was terrible to look upon. There was more in it than the awful manner of his death could account for. The three men and the one woman who had known and loved him so long looked at each in amazement.

"What can the package be?" said one.

"What is this secret?" whispered another.

Then, slowly and tremulously his eyes opened again.

"My—my gold-headed cane," he whispered; "will you—you—dear doctor—take it and use it always?"

The doctor bowed in tearful silence.

"And you—you——"

His voice failed him, but he beckoned Mrs. Johnson nearer, and she stooped to hear the faint whisper in which were spoken the words he said.

She shook her head.

"Why?—why?" he gasped, trying vainly to raise himself in bed.

She stooped near him and gave him her answer.

"When?—when? For God's sake tell me when!" he cried. His voice had suddenly gained strength; the last effort of life is often a great one.

She stooped again, and told him.

"Thank God!—thank God!" he whispered.

And Mrs. Johnson looked at him in speechless wonder, while the others looked at her for an explanation *she* could not give.

But Dr. Pilleo believed he could explain. When death has actually invaded the body; when some of the tissues are really lifeless; when decay has begun to pull down the temple in which the soul has lived; then pain drops away from the being it can no longer warn nor aid, and delirium may let fall the curtain over the mind which is withdrawing from the failing brain. All of which is logical and scientific, and, in a purely medical way, highly satisfactory to all the good old Pilleos who call one guess a hypothesis, two guesses a theory, and three a law.

John Braynor's eyes opened once more. Once more he started up, and this time he raised himself to a half-sitting posture. A spasmodic tremor shook his arms; one could not but see that he tried to extend his hands. A look of rapture transformed his suffering face. His whole being seemed full of a sacred joy. He looked beyond and above the heads of those with him; beyond and above anything in this world of sorrow—you may believe if you will.

"Annette! Annette!" he whispered, "I loved you so; I loved you so. And I tried to deal by your boy as—as well as I might. And I—I——"

That was all.

He sank back upon the pillows, seeming to fall further down into their depths than he had before. There was the gray of death upon his face, so unmistakable now that one could but wonder how they could have thought him dead before.

"And he failed, God help him!" said Dr. Pilleo.

"And he failed," said the clergyman.

And the lawyer echoed their decision. "He failed," he said.

They were thinking, one and all, of Mortimer Dellerton, possibly warned and watched over by the dead man before them, but waiting in a cell for time to tell whether he was as guilty as he had intended. No wonder they said "He failed," kind though they meant to be; friends, and no better thing than that to say of him—"*He failed!*"

They did not think of young Ampstead. How could they? They did not know of the evil deed John Braynor had done. Had they known, their charity and love might have kept them silent, but they would have thought the same then as now, and his monument in the memory of each would have borne that saddest of all epitaphs—"He failed!"

"A strange fancy, his thinking he saw Annette again," said Barcase, the practical.

"A beautiful one," said the clergyman, musingly, wondering whether he had best say more.

"And a true one, *I* think," stoutly asserted Mrs. Johnson, unmindful of just the ground she might find her belief had placed her upon.

The good doctor shrugged his shoulders and elevated his eyebrows. I presume he could have told the names of all the muscles concerned in his complex action, and give a very interesting and scientific discussion of the way in which they were set in motion. And——

No, kind reader, don't skip this. I only said the doctor might have done it. *I* cannot.

He could have explained, doubtless, how a sudden congestion in the brain of the dying man might account for what he would have called an illusion. For good old Dr. Pilleo was scientific—very.

I venerate Science—modest and doubting Science. It is always modest to say, "I don't know"; the statement often has the merit of being true. Science knows the scalpel and the balance and the chemical reagent so well, that it sometimes forgets that it doesn't know much else, or that there is anything else to learn.

A clot of blood in his brain might have given John Braynor his dying vision of the loved and lost Annette.

What did? Was it that? These are the unanswered questions—and the unanswerable ones.

Science don't know; Dr. Pilleo didn't know; I don't know; nor do you.

God knows!

On the changing face of the dead, with its dark and purple wounds, growing darker still, there was something very like a smile of peace and content; a strange look to turn for ever toward the sky, if they had rightly said of him, "He failed."

Some one stepped to the window and raised the curtain. The sunlight stole in. Day had come again.

* * * * * *

"Died.—On the — day of August, 1880, at his home in Pleanton, John Braynor, in the fifty-seventh year of his age."

That is the last entry in John Braynor's Scrap-book.

As every footfall changes the centre of gravity of the earth, be it by ever so little, and helps or hinders in their courses the viewless orbs on creation's furthest boundary, so the influence of every life, no matter how humble—good or bad—shall go on for ever. We cannot follow John Braynor; his spirit went away that August morning on that mysterious journey which we all must take, chartless and pilotless, blind voyagers on an unknown sea. We cannot follow him.

We cannot trace out all the results of his life and his influence, but in some lives, in some degree, we may follow the shadow which his existence cast, and see how much of good or evil, happiness or sorrow, grew out of the legacy to the future, which his life was.

PART THIRD.

THE WOE OF THE BRAYNOR INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was a hot evening in New York city, such an evening as follows on the heels of an August day, year after year and year after year; an evening when the well-to-do found it pleasant to take cars or boat and find their way to some place where they could breathe a little air which came from oceanward; an evening when the poor crept into their miserable quarters, with the palaces of trade and fashion shutting out their sight from the sky and their hopes from Heaven, to wait for the angel of slumber to find his way down the noisome lanes, reeking with the possibilities of plague and contagion, between the high-reaching walls of blistering brick and scorching stone, to lay upon their eyes—even on theirs—the best blessing which God's love has given to us all, the good and bad alike, the blessing of forgetfulness.

An August night in the great city; the thunder of the traffic which will never quite cease until the world watches the sun go down for the last time, and looks for the furnace-flames along the horizon's edge to usher in the beginning of the end, had lessened a little in the intensity of its long-drawn, hollow, eternal roar.

Night, and industry was going home. Night, and sin was beginning to flood the streets. Night—hot, damp, wretched, desperate night.

New Yorkers might have been divided into three great classes that evening. Those who *could* leave the great city, and *would*, were scattered along all the beaches which were within railroad reach, or to which boats could carry them; Long Branch and Coney Island, and many, many other places, each had its share. There were the wives and daughters of bankers and brokers there; the families of men whose words were law in Wall Street; and they were, many of them at least, so equally lavish of their money and their smiles, that one would have fancied that the men in town would have worried about it. Possibly they found worry nearer at hand.

There were those who *could* leave the city, but who *wouldn't*. Some of them had very sober faces as they bent over the piles of gold they counted, or found some novel way in which to make their books balance—wondering the while how it would be done to-morrow, and the next day, and the day after, and whether that last venture in stocks would be like all the rest, and how long an original system of bookkeeping was likely to be a success. Some of them, I regret to say (though I am happy at being able to write that there were many more who were quite above the dangers of financial temptation), were exceedingly likely to find themselves in the third class, by-and-by; in which event their wives and daughters would find it necessary to be more economical—in money.

There were those in New York who *couldn't* leave. The poor, God help them; the sick; the criminals—that is, those of them who had been caught—and kept.

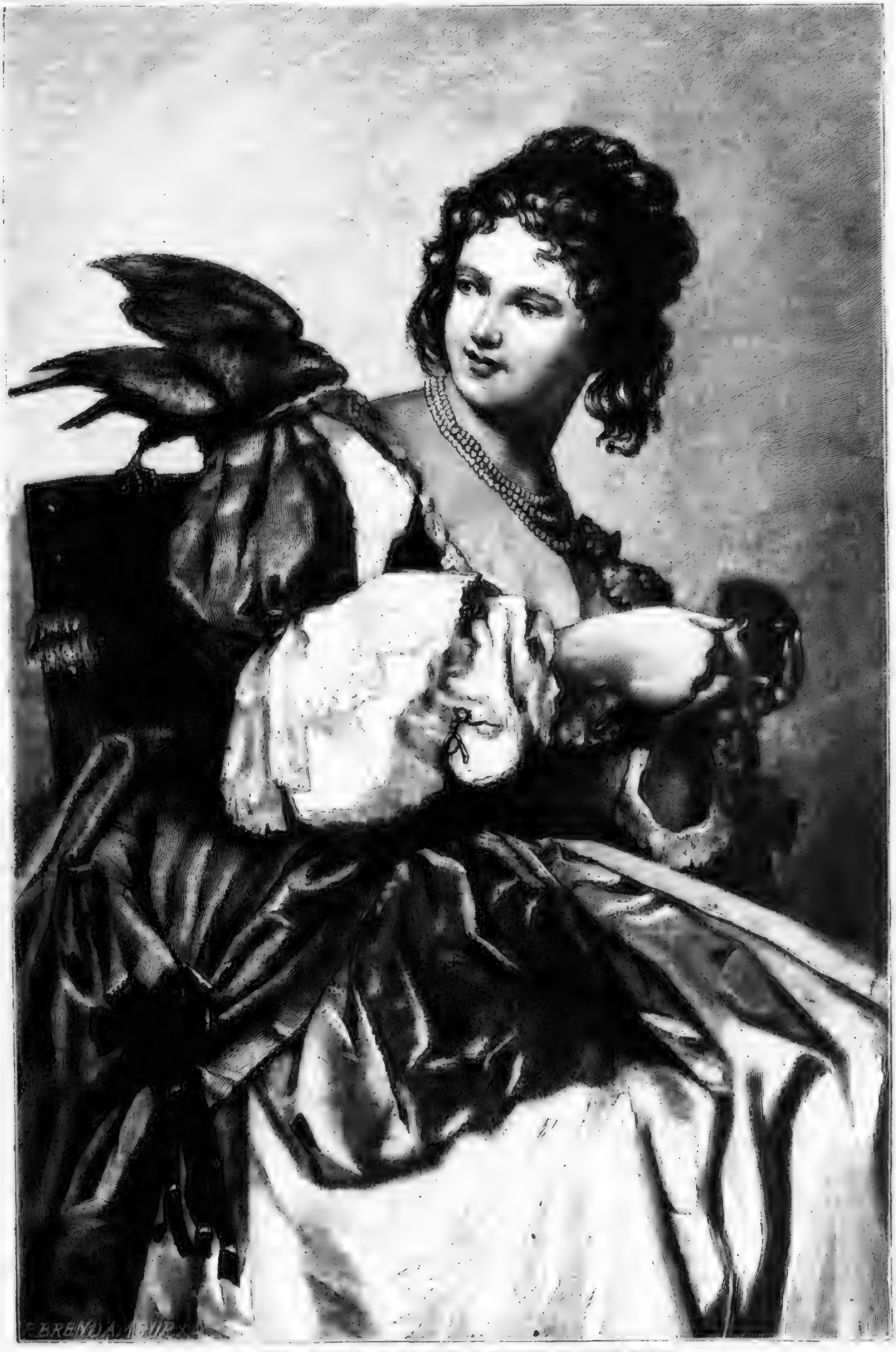
Ward Dellerton couldn't go down to the seashore that night, though he had wealth and friends. He would never go again; a very quiet and dignified doctor had said so, and no one disputed him. He would go out of the city again, only when he went never to return; went to Greenwood; and went silent and white of face. It was just at the twilight hour when the physician had called last, and the lamps were already lighted in the streets and in the houses when he went away. "He will not live the night out," he had said. "I shall call again in a couple of hours, unless I am sent for. Send word at once, if there is any change."

They turned the gas low down in the room where the dying man lay. He rolled his head restlessly from side to side, and seemed to stare at wall and at ceiling by turns. But his eyes had no meaning in them; they had not even the delirium of fever, which grants hope to-day for to-morrow's change shining in them. He had not said a word, nor made a sign with eyes or fingers that could be interpreted as rational, since they found him in his library. There had never been a look of recognition or a gleam of intelligence in his eyes since he was shot down. The doctor had said that there probably never would be. From his quarrel with the one whom John Braynor had given him to be as his son he would doubtless go straight to his grave; and no one would ever be able to tell just what had happened in the library—unless Mortimer Dellerton and his lawyers could be relied upon to tell the truth.

Did I say that Ward Dellerton couldn't leave the great city? I was wrong. Pale and gaunt and speechless, motionless but for the restless and never-ceasing rolling of his head from side to side, he lay upon his richly furnished bed, with the hot air of the night moving lightly about him. Going—going—going! Going out from the world as well as from the mighty city! Going, going fast—very fast!

But Mr. Mortimer Dellerton *couldn't go!* There are judges in America brave enough to refuse bail from Murder's hand; there are guards and jailers who cannot be bought nor bribed; there are prison-doors, even in the city of Tweed and his memory, which open *in* much easier than they open *out*.

His friends had tried every device they could think of, and still Mr. Mortimer was on the wrong—or the *right* (it all depends on the point of view, you know)—side of a


F. BRENDAMOUR

WHAT DOES POLLY WANT ?—FROM A PAINTING BY JULIUS MANTE.

certain iron door which opened into a very small stone room.

Habeas corpus? Oh, yes. But those who had the young man in custody showed good authority and excellent reasons. Offers of bail? Certainly. Bail to any amount. But the officers understood the matter altogether too well to be taken in by so shallow a trick as that; they didn't want the money; they did want the man; *so they kept him.* The friends of the young assassin even tried the effect of "influence"; that mysterious and intangible being whose family name is "Influence," and whose Christian (or *un*-Christian) appellation is "Political." When the case was beyond the power of P. I., the great and—and—well, the great anyway—it looked very hopeless indeed. It is safe to say that the alleged son of his father was in to stay.

But prison-doors always open, if one waits long enough. *When* is an important consideration.

So is *Why!* There's a certain ugly-looking structure which spoils the effect of the finest landscape background, when it stands in front of the opened door of a long-kept prisoner, as he is solemnly led out. Young Dellerton's friends meant to keep such a shock as that from his sensitive soul, so they had called in the services of Bluff & Bragg; not the striking mental characteristics which those two words seem to symbolize—I believe I've already indicated the fact that they had been used, and not used sparingly. Bluff & Bragg—Mr. Bernard Bluff and Mr. Bertrand Bragg—were two of the best lawyers in New York. With his case in their hands, his future was not quite so certain as was that of Mr. Ward Dellerton with his in the hands of the doctor. We may venture to leave the young man for a time, however; he will scarcely be got away before we are back.

There was another man in whom we shall find ourselves interested, that I find it difficult to classify. He turned into a restaurant in a dirty and unfashionable street, and ate a hearty meal, not leisurely but nervously, not as though at ease, but with a sort of wolfish ferocity. He seemed like one who knew he needed the strength which food alone could give, and scorned the weakness he found in himself, while he grudged every moment which he must give to satisfying his hunger. He paid his bill, showing quite a little store of money as he did so; he was surely a man who could have left the city if he had wished to do so.

He was certainly not a man who would not willingly have gone, for he glared at the walls as he passed them, and scowled at the filthy streets and gutters, and at the still dirtier children who swarmed there. He seemed to loathe the city, to hate the piles of brick and stone and mortar, to despise all those who passed him as he walked rapidly up-town.

But this man had actually come to New York that day. He had not been in the city an hour when he paused for the meal he felt he must have. He had deliberately plunged into this furnace-like August night. Undoubtedly he had some good reason for coming, or believed he had.

I cannot tell you where he came from. I do not know the name of the town. I am not sure of the State, even. I cannot tell you how many times he had changed cars; nor how many miles he had passed over on some slow, slow steamer; nor do I know how many hours he had been jolted and jarred in some still slower and clumsier vehicle. I only know that he had journeyed for days, pausing only when he must, going without comfort, going without sleep, doing with but scanty and hurried meals. I only know that he had had the pole-star in the heavens before him every night; and the eagerness of his purpose drawing him toward New York every day. Judge his earnestness by his self-sacrifice! He was there at last.

He asked a policeman a question. The officer stared at him. A policeman is supposed to know a great deal, and to be able and ready to answer many questions, but when it comes to requiring one to be a complete directory of a city like New York, it is really asking too much. No wonder he stared at the man. Besides, the man was one who looked as though in an interview with an officer he would be likely to be the questioned rather than the questioner.

It took him some minutes to find out how much the dignified guardian of the peace didn't know. Then he hurried away with greater speed than before. It wasn't that he knew that in this world minutes are precious, and that loiterers are likely to be late. He was impatient; that was all; and he had been so very, very patient—for so very, very long. Did you ever see how quickly a coiled spring regains its former shape when the repressive force of years is removed? Long waiting teaches no lesson of slowness to the molecules of the steel; the spring, if still a spring and not a broken and a useless thing, is quick and ready. Neither years nor suffering had broken this man.

He went into a hotel. The clerk knew less, if possible, than the policeman had. And yet he asked for one who had money, some fame, a little influence; one whose name had been on every lip only a short time before. We remember but a little time; we only half know what we believe we know fully.

He found a directory in some mercantile establishment, and got permission to examine it. He was not handy in such a search, and his work took him longer than one would have believed it could. But at last he found the information he sought; he knew where to go.

Out into the street again, then, out and away; swift as the surging tides of humanity on every sidewalk would let him be; rapid as the eddying whirls of men and women at the street-corners left possible; quick as though he knew the need of speed, instead of being driven only by the fever at his heart and the fire in his brain; out and away.

He lost his way once or twice, and lost time by it of course. But there is an end to all search, if one will but follow long enough. It was not very late, the clocks were only striking midnight, when he stood on the steps of a very aristocratic-looking mansion in a very good part of the city, and waited a moment to get his breath and to rehearse again the remarks he had prepared for the consideration of the servant who should meet him at the threshold. He looked about him with an air of critical approval that had something so sarcastic and wicked in it, that he seemed to realize the fact himself. He drew his face into a smile which might have been catalogued as "calculated to deceive any but an expert," and laid his hand upon the bellknob.

He paused and read the name upon the doorplate, anxious to make no mistakes.

The name was, "Ward Dellerton."

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGE has in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life; it hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strength of love and charity; and those burdens are delightful.

THE THOUSAND ISLES.

By W. A. Croffut.

My wandering soul is satisfied:
I rest where blooming islands ride
At anchor on the tranquil tide.

The sky of Summer shines serene,
And sapphire rivers flow between
The thousand bosky shields of green.

I know the tale the red man sung—
How when this northern land was young
And by a smiling heaven o'erhung,

Its beauty stirred the archfiend's ire,
Till, burning with insane desire,
He smote it with a shaft of fire,

And shattered it to fragments. "See!"
He cried, with diabolic glee,
"The paradise that mocked at me!

"'Tis sunk beneath the wave! No trace
Reminds me of its native grace
And witchery of loveliness."

But Time repairs the wreck of old,
And vails, with touches manifold,
The shining shards with green and gold.

The sad wounds hide in tender moss,
The ferns and lichens creep across,
And every ragged scar emboss.

The pine its coronal uprears,
And banished beauty reappears
'Neath the caresses of the years.

The fairyland again has grown;
The Huron god has found a throne,
And Manitou reclaims his own.

And so the Summer shines serene,
And sapphire rivers lapse between
The thousand bosky shields of green.

And so I drift in silence where
Young Echo, from her granite chair,
Flings music on the mellow air,

O'er rock and rush, o'er wave and brake,
Until her phantom carols wake
The voices of the Island Lake.

Beneath my skiff the long grass slides;
The muskallonge in covert hides,
And pickerel flash their gleaming sides,

And purple vines the naiads wore,
A tiptoe on the liquid floor,
Nod welcome to my pulsing oar.

The shadow of the waves I see,
Whose silver meshes seem to be
The love web of Penelope.

It shimmers on the yellow sands,
And while beneath the weaver's hands
It creeps abroad in throbbing strands.

The braided sunbeams softly shift,
And unseen fingers, flashing swift,
Unravel all the golden weft.

So, day by day, I drift and dream
Among the Thousand Isles, that seem
The crown and glory of the stream.

THE FASTEST TIME ON RECORD.

I have always loved fine horses. I always shall. Fickle man though I be, I shall always be true to my first love.

My earliest recollection is connected with a very pretty feat in horsemanship; a feat which I realize came near putting it out of my power to tell my story to you—out of my power to have any to tell. My story came very near being "continued in the next"—*world*, that day.

I remember the glorious October afternoon; I can see the long sweep of level road; I can see again the horse, the carriage, the hired man who held me in his arms. I remember, with all a child's love for nice things, the clove-scented breath which swept my face.

We raced for a crossing, and won. The pilot of the locomotive missed us by half a foot. I laughed, and applauded the act of the man who had taken our two lives in his hands. I loved the horse who helped us through the exciting episode. I thought the scolding that my father gave John was unkind and unjust. I have only parental love and care to thank for the fact that I was not with John, a month later, when he raced for a crossing—and lost. I cried a little, for I was a tender-hearted child, when they carefully raised his body from beneath the shapeless mass that had been a handsome carriage an hour before.

But I sometimes feared that not half my tears were for the man. We weep for the worthiest, you know, and the horse made a brilliant failure—failure though it was. I always loved a horse. I always shall.

I love my wife, too. She is the best woman I ever knew, and the wisest. Goodness and wisdom in a woman are like gentleness in a horse; something that the owner-er-er—I mean the *husband* in the case of the woman, of course—may safely insist he is sure of. Beauty is different. Beauty is like speed—something to believe in and bet on. I think my wife is the most beautiful woman I ever knew. But *I* never wagered a dollar in my life, enthusiastic horseman though I am.

A man with a passion of any sort in his mind is a man to whom another passion comes with difficulty. I've gone out of my way time and again, in my younger days, to meet fair ladies, and they've been flattered at the admiration they read in my glances. Poor foolish little equestriennes! My admiration was all for the horses they rode: I scarcely looked at the women. So it must have been a dainty face, a shapely form, a true soul, which won a place in my heart and life.

Let me not speak lightly. I love the woman whose eyes look tenderly into mine, as truly as man ever loved his wife. My purpose to-day is to tell you how I won her.

I was riding one Autumn day, several years ago, among the hills of Vermont. I had had business in the vicinity, and having finished it, was taking a few days of leisure and pleasure before going West again. I turned a sharp curve in the road, and met the landlord of the country hotel where I was staying for a little time.

"I say, Foster," said he, "you ought to ride out here

THE THOUSAND ISLES.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 207.

five miles and see Clark's horses. He's got some good stock."

"Anything fast?" I asked.

The landlord laughed.

"Scarcely. Fast horses are rather at a discount hereabouts. He's plenty of heavy workhorses; handsome animals, too. Will you go out?"

I shook my head.

"It isn't worth my while," I said. "I don't care how many pounds a horse can pull. My interest in him depends on how long it takes him to do a mile."

"Come to think of it," said the man, reflectively, "I think he has one beast with some racing blood in her. An awkward-looking colt, going on two years old, I think. The mother died here. Was owned by some one in Kentucky, unless I am mistaken. The colt's too ugly and awkward ever to be fast, though."

"Clark has tried her, I suppose?" I asked, a little interested.

"No, I think not. She's young yet, you see; and besides, Clark wouldn't think it right to rider faster than a dog-trot."

We talked a few minutes longer, then I rode out to Clark's. I took a fancy to the awkward colt—Princess Blackie, as the Clark children called her. I bought the animal before I left. I sent her home to my farm in Illinois. (Now *don't* get impatient, gentle reader; I am coming to the woman after a little, only give me time).

It was at a country fair that I first met Colonel Appleby. The gentleman served with distinction during the recent misunderstanding between the North and South. I have never been able to discover with certainty which side he was on, nor where he gained the laurels he is said to have won. One informant told me his most famous achievement was a certain rapid ride *into Washington* early in the war; another, that his most gallant act was a hurried ride *out of* Atalanta much later. I don't know. No one knows, probably; unless it is the colonel himself. I usually settle any vexed question in that way, when my wife cannot help me to a solution of it. Even Colonel Appleby's daughter doesn't know which side had the benefit of her father's bravery and wisdom and discretion.

Princess Blackie was driven over the track once at this fair. She wasn't the awkward colt now that she had been when I bought her. The driver was told not to crowd her. She made the mile in about three minutes; a second or two, more or less, made little difference to me, and I cannot tell exactly what her time was.

Colonel Appleby took it into his pseudo-aristocratic head to fancy the Princess and her action. He invited me to dinner. I went. I went a free man. I went believing in myself. I came away a slave—a slave to a woman. I came away doubting myself and my future. It was a new experience, and a decidedly interesting one from the disinterested standpoint of a psychologist. Yet I didn't enjoy it all. It was too serious a thing, falling in love at first sight, to allow me to apply the theory of probabilities to the problems the future presented. One would have a deep personal interest in being hanged—for instance, which he would scarcely overlook for the mere scientific sake of the experience.

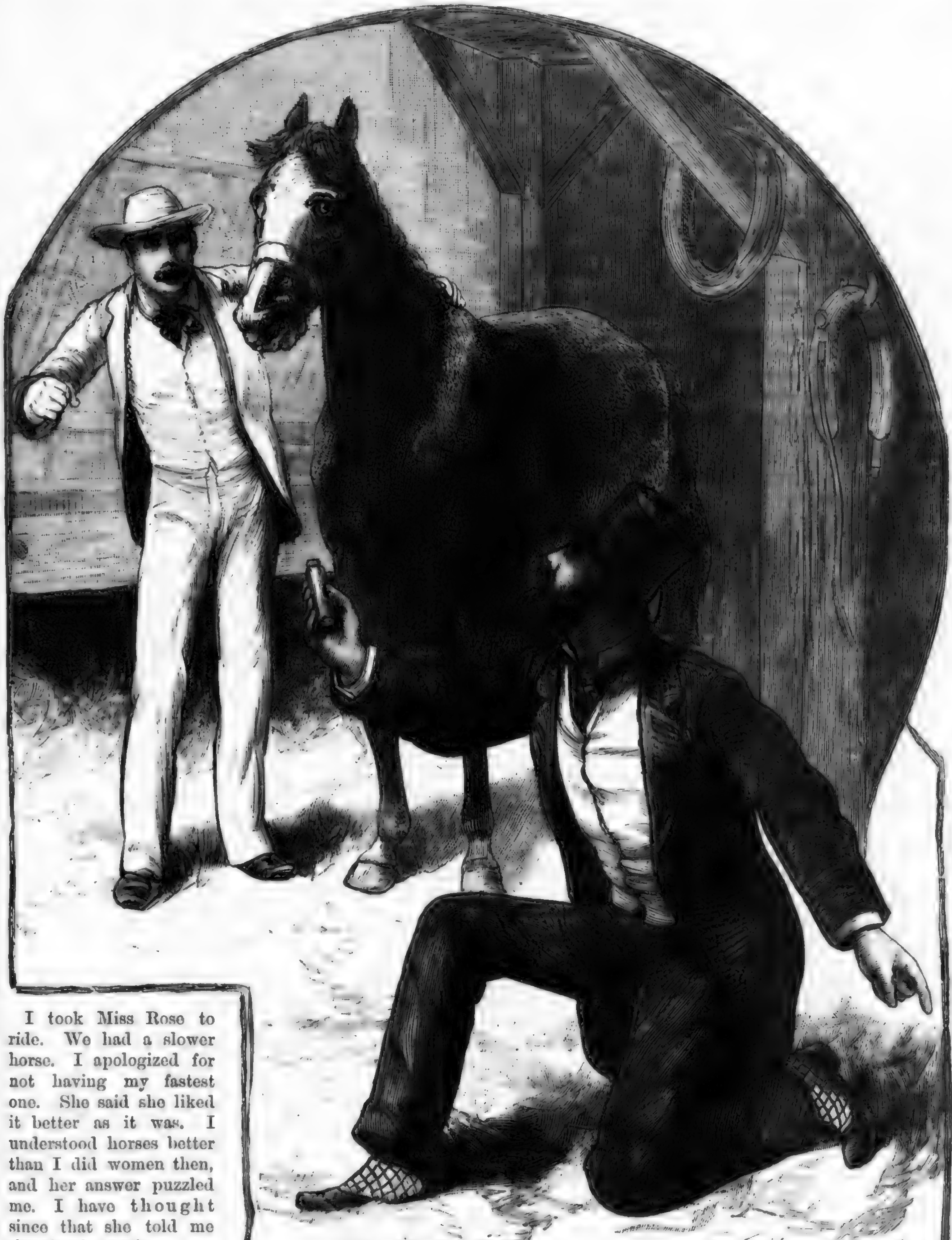
Should I succeed, or should I not? It meant everything to me, everything. I had certainly fallen deeply in love with Rose Appleby. I must face my future. It was inevitably marriage or misery. (No, single reader, not *both*.)

There was the colonel! I had grown suddenly afraid of him. I had talked easily enough, despite his ponderous dignity, when the subject was Princess Blackie; but his daughter was quite another matter. I didn't know then what I know now—that the colonel was an unmitigated humbug. I never breathed that fact to my secret self until after the marriage breakfast. I've never said it to my wife yet; for she's a woman, you see, after all, and I suppose I never shall. But it will ease my mind, even at this late day, to record the fact. He was an un-mit-i-ga-ted humbug! There, I feel better.

But I was afraid of him then, desperately afraid. He was so big. Miss Rose was so little. His eyes were so black. Hers were so blue. Was it a paradox that I was afraid of them both? I was. But I mentally vowed to mention my love to her first. I didn't know, then, that that is the usual modern way; I shouldn't have let custom weigh in the matter, though. I only knew I could escape from *her*, if the answer shouldn't be favorable.

I had the colonel and his daughter come to dine with me at my hotel. Then I dined with them again. Really the fates seemed propitious.

I took the colonel to ride. We rode behind Princess Blackie. He enjoyed it. His pleasure was my happiness.



THE FASTEST TIME ON RECORD.—"I THREW MY ARMS ABOUT THE NECK OF THE NOBLE ANIMAL. THE DOCTOR HAD BEEN LOOKING EAGERLY ABOUT. HE PICKED UP A BOTTLE. HE TESTED THE CONTENTS BY SMELL FIRST. THEN HE TASTED. 'SHE HAS BEEN POISONED!' HE SAID. I CHOKED DOWN A SOB."—SEE PAGE 207.

I took Miss Rose to ride. We had a slower horse. I apologized for not having my fastest one. She said she liked it better as it was. I understood horses better than I did women then, and her answer puzzled me. I have thought since that she told me the simple truth.

A week isn't long. Any one who proposes to carry on a successful courtship during some great public gathering should remember that fact. I would, in a general way, recommend the New Orleans

Exposition rather than a country fair. Though, after all, lightning is as likely to strike two, perhaps, when they are together, as only one.

Saturday came. Sunday or Monday I was to go away. It was my last chance. I fancy I understand a little how a culprit feels when the jury goes out to deliberate on his case.

There was a terrible difference between my case and his, though; the fact that my case hadn't gone to the jury yet. It must that very day.

I went to the boarding-house where the colonel was staying, just after dinner. I asked Miss Rose to ride with me. I had a handsome pair of horses and an elegant carriage. I meant everything to be in my favor. Everything was. She went.

What a glorious day! I shall never forget the trees, rich with the glorious coloring of Autumn. I shall never forget the sunny depths of the sky, nor the hazy distances along the level fields. But the golden hair that almost swept my shoulder nearly drove me mad with delight, and the sunny depths of her blue eyes were more than sky or heaven. Suppose I should lose her? Suppose I should fail? Life would be a wreck, wouldn't it? I thought of the time when John took me over the track ahead of the express train. I held my breath. I must make "a race for a crossing" that afternoon, holding the reins myself. Heaven help me! If I failed I felt I should never smile again.

How could she smile, when she held a man's future at her disposal? Did she know? She must. Had I not shown her in a thousand ways? How could she smile unless——

I almost sobbed for joy at the thought of what might be; at the belief that her smile was to be my beacon-light for evermore.

"That's a fine pair of horses," said I.

"Yes," she replied.

"Look how steadily they work together. If one stumbles, the other takes the entire burden for a moment. It is the way to work—the way to live—two together," said I.

"Yes."

"For human beings as well as horses? Don't you think so?"

I cast a quick glance at her. She was looking down.

"I—I don't know," she said, very softly; "perhaps it is so."

"I stumble sometimes. Sometimes I find life hard and unpleasant. But I think—I am sure—I could help and comfort too. My love would make the work sweet. Do you think—will you say—can you—well, do you agree with me?"

It was awkward work, and I fear I blundered and stammered. It was hot. The perspiration stood on my forehead in great drops. She was looking away over the fields. There was a long silence. I began to fear that she was angry.

At last she spoke.

"Do you mean that—that—that you want me to be your wife?" she asked, timidly, and with a warm blush.

"Why, I said so," I responded; "or thought I did!"

She smiled; a smile that was partly due to amusement at first, but which deepened into something sweeter and more blessed; a smile which has been my happiness ever since.

"Thank you," she said, "I will."

Her head sank upon my shoulder. My arm found its way about her. How fair the dying day as we drove home!

I was thankful this time that there were faster horses than those I drove, and not entirely because I dreaded meeting the colonel; partly that, possibly.

The colonel stood on the steps when we arrived. Rose hurried by him into the house. How big he looked. How my heart beat! I tried to speak; tried twice and failed; my breathing-apparatus seemed to be out of order.

The old gentleman came timidly down the steps. He looked nervously over his shoulder. He held up his finger warningly. He coughed, in a dignified way, once or twice. *His* breathing seemed a difficult matter. He looked and acted fully as embarrassed as I felt.

"Mr. Foster," he said, in a low tone, laying his hand on my arm, "the—er—the fact is, I've been disappointed in some—er—er—investments. And—in a word—can you lend me a hundred dollars?"

I got a refreshing breath clear to the bottom of my lungs. Could I? Couldn't I? I reached for my pocket-book with alacrity.

"Colonel Appleby, I want to marry your daughter. Will you let me?" I stammered.

"Eh? What? Bless my soul! So you love the little girl, do you? Well, well. By-the-way, suppose you make it a hundred and fifty."

"Yes," as I handed him the amount last named.

"Thank you, my boy; I'll pay you in a day or two. And the girl? Take her, with her father's blessing."

There are times when it makes a man flush with shame to be sordid. I gave the colonel the money willingly. It may be mean and unmanly to complain, everything considered. I cannot help thinking, though, that he got his ideas of "a day or two" from a religio-geological source. He hasn't paid me yet. I shall take it as an illustration of the fact that this is a world of disappointments, if he does.

I left next day, with many vows of constancy on both sides. Rose and I were to exchange letters every day. The colonel was bluff and cordial. It seemed as though my day would have no cloud.

The cloud came, though. A young man came up. He greeted the colonel and Rose with the air of an old friend. The former introduced him to me as "Mr. Fovalle—Fred Fovalle."

"A very dear friend of mine," said the colonel.

"I think of the colonel as almost a father to me," said Mr. Fovalle.

Almost a father, indeed! I felt a sharp twinge of that divine misery, jealousy. I'm not going to write the remark I made mentally regarding Mr. Fovalle, for I expect this will be printed, and it wouldn't look well in print.

Looking back as I drove away, I could see Fovalle standing between Rose and her father. Confound him! Why need he stand so far away from the colonel?

* * * * * *

"Come down at once. I've cried all the time for twenty-four hours. I don't know as you'll get this, but I'll never forgive you if you don't come. I've had to bribe my maid in order to send it at all.

"Papa says I must marry Fovalle. I never will. He says I must not marry you. And of course I cannot disobey him. Come down and reason with him. I think he owes Fovalle money."

The above isn't what you'd call a model love-letter, is it? It isn't like the ones I got every day for nearly a month. Then I had two days of wretchedness, because no letters came. I told myself that any news would be welcome after her long silence of forty-eight hours. Think of forty-eight hours! And in answer to my wild prayer for some news, some word—something—I got that!

Cheering, wasn't it? Calculated to bring sleep to my tired brain? I can laugh now, you see. Let those laugh who win.

She would never marry Fovalle, though her father commanded it; she wouldn't marry me because she wouldn't disobey her father. It looked to me as though there was a fallacy somewhere in the ideas she had regarding parental power and a daughter's obedience. But I didn't expect to move her from that decision. It was quite on a par with the resolves for which the good and pure have suffered martyrdom in heroic silence, time and again, time and again. Why have great minds ever wasted time and energy in building up systems of logic? Alas, why?

"Think he owes Fovalle money!" I groaned aloud. Not for the money he owed me. Not that. But because I feared he owed Fovalle more. Because I feared Fovalle had the longer arm of the golden lever which could alone move Appleby.

What could I do? I could kill Fovalle, perhaps, but that wasn't quite in accordance with the customs and laws of the land. What *could* I do? Oh, yes! "Come down and reason with him." Why, certainly! Reason with him! I had as soon reason with a royal Bengal tiger.

I went down. Things were in bad enough shape, certainly, but there were some pleasant facts among the rest. I saw Rose without difficulty, that was one. She wouldn't see Fovalle at all, that was another. I found the colonel meek and spiritless, that was a third.

I had an interview with the old gentleman.

"You owe Fovalle money?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"It's hard to say.

"For what?"

"Wagers on races."

"They cannot be collected, can they?"

"But, sir," he said, with a sudden assumption of the old dignity, "my honor is at stake."

His honor! And he would pay such a debt with his daughter's hand! His honor, indeed! Ethics, like logic, seems to be a subject in which the supply exceeds the demand.

"I presume you would rather your daughter were my wife than Fovalle's?"

"She says she likes you better."

"Is that all? Is there no reason in the relative characters of the two men?"

"I am not sure that there is."

I've never liked the colonel since he said that. If Lee or Sherman, as the case might have been, had only caught him *out of* Washington or *in* Atlanta (again as the case might have been), he would have gotten his deserts, most likely. And it's a pity it didn't happen so. Only——

I should never have met Rose if the colonel hadn't invited me to dinner. Prompt and vigorous and unvarying justice to the evil would be pretty hard on the good, sometimes.

"Do you owe Fovalle anything won lately?"

"Yes. That is, I shall. It is November now; late in November. We have warm days and bright skies yet, but we may have snow any day. And I bet him that a mile would be trotted in a certain time before Winter. I shall lose. In fact, I have lost already."

"How much did you bet?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

He drew up his head proudly. He rolled the numbers grandly over his tongue. The magnitude of the wager, which this penniless adventurer could pay in only one wicked way, seemed a glory, not a shame, to him. I thought of John's pride when he raced for the crossing. Better for me, perhaps, had I been with him when he failed. And yet, this man sitting before me was such a one again; if he wrecked his daughter's life and mine he would do it right royally.

"What was the time?"

He leaned across the table and answered this question in a whisper. And well he might; the time he mentioned has never yet been beaten, *save once!* You never read of such a speed, except as a possibility, until now.

"But suppose you were to win? Would the twenty thousand dollars offset what else you owe him?"

I asked the question eagerly. Drowning men catch at straws, you know. I saw a straw.

"Win? Yes, if I could win!" he exclaimed.

Then his head fell forward upon his breast and he groaned. Hope is almost a cruelty when it is thrust in beside a reasonable despair. But from that moment I pitied him. He loved his daughter, after all; loved in a weak and selfish way, perhaps, but he had a heart.

I sat in silence for a moment. Then I said the despairing thing in my mind:

"Princess Blackie shall try it, anyway."

The old man shook his head. I went away and left him.

That night I telegraphed for my mare and for her driver.

She arrived two days later. I arranged to have a trial on the track the next day but one. My plan was a little irregular, considered from a sporting standpoint. It was to have some three or four gentlemen of undoubted honesty witness and time the race. If I failed, I did not care to have an immense throng see the failure; should I win, the statements of these men, given on oath, should prove it. I did not advertise the matter, I did not say much of the almost hopeless attempt I was about to make. Without taking particular pains to keep my wild scheme from Fovalle, I did not care to have him know it until it was over, and the bet decided in one way or the other.

A physician, two lawyers, a hotel-man, a teacher who taught well and drove well, too—these were the men who, with the colonel and myself, were to see the trial. To none of them, except the colonel, was the reason for the extraordinary trial of speed known. I don't know how much they suspected. My driver and the stableboy knew all.

It was an almost perfect afternoon. The track was in excellent order. The Princess had done well in her exercise that morning. To-morrow was the day selected for the final trial, the day when the Princess Blackie was to be driven one mile in just as short a time as she could possibly trot it in, the day when two men were to put one despairing chance against a thousand, and stake their futures on a race. For, while Rose would never marry Fovalle, she had said she would never marry me without her father's consent. She never faltered. She meant it. She would live by her faith in her duty. So failure meant ruin to her father—you cannot imagine what it meant to Rose and me. I had kept the plan of the race a secret from her; I felt that to be wisest and and kindest, in view of what the probable outcome would be.

It was, I said, the day before the race. I was going

THE ROCK AND TOWN OF GIBRALTAR, AS SEEN FROM ALGECIRAS.—SEE PAGE 214.

along the principal street in the town, trying to walk away my nervousness.

I turned a corner. Two men were entering a saloon. The one in front walked steadily and firmly. I knew him at once, although his back was toward me. It was Fred Fovalle. The other man staggered. He could not get in at the door. He reeled and fell into the gutter, too drunk to rise again. I saw his face as he fell. He was the man who was to drive my horse to-morrow!

The ground seemed to rock beneath my feet. I looked about in agony. Oh, for some friend to help me!

I saw a friend. The physician of whom I have spoken was passing. I called to him. He paused. I sprang into his carriage.

"To the race-track! To the stables!" I gasped.

Then I fainted. The hope of humanity for the future lies in the fact that there are men who can obey orders without asking "*Why?*"

The doctor was such a man. The track and stables were a mile and a half from town, and when the fresh air revived me we were half-way there; the doctor, moreover, was getting a very creditable degree of speed out of the ancient animal he drove.

It was only when I was quite myself again that he asked his "Why?" He doubtless had a professional interest in knowing whether it was killing or curing that would be expected of him when he arrived at his destination.

A dozen rods before we reached the stable we passed the stable-boy. He could stand yet. But he had been given much liquor.

The stable-door was open. I groaned when I saw it. I had never known how strong my hopes had been until I saw them about to be swept away.

I sprang from the carriage. I entered the stable. My revulsion of feeling on seeing the Princess alive and strong was so great that I almost fainted again. I threw my arms about the neck of the noble animal. I expect the sympathetic respect of all well-meaning people when I confess that I shed tears.

My happiness was not to last long.

The doctor had been looking eagerly about. He picked up a bottle. He tested the contents by smell first. Then he tasted.

"She has been poisoned," he said.

"Seriously?"

"Fatally!"

I choked down a sob.

"How long will she live?" I asked.

"Until midnight, possibly; not longer.

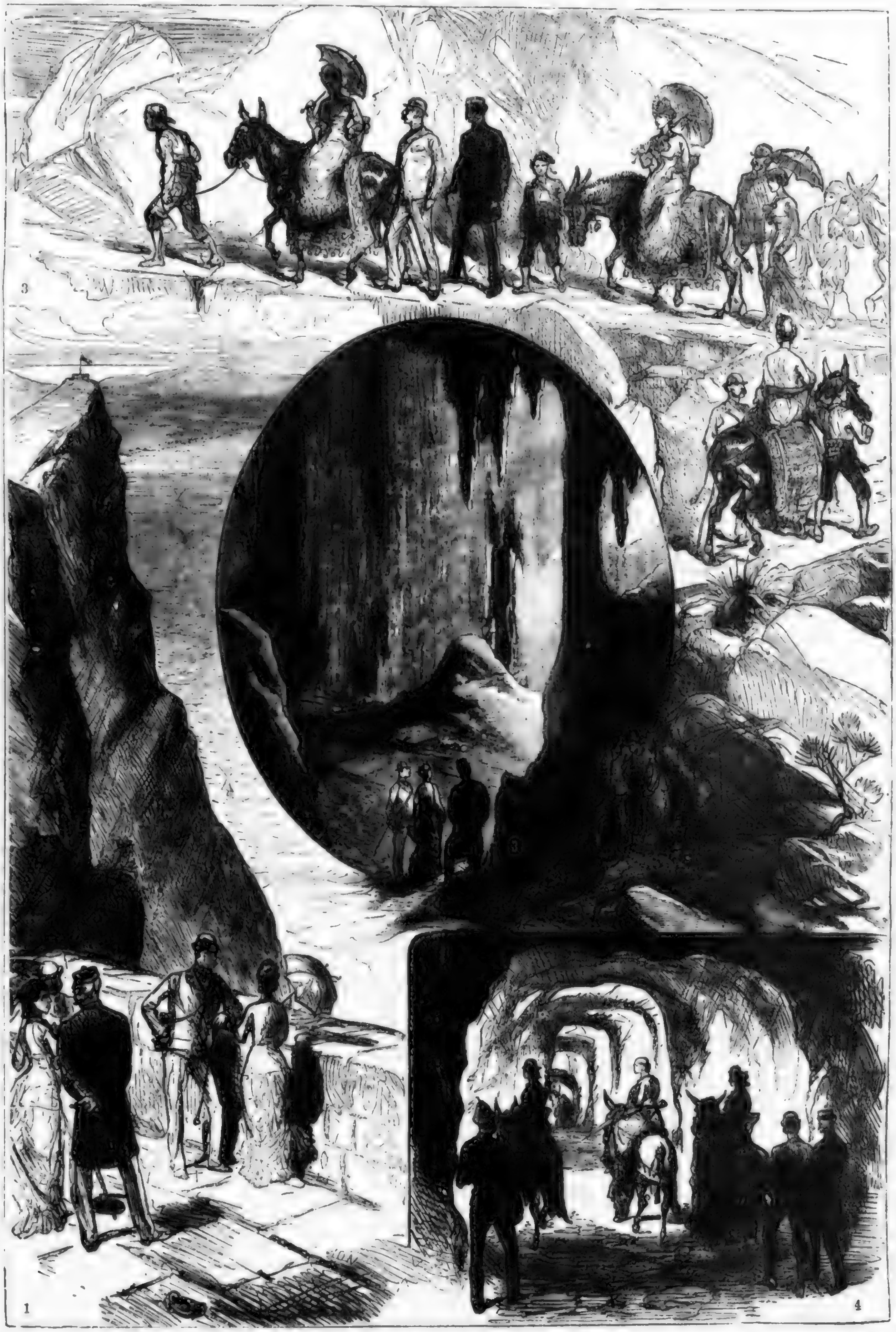
"Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing. Exercise in the open air might prolong her life. But she is beyond the reach of medicine."

I looked at the handsome creature.

"Must she suffer much?"

"Scarcely any. It will take some hours for the poison to take possession of the centres of life. When that has happened—puff! It will be like putting out a candle; the heart will stop; every function will cease in a single instant. It will be death without a pang."



A RUN TO GIBRALTAR.—1. THE SIGNAL STATION. 2. GOING TO THE SIGNAL STATION. 3. ST. MICHAEL'S CAVE. 4. THE GALLERIES. SEE PAGE 214.

I turned away my head; I could not speak.

The doctor laid his hand upon my arm with a strange mixture of prompt professional authority and tender friendliness in his manner.

"Tell me fully, but in the fewest words, why you were going to make this trial of speed."

I told him.

"Do it yet," he said; "do it to-night. It can do no harm, cause no pain, shorten no life—not even that of a brute. Your chance is better than before. The drug is a powerful stimulant. The Princess Blackie will trot in from three to ten seconds less than she could have done without it. Then she will die. I will have the friends who are to witness the race here within an hour."

He sprang into his carriage and dashed away.

Happily for us all, those command best who most readily obey.

It was a strange scene that the moonlight shone down upon that night. My friends, and the father of the woman I loved, watching in the judges' stand; I, who had never driven a horse in a race or against time, driving the Princess Blackie up and down to warm her up for the task before her.

At last all was ready. I came down to the wire at a tremendous speed.

"Go!" cried the physician.

I saw no one; I saw nothing but the grand living piece of machinery before me. How she trotted! How the wheels spun round! I tried to count my heart-beats, and to guess by the backward flight of posts and trees how fast we were going.

Do you know how much of life and thought can be packed into a trifle over two minutes? Can you guess? I know now. But never until that night.

The moon shone along the meadows, bright and clear. Was it a type of my future? A cloud swept across it; the wind moaned in a group of cedars; the horizon was vague and dark and shapeless. Was it my life I heard and saw?

There were more clouds before me now, whirling my hurrying way in a different direction. The wind was raw. A flake of snow fell cold and damp upon my face. The night was growing darker. But fate had been kind to me after all. To-morrow would have been too late—so said the signs of coming storm.

Three-quarters of a mile! Now for home! I leaned forward to speak words of kindness and encouragement to the gallant friend who was to give her life for me. I could hear my friends shout and cheer. They had timed the quarters. Surely they would never cheat me with a cruel hope which was baseless; I must be doing well. There must be at least a chance. On we dashed, faster than ever, it seemed to me. Suddenly there came such a shout of terror and anguish from my friends as I pray I may never hear again.

"Go back! For God's sake go back!" shouted the colonel.

Go back?—Never! Turn aside from my path?—Not if Death himself——

Merciful God! The moon shone out again just then. It glittered on something almost opposite me, just outside the track. It was a rifle-barrel it shone upon!

Click! It missed fire. I heard a curse. I leaned forward in my seat. I had not used the whip until now. I let it fall lightly—once only—on the Princess. Then I prayed; the first prayer, perhaps, which ever went up from between the hurrying wheels on a racetrack; not a coward's prayer; not a mere plea for life; but a passionate cry that I might win though I died for it.

"Try again, quick! Not the horse, you fool, the man! The horse is done for——"

The command was too late. There was a sharp report. We dashed under the wire.

Then the mare was on her knees; then up; then down to stay. The sulky was a wreck. I felt more than one bone snap asunder. I thought of my boyish ride, of John's death, of the final fate I had found at last, of my sins, of the woman I loved; the earth seemed to reel; the sky seemed to roll; I wondered what time I had made any way. Then chaos and oblivion.

They saved my life. My wife says she don't mind my looks—they didn't fully save them.

Fred Fovalle was missing the next day—Fred Fovalle and another man. They have never been traced. A steamship which sailed from New York a few days later was never heard from. It is a matter of some satisfaction to me to think that they may have been on board. I have a happy home, the best of wives, and many friends. What can a man want more?

I had a letter from Colonel Appleby this week. I showed it to my wife. She loves him tenderly despite his faults, and how can I blame her? Dear little woman, she even loves me. So I showed it to her. It pleased her. He has fully reformed, he says, and is a different man. Of course she believes it—again, can I blame her?—though he has written it a score of times before, and has shown himself still the same whenever he has visited our home.

I understand what his letter means. I shall not show my wife the one I get next week. I hope he won't need over twenty-five dollars this time.

I am writing late in October, 1884. Some very noteworthy trotting has been done this last Summer. But the time we made that Autumn night is a half-second better than anything ever done elsewhere yet.

That life is a race, is a favorite figure with some; to me it is a literal truth. And I won all in this world which makes life worth living by "the fastest time on record."

A RUN TO GIBRALTAR.

By C. F. Gordon Cumming.

Weary of mists and fogs, which, with the shortening days, betokened the near approach of hateful Winter, we determined to turn our faces eastward, and seek in other climes the light and warmth and sunshine denied to Britain.

Leaving Southampton shrouded in a gray November mist, we commenced a voyage which, from first to last, was like the pleasantest Summer's yachting. Of course, as we passed the Bay of Biscay, there was a grand sea on; we could not have wished it otherwise, for the waves off Cape Finisterre were a sight worth remembering.

There were a few of our fellow-passengers, however, who scarcely took the sublime view of things. They rather agreed with the man who said the first day, "that he thought he would die," on the second, "that he feared he would not." However, even these lifted up their heads at last, and then we found ourselves as pleasant a company as ever sailed together, under the wing of the most fatherly of fine old sailors.

Only one shadow crossed our path, when, in the Bay of Biscay, a terrible cry of "A man overboard!" made us aware that a poor young sailor had fallen from the rigging. For one moment a white face looked up from the seething waters, and that was all. A buoy was instantly thrown over, but we were running before a stiff breeze, and had gone some distance before the ship could be stopped and a boat lowered. For nearly an hour all eyes were strained to watch the tiny boat appearing and disappearing again, as it rose and fell behind the great green waves, with which the poor fellow had vainly battled. And at last his disheartened comrades returned, having found the buoy; proof positive that further search was hopeless.

Five minutes later the ship was again holding bravely on her course, and the passengers settled down to their previous occupations, just as if there had been no interruption at all. The poor young lad had only just joined the ship, but his mirth and songs had made him popular in his own mess; and his mates looked sad enough.

They sorted the sea-chest which his poor mother had packed with such loving hands only two days before, and sent it back to her from Gibraltar, with the tidings that must leave her hearth cold and dark for many a day.

The sailors, who always attribute every mischance to the presence of the "parsons," found three on board on this occasion; and to the college cap worn by one of these (as part of the regular naval dress of a naval chaplain) they at once attached all blame. Its doom was sealed; and at the solemn hour of midnight, while the owner slept the sleep of the innocent, a tribunal of smokers met in grim conclave to try the case. Then, chanting a funeral dirge, they consigned the guilty cap to the briny deep; and during the rest of the voyage the owner vainly sought for the treasure that could never return.

After this mischance we steamed swiftly onward, without let or hindrance, with scarcely a breath of wind to speed or check our course. And on every side stretched the vast, boundless circle of wide, lone waters--plain, unbroken and unvarying, save when the oily calm ruffled into little wavelets, more like a flight of seabirds than like the younger brethren of those heaving, tossing billows which had already swallowed up one of our company.

I think it must be a dark, prosaic spirit which can be altogether insensible to the silent teaching of such scenes as these. There is such a sense of unutterable repose in the unity of the broad sea and sky blending together on an invisible horizon; and this more especially in the stillness of a dark, moonless night, when their mysterious vastness comes over one with so awful a sense of the infinite, and when the spirit seems to expand as though it had found the breathing-room which it lacked in the gairish daylight.

And yet what an ever-renewed joy is the daily miracle of daybreak! I always feel, when I am on the sea, that it is well to be astir betimes, to greet that solemn dawn, to watch the light welling up from beneath the dark horizon, and, like an advancing tide, stealing onward, slowly, almost imperceptibly, and yet so steadily; till the pale stars hide their light, and the dark heaven is all glowing with the glory of the coming day. Still, the sea-line remains in darkness until the great day-star rises from "below the verge," and the whole is changed into one flood of radiant, dancing light, more dazzling than the glorious sun which it reflects. And with the dawn there often comes a breeze, and the crisp, exhilarating air makes the heart buoyant as itself.

On such a morning we caught our first glimpse of the wonderful old Rock of Gibraltar, as he lay, still half shrouded in mist, and just tinged with the earliest rays from behind the clear blue Atlas Mountains. Some have compared him to a grand couching lion, looking toward Africa, and I think the simile is good. A gigantic lion, in truth, 1,430 feet in height and three miles in length, seeming to float on the ocean. The African coast was almost as distinct as the Spanish; the Ape's Hill (Abyla) flushed with delicate lilac.

Then we remembered that we had reached the Mons Calpe, and that these two great rock-mountains were the very Pillars of Hercules, reminding us of the days when Europe and Africa were one continent, joined by a flat neck of land, across which the Phœnicians are said to have cut a canal, thus giving the ocean its first excuse for gradual encroachments. Five centuries before Christ the width was measured, and recorded at *half a mile.* One hundred years later it had widened to *four miles.* After three hundred years more, Pliny quotes it at *five miles.* Then Livy and the various writers allude to it at intervals, as gradually increasing to *six, ten* and *twelve miles;* this last is the present width, and the elevation of the ground on either side must render further enlargement impossible.

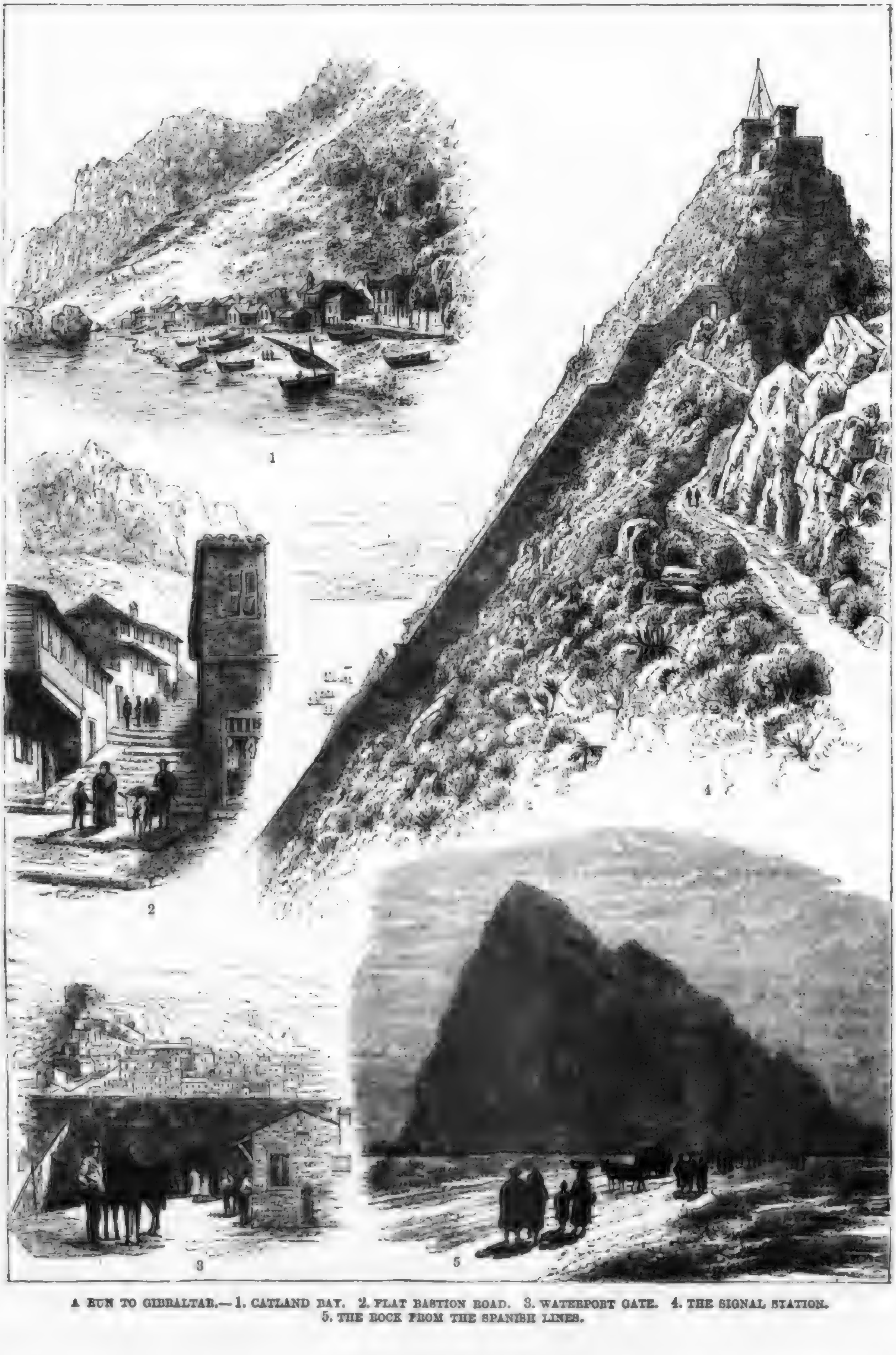
Delightful as the contrast of warm sunlight after chill fogs must ever be, I know of no spot where the transition appears so sudden and so charming, as when, one short week after leaving the leafless parks and squares of gray, colorless London, we find ourselves in such a blaze of sunshine as makes us gladly seek the shady side of the street, or take shelter beneath the cool foliage in the Alameda—that loveliest of gardens, which hangs in terraces along the face of the fortified cliffs, while below it strong lines of fortification guard the sea-level.

Those gray rocks meet a cloudless blue overhead, which finds its mirror in a still bluer sea. And here we sit among fan-like palmettos, under shadow of dark umbrella-pines, or the feathery aromatic pepper-tree, while masses of geraniums and Barbadoes aloes seem to fire the underwood with the bright jets of scarlet flame. Great cacti spread out weird arms, and tall spikes of aloes cut the sea-line, carrying our eyes across its blue to the dazzling white villages of San Roque and Algesiras, whose bull-fights and genuine sleepy Spanish life are so attractive to the dwellers on the Rock.

The former is only about five miles from Gibraltar, and is a favorite meet for the Calpe foxhounds, a garrison pack which affords many a good run. Good woodcock-shooting, partridges, and wild fowl, also afford excellent sport thereabouts. The intervening cork woods give good wild-boar hunting, and are also a rendezvous where pleasant riding parties find a shady picnicking ground, and then end the day with a swift ten-miles gallop homeward along the white sands, so as to pass the sentinels before the evening gun excludes alike friends and foes from British territory; else they are doomed to spend the dreary night on the sandy strip of neutral ground, which lies between the two parallel rows of sentry-boxes marking the English and Spanish lines. Eighteen white sentry-boxes mark the Spanish outposts, and a similar row, colored blue, form England's boundary. The intervening space is capable of being instantly flooded, if necessary, so as to turn Gibraltar into a true island. In time of peace, however, the neutral ground serves as a race-course and cricket-ground.

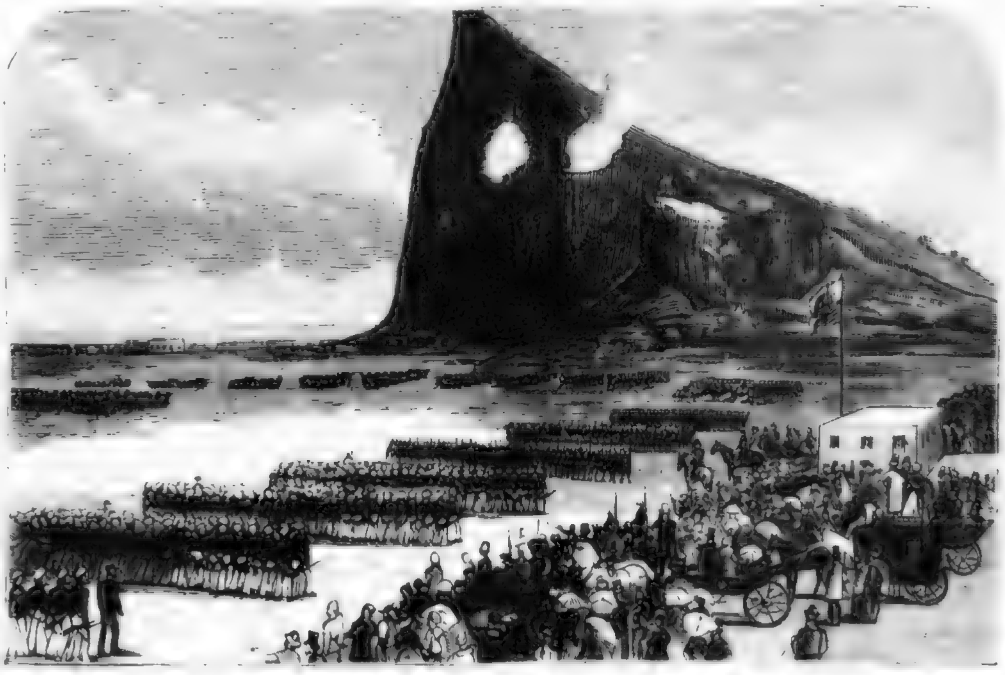
But military discipline is here the great order of the day. Never for one moment can you forget the ruling spirit. You dare not produce a pencil and notebook till your sketching-pass is duly signed and countersigned; and even that is only given for a limited period, and with the proviso that you must make no drawing of any fortification (as if you *could* omit the one characteristic of the place).

At every turn you come on the new batteries, great



A RUN TO GIBRALTAR.—1. CATLAND BAY. 2. FLAT BASTION ROAD. 3. WATERPORT GATE. 4. THE SIGNAL STATION. 5. THE ROCK FROM THE SPANISH LINES.

guns and mortars, with their thousand hard, black eyes, keeping watch and ward. Death's playthings everywhere. The very gardens yielding only grapeshot and other Dead Sea fruit. Beside the graceful flower-vases are heaped up great pyramids of cannon-balls; fixed bayonets gleam beneath the spiked aloes; tall plumes of grasses wave over plumed bonnets, and scarlet blossoms resolve themselves into tartans, as first one, then another, well-known regiment marches down with pipes playing; for there is a field-day on the parade-ground, in as picturesque a spot as you are likely to find; and Spaniards and Moors, Jews and Britons, are among the spectators, to say nothing of Rock Scorpions, as English children born on "Old Gib" are called.



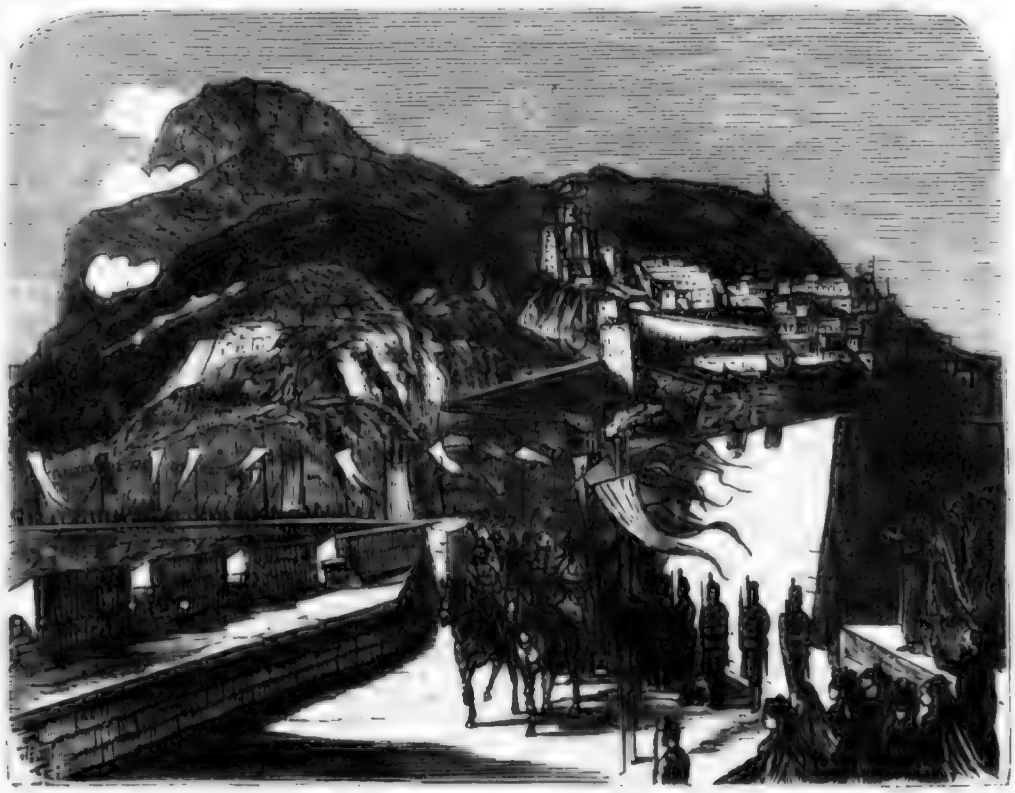
REVIEW OF TROOPS UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Doubtless, also, the Barbary apes are looking down on us from their haunts among the cliffs, where they still find a refuge, being protected by stringent laws. They are tailless, of course, as their name implies. Humble-looking creatures, yet more precious than all their long-tailed brethren, inasmuch as they are the sole representatives of the monkey tribe still existing in Europe. They are found, however, in vast numbers on the coast of Barbary; and this handful on the Rock corroborates the story of the former union of the two continents. It would seem that the making of the Phœnician canal had cut off the retreat of this little garrison. But, though they alone remain as living proofs of the time when Europe and Africa were one, there are wonderful caves in the Rock, where bones of elephants and rhinoceroses, leopards and hyenas, lie bleaching together, as they have lain for countless centuries; strange memorials of still more remote ages, when they and their fellows were free to wander at large through Spanish and Italian forests, and thence pass undisturbed to Calais, and across the dry land to Dover, there to leave their old bones for the wonder and edification of curious and inquisitive human beings in this nineteenth century.

The caves are not all antediluvian tombs. Some have been homes of the living, who have sought an asylum in times of danger.

One of the most interesting of these rock dwellings is known as Martin's Cave; its only entrance is from the actual face of the precipice; the perpendicular cliff towering seven hundred feet above it, while an equally precipitous wall of natural and artificial fortification lies between it and the calm blue sea below. The only access to this cave is along a steep and dangerous rocky ledge, scarcely to be called a path, whence one false step would hurl you through mid-air to find your rest in the quiet waters of the Mediterranean. But within the cavern you will find still quieter waters. You pass from the glowing sunlight into the dim, ghostly cave, where tall stalagmites rise up to meet the pendant stalactites which adorn the roof, giving an effect of gray pillars, some slender, some massive; and as you peer through these, into the innermost recesses of the cave, you perceive a still, dark pool, into which, from time to time, one single drop of water falls with a dull splash from the rock above.

A more beautiful stalactite cave is that of St. Michael, near the summit of the rock; a very large cave apparently



AN OFFICIAL RECEPTION AT GIBRALTAR.

supported by hundreds of these fairy pillars, all of the purest glittering white, which, when lighted up with blue fire, suggest some wonderful enchanted forest where stems and foliage have alike been transformed to silvery dazzling snow by the weird frost-genii. The entrance to this fairy palace is guarded by a dark, yawning chasm, whose gloomy depths have never been fathomed, though in each crevice there doubtless lurk sinister tales of horror.

Various enterprising travelers have tried to explore it. Some have returned from its shadows; to others they have proved fatal. Two soldiers started together, determined to solve its mysteries. One at length returned, the other was never again heard of. One gentleman succeeded in scrambling down four hundred feet. Another was lowered by ropes, and to his horror alighted on some soft substance, which by the pale glare of his torch he perceived to be the ghastly form of a murdered man. It may be that many such have here been beguiled to their doom, for few would think of searching in this eerie cavern.

The only ancient building of any interest on the Rock is an old Moorish castle, the Torre de Omenaje, built in the eighth century, when the Moors dethroned the Christian King of Spain. This we pass on our way to such of the fortified galleries as we are permitted to see, on the strength of a pass from the town-major. There are some of these which are kept so secret that no one is admitted. They are said to have been completed within five years, having been commenced in 1727 and finished in 1732. They are about three miles in extent, and are tunneled in tiers along the north front of the mighty crag. Their origin was a simple excavation in the face of the rock, as a place of shelter, with a breathing-hole. Then some one suggested that a cannon should be posted to defend the opening; and this idea led to the formation of those tunneled galleries running in tiers along the face of the precipice, which is perforated at intervals to allow mounted cannon to pour a raking fire on possible invaders.

In fact the whole rock from base to summit is lined with most formidable casemated batteries, and the different galleries are connected by passages also cut in the solid rock, to protect the troops from the enemy's fire. So that, if properly victualed and garrisoned, Gibraltar may well be deemed impregnable. Many a time has it already withstood every shock: lightning and gunpowder by turns have done their worst. Fire celestial and fire infernal have rained and raged round that grand gray rampart, and have made no more impression than a child's mimic gun on the stern old Rock. Storm-beaten it is, and scathed with fire, yet rearing the same calm front with which of old it has mocked all besiegers.

The formation of these fortified galleries seems to have given birth to the corps of sappers and miners. The inconvenience and expense of bringing from England civil mechanics, who might at any moment return home, gave rise to the idea of organizing a body of military artisans—a corps which has already left so many traces of its hundred-year life—but none more marvelous than the first-fruit of its labors. Each of the thousand guns stands in a small alcoved chamber, affording a grand shelter for the artillerymen, and it must be a rare chance which allows an enemy's shell to find entrance. One such successful aim is recorded during the siege, when a shot, entering through an embrasure on Princess Amelia's Battery, deprived the four gunners of seven legs.

As we rested in one of these recesses, enjoying the cool breeze that came up to us from the sea, we could not but think what rare music there must be from this great rock-organ, when the spirit of the storm is awake, and the wind pipes and whistles through these long corridors, and in and out of the gun-ports, making wild, wailing requiems for the brave who have fallen at their post, and songs of triumph for victories won.

We were led through what seemed to us never-ending galleries to various points of interest, such as the Salta del Lobo (the Wolf's Leap), Wilk's Battery, and the Rock Gun; the latter gives tongue at sunrise and sunset, and to the dwellers on the Rock gunfire is a very important regulator of daily life.

We clambered upward and onward, through one dark passage after another, till at last we reached St. George's Hall, where the excavation has been so large as to deserve that name, and which was once the scene of a great festival graced by the presence of Lord Nelson. Bristling cannon are posted at every opening round this great natural tower, so that in case of an attack they could sweep all before them.

Otherwise the scene that lay far beneath us, as we peeped out from the darkness, was calm and peaceful indeed—the narrow strip of sandy neutral ground, with the sea on either side for ever changing from blue to rippling sea-green like a sheet of veined malachite; then the Spanish lines, stretching back into the snow-capped Sierra Nevada, and all the mountain ranges of Granada; while the sheer precipice, from the verge of which we looked down, served as a most rugged foreground, carrying the eye downward to "The Devil's Tower," a fine old Moorish barbican, rising from the base of the cliff.

Peaceful as it was, imagination conjured up a strangely different scene, when land and sea alike swarmed with French and Spanish troops, 40,000 in number, who for four long years, from June, 1779, till February, 1783, beleaguered the fortress, then held by General Eliot, with a garrison of 7,000 men. The enemy erected batteries right across the sandy isthmus, while in the bay they had forty-seven ships of the line and ten "battering ships," besides countless lesser craft.

One night the Rock narrowly escaped being taken by surprise. A goatherd having undertaken to guide the Spaniards by a path then unknown to the English, 500 troops followed him one dark night, and crept silently to a hollow called Silleta, or little chair, and thence to the Signal Station, where they slew the guard. There the Spanish adventurers awaited reinforcements from below; these, however, were delayed, and the garrison meanwhile were aroused, and, sallying forth, drove back the invaders. The Silleta was immediately filled up, and the path utterly destroyed and made inaccessible, and the siege wore on through weary months.

At last a furious general attack was met by an incessant fire of redhot balls on the enemy's fleet—5,000 were thrown in one day; till at length the battering ships took fire, as, owing to the thickness of their timbers, the redhot balls sank deep into the wood and could not be dislodged. The scene that ensued in the darkness of that terrible night must have been awful indeed; and so fearful were the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying, that brave Englishmen forgot to let their foes perish in the flames, and ventured to their rescue; the Marine Brigade being foremost in this work of mercy, which added fresh laurels to their victory. It was said that in this engagement the Spaniards lost 3,000 men, while the garrison had only sixteen killed, and the damage done to the fortress was repaired in a few hours.

A few days later a formidable English fleet came to the relief of the town, the siege was raised, and Britain once more left in undisputed possession of the stronghold, which, in the days of Queen Anne, she had acquired, as a sort of luck-penny, while fighting on behalf of the Archduke Charles, in whose name it had been seized by Sir George Rooke, July 24th, 1704, who surprised it when garrisoned by only eighty men.

Of course Britain's holding Gibraltar is an arrangement about as pleasant for Spain as it would be to England to see a French garrison in full possession of Dover Castle, and fortifying impregnable galleries in Shakespeare's Cliff, beneath the protection of which all manner of smugglers might find safety; whereas any rash revenue cutter, venturing within range, would forthwith be fired at, and probably sunk! No wonder that Spain would fain reclaim this heaven-built bulwark of her shores.

Nor are there lacking some members of the Peace party who would gladly see Britain give up a possession which, even in time of peace, involves an annual expenditure of upwards of £20,000 to support her garrison of 5,000 men, in addition to the cost of ammunition. Others, remembering that upwards of £50,000,000 sterling has already been laid out in costly fortifications, hope that England may never be induced to give up a stronghold which Burke described as a post of power which makes us invaluable to our friends, and dreadful to our enemies; a secure station for the outfit and repair of vessels of all tonnage, a valuable coaling-station, and a fortress which, in addition to all possible munitions of war, is furnished with stores, and water-cisterns which, it is said, should supply a garrison of 150,000 men during two years.

Spain has, however, the meagre satisfaction of doing to Morocco what England has done to her, and irritates the Moors by retaining the town and Castle of Ceuta, which commands the opposite side of the straits. It acts as a sort of Botany Bay, being a military prison for convicts, and is defended by a large Spanish garrison. The place was originally founded by the Phœnicians, and has been a possession hardly contested by Romans, Goths, and Moors. The latter still struggle to wrench it from their foes. They have succeeded in cutting off the whole water-supply, which was dependent on a great aqueduct, so that the garrison is now compelled to draw, not provisions only, but even water, from the opposite coast of Spain; chiefly from the little town of Algeciras, whose white houses we see yonder, reflected in the blue sea.

In olden days Algeciras was a place of such importance, that it was looked upon by the Moors as the key of Spain, and the title of King of Algeciras is still borne by the Spanish monarchs, a title assumed when, in 1334, the Moorish city was captured by the Christian host after a siege of twenty months. Crusaders from all parts of Christendom came to the aid of the gallant Alonzo XI. of Spain, and the siege formed a marked era in the wars of the Crescent and the Cross.

In the flush of victory, Alonzo caused the fine old Moorish town to be destroyed, and its fortifications were razed to the ground. The modern town was rebuilt in the middle of last century, by order of Charles III., with the intention of keeping a vigilant watch over proceedings at Gibraltar, and in some measure checking the amount of smuggling which was so openly and extensively carried on from the British free port. The authorities on the Spanish frontier seem, however, to have connived at a system which, however disadvantageous to the revenue, was profitable to themselves individually, so that it is only quite recently that any check has been laid on smuggling. Now, the principal article of illicit trade is tobacco, large quantities of which are thus conveyed into Spain by Spanish subjects.

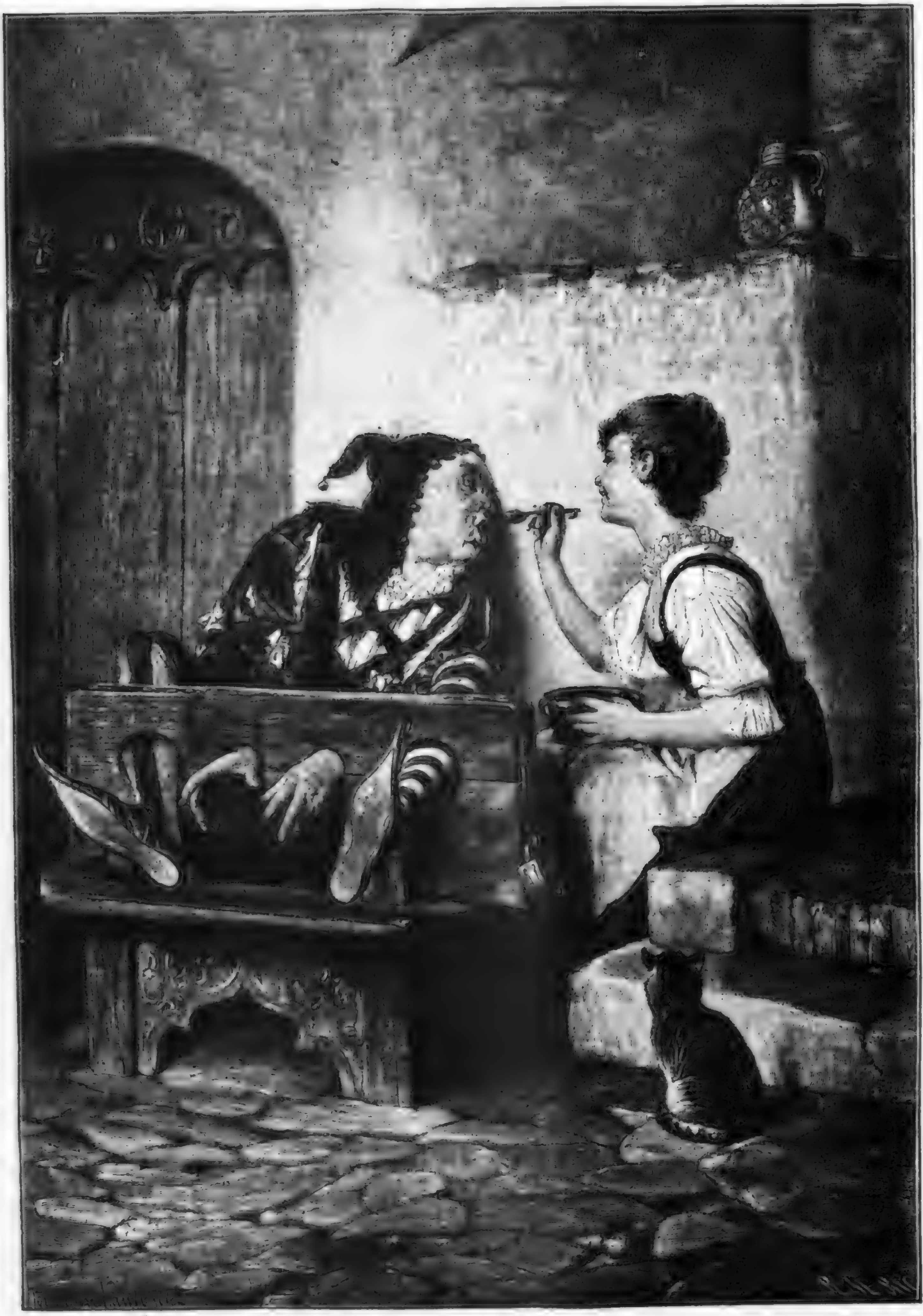
On the highest point of the Rock is the Signal Station, known to the Spaniards as *El Hacho*, "The Torch," in memory of the beacon-fires which gave warning of danger in days gone by. The view from this point is magnificent. On the one hand, looking toward Europe across the sandy isthmus, we see the Sierra de Ronda and the coast of Spain, while in the far distance the snowy sierras of Granada are scarcely to be distinguished from luminous clouds. Then, looking across the sunlit straits, we behold a land, green, and seemingly fertile, scarcely realizing our dreams of Africa. Along the coast we discern the towns of Ceuta, San Roque, and Algeciras, with a background of classic mountain ranges. One of them bears the name of Gibal Moosa, the Mount of Moses, which reminds us that the name of the Rock on which we stand is a corruption of Gibal Tarik, the Mount of Tarik, a title derived from the Berber conqueror, who landed here in the year A.D. 711.

As a foreground we have on the one hand the mighty precipice, which forms the face of the Rock—on the other, but far, far below us, lies the town of Gibraltar with its quiet harbor. Beautiful beyond telling is the soft dreamy loveliness of the azure plain that lies outstretched before us, losing itself in a boundless horizon, while on its nearer waters float vessels of every size, all faultlessly mirrored in the blue waters. Amongst others, we note the *Owen Glendower*, Nelson's first line-of-battle ship, now used as a hospital for sick convicts—a race of miserable wretches whom we have seen working in large gangs on all the public roads.

The west, where the strongly fortified town lies, is the only side from which the Rock is accessible; the east and south are naturally so steep and rugged, and so very difficult of access, that an attack would seem almost hopeless, even were there no fortifications; and as to the North Face, it is a sheer perpendicular precipice of about 1,400 feet, apparently wholly inaccessible.

Yet down this face, two months before our visit, an American sailor clambered for mere frolic. Of course, as his shipmates would say, he was several sheets in the wind; which probably accounted for his safety, as no sober man could possibly have performed such a feat, and you know the proverb which declares, "Il y a un Dieu pour les ivrognes!" The guard below stood breathlessly watching this proceeding, and at once arrested him, till he could give account of himself. And next day every atom of projecting rock, that had afforded him footing, was carefully removed, and the precipice literally scraped.

Descending from the galleries, we now continued our wanderings over this historic ground. I cannot say that the city has much to recommend it to the artistic eye; its streets are narrow, but not picturesque. The flat-roofed houses are dull and dingy. Huge whitewashed barracks are dazzling in their cleanliness, but painfully commonplace. None of the public buildings can be called attractive. The garrison library ranks high, and there are several clubs and a theatre. The Governor seeks refuge from an uninteresting Government House in a pleasant country villa, which nestles under the cliffs at Europa Point. The Anglican bishop ministers in an English cathedral of a Moorish type of architecture. The Roman Catholic Vicar Apostolic, who bears the title of Bishop of Antinoe, has recently succeeded in supplementing a very poor church by a really handsome building. The Wesleyans and Presbyterians are each represented, and the Jews have a synagogue, in which, however, no



A SERIOUS TIME FOR THE FOOL.

women are allowed to appear. They may attend public worship in private, within closed galleries.

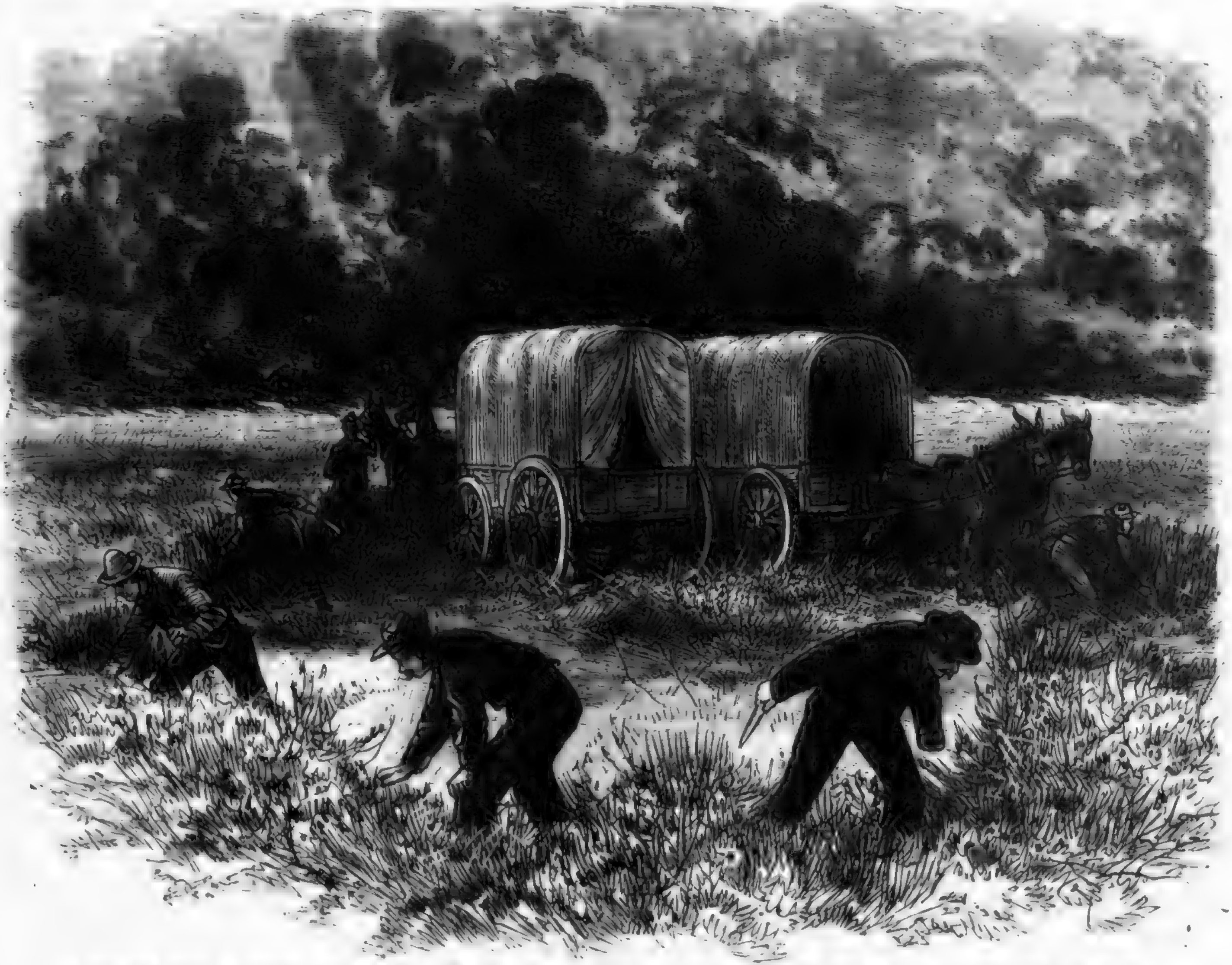
The colony is so essentially British, that none save British subjects may enter it without a passport, and no foreigner—not even an American—may stay on the Rock without obtaining a police permit for a specified number of days. Those who wish to become residents have to find security from their Consul or some other householder.

The resident population is about 17,000, exclusive of the garrison, which numbers about 5,000 in time of peace. But in addition to these, there is a constant influx of sailors from the vessels in harbor, and of Moors and Spaniards, bringing their wares to market—fruit, fish, vegetables, and game. These lend a strong dash of Oriental life and color to the too prosaic town, and moreover offer us many temptations in the form of rich Moorish stuffs, charming woolen saddle-bags for mules, Spanish mantas of striped woolen stuff, with large bright tassels, and beautifully enameled metal-work.

Here and there some genuine Spanish figures lounge in the shade; Spanish muleteers with strings of pack-mules, munching melons, or smoking Spanish cigars, and purposing to return home laden with contraband goods. Those tall stately men in blue and white robes, or camel's-hair cloak and hood, are Moors, genuine brown Othellos, whose brown feet are incased in brown slippers. You may see them stalking along at sunrise, making for some point looking eastward, where they may worship toward Mecca. They go calmly and quietly, as a thing of course, with the dignity of men who have business on hand, worth attending to.

Strangely in contrast with these are the names which meet our eyes at every corner: "The King's Arms," "The Good Woman," "Ragged Staff," Big Gun Alley, Boomproof Lane, Snake in the Grass, Devil's Tongue; the latter a fortified jetty with fire-tongued guns. Evidently the British soldier has had something to say in this matter.

WEALTH and luxury are sources of weakness rather than strength, if not accompanied by intellectual vigor and moral rectitude.



A PRAIRIE FIRE AT NIGHT, AND HOW WE ESCAPED IT.—"WITH OUR SHEATH-KNIVES WE CAREFULLY CUT THE GRASS IN A CIRCLE ABOUT TEN FEET IN DIAMETER."

A PRAIRIE FIRE AT NIGHT, AND HOW WE ESCAPED IT.

WHOEVER travels much in the Western or Far Western States will have his attention arrested frequently by the fact that every village, as well as every farm, has one or more furrows plowed around it through the otherwise unbroken prairie. He asks what this is for, and is told that it is intended as a fire-guard, the usual precautions against the fires which, every Autumn, sweep over the prairies like whirlwinds.

This single upturned furrow, or, in some instances, narrow strip of plowed land, answers its purpose well generally, but does not always suffice.

A few years ago, at a place called Frankton, in Nebraska, the flames leaped over half a dozen furrows, and, sweeping on with resistless might, burned houses, haystacks, standing corn and wheat, and stopped only when they met the Elkhorn River. This fire nearly ruined the farmers in all that section. And this is what the frontiersmen are always in fear of with every approaching Fall.

Sometimes cattle and horses, and even men, lose their lives in these swiftly-moving swirls of fire. Commonly, when in danger, they take to the water, where they remain, nearly buried, till the flames sweep past, but when no water can be found, as is often the case in many of the States, they have no resort except to "fight fire with fire," as they say.

This means that when a fire is rapidly approaching, they meet it by setting another, and on this burned spot, where the fire has nothing left to feed on, they stand in safety till the danger is past.

I had read of these occurrences, and several times, while passing on swift trains, eastward or westward, I had seen prairie-fires at a distance—long lines of smoke in the daytime, and long reaches of flame by night—till the sight was so familiar that I thought I knew about what a fire on the prairies meant. But it was only a few years since that I first saw such a conflagration under circumstances which could lead me to appreciate it.

I then learned that all the fires travelers see from the windows of railway-cars are only children's bonfires when compared with those which are sometimes seen. Shall I describe one for the readers of this Magazine?

In the Autumn of 1879, in company with three friends, I had been on a long hunting-trip in Western Nebraska, in that immense region lying between the Niobrara and North Platte Rivers.

It was near the middle of November when we started homeward across the broad and gently rolling prairies of that wild region, as yet so largely untrodden by the foot of the white man.

We had two heavy wagons drawn by mules, and had two experienced guides, who also acted as drivers—so making six men of us in all. We also carried sufficient water to supply ourselves and mules for forty-eight hours, and, being thus provided, we camped wherever night overtook us.

One night, as we begun pitching our canvas, we noticed a long line of smoke far to the southward. Of course we knew it must be a prairie-fire, and we knew, too, that such a fire just then would run with great rapidity, for the grass was exceptionally heavy, and there had been no rain for several weeks. But as there was no wind that evening, and the smoke appeared to be so very far away, we gave the matter little attention, and went on making preparations for the night.

The column of smoke grew wider, and more black, however, as the sun went down, until by dusk it was clear that the fire was moving rapidly toward us, and that we must plan to escape it in some way. Our guides were perfectly calm, and under their directions we began work. With our sheath-knives we carefully cut the grass in a circle about ten feet in diameter, and after gathering all into the centre, we set fire to it, standing meantime within the circle where the grass had been cut. This fire spread rapidly, and in a short time several acres were so thoroughly burned over that there was nothing left for another fire to feed on, and we could here remain in safety. We picketed our mules at a safe distance from the unburned prairie, and then going as near as we dared to the edge of our burnt track, we watched the approaching flames. I had no idea how rapidly such a fire will move.

Since then I have read several statements to the effect that prairie-fires do not move as rapidly as a man can walk, and all stories of their great speed are purely fictitious. It is possible that at certain seasons, when grass is not very dry, or where it is thin from having been herded for weeks, this may be the case; but I do know that in many instances the flames move more rapidly than the fleetest horse can travel—and, indeed, with a favorable wind, sometimes outrun even the wild animals who endeavor to flee before them. This particular fire did not move so fast as that, but it did advance at a rapid rate.

As darkness came on the spectacle was brilliant, magnificent, not to say appalling. To the right and left the fiery columns stretched away for leagues, and the prairie for miles around was lighted up with a strange, unearthly glare. It was not as light as day, for no light can equal that of the sun, but the darkness was dispelled to such an extent that I could see the patches of gray in the beard of one of my comrades, and the anxious frown on the brow of another, who was not a little alarmed lest it should prove that we were not safe after all. As the flames surged onward with a roar like the sound of many waters, our emotions were simply indescribable.

We thought of the great fires known to history—of the burning of Moscow, London, Chicago and Boston. These were terrible conflagrations, crumbling even granite buildings between their fiery teeth, but they lacked the lightning-like swiftness and whirlpool character of this burning prairie—this tossing sea of flame.

We thought of the pillar of fire which of old led the escaping Hebrews through the parted waves of the Red Sea, and it required but little imagination to see Pharaoh's overturned chariots and struggling horsemen in the fiery waves. Instinctively I found myself repeating aloud that portion of the "Dies Iræ" hymn which says:

> "When shining like a parchèd scroll,
> The flaming heavens together roll;
> And louder yet, and yet more dread,
> Swells the high trump that wakes the dead."

And had one just awakened from sleep, he would have been pardoned for supposing that hour had come.

When the flames were within a hundred and fifty yards of us, for that was the nearest they came, the heat was so intense, we had to hide behind our wagons for protection, while we drenched the canvas coverings with water again and again, to keep them from taking fire.

One of the most interesting things was to watch the wild creatures in their frantic efforts to escape.

Generally speaking, there is nothing wilder than birds and beasts which live a long way from settlements.

Deer, which might be approached within reasonable distance in a region where human beings are occasionally seen, are here simply unapproachable, and prairie-chickens, which in a settled country will hide beneath oak scrub till driven out by a kick from the hunter's foot, are so wild on the great prairies, that it is impossible to get within a hundred yards of them.

One of the evidences that the story of Robinson Crusoe is pure fiction is the statement he makes concerning the animals found on his lonely island, that:

> "They are so unacquainted with man,
> Their tameness is shocking to me."

But now, when surrounded by a common danger, bird and beast alike seem unmindful of our presence and of each other. At one time three deer came dashing past us, one of them going between us and our mules, apparently without noticing either. Soon after an old buck sprang out of the smoke and staggered by, evidently about used up. He came so near me, I could have killed him with a pistol, but it seemed so cruel to shoot a creature struggling against such a pursuer as fire, that we let him pass unharmed.

Wolves and jack-rabbits, who will never be friends till the time when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together in peace, rushed by so close as almost to touch each other, alike intent only on their own safety from the fire. We saw swift-winged ducks from some distant slough, long-legged and hoarse-voiced cranes from some neighboring sandhill, and dozens of hawks, all hurrying onward for their lives, while occasionally a poor weary chicken would get bewildered, and fly headlong into the flames.

Several times our mules becames infected with the mania of flight, and struggled terribly to break their lariats, but we soon quieted them, for we had learned before this that a mule can either be driven rapidly, or made to stand perfectly still, as occasion may require, by a vigorous application of the lash.

But at length the fiery column had passed us, and was moving rapidly on, leaving only the charred and blackened prairie, with here and there the dead body of bird or beast to mark its course. Gradually the smoke floated away, the wind died out, and the silent stars rained down their lustre on the scene. The fire had been accidentally or purposely set by the hand of some man, and in a few hours the whole prairie was a picture of desolation.

But before one week shall pass this blackened plain will again be beautiful with upspringing shoots of green, for the fire has merely scorched the surface, and has not burned the roots of the grass. Thus Nature effaces man's work of destruction, and the world rolls on its appointed course.

A BROKEN HEART.

A correspondent thus writes: "Nearly twenty years ago I owned a pair of beautiful canaries—the male being a very fine fellow, with a rich, musical note. Having furnished them with the outside rough form of a nest in straw, leaving them to complete its comforts with bits of soft wool, down, and small feathers, they were shortly in the happy possession of four eggs. In due course four young ones presented themselves, to the evident delight of the parents, who fed them from daylight to dark, their favorite food being the yelk of hard-boiled eggs. Time brought round the period when, instead of raw, naked helpless creatures always "asking for more," four full-fledged young birds frisked about the cage like so many pretty yellow balls of fine soft wool. They grew to be very fine birds; and first one friend and then another coveted them, until all had gone but one little youngling, which remained as the only solace of the parents. This last of the family was the delight of their hearts; they fondled it and played with it as we have seen an affectionate mother do with her child, and seemed to exert themselves to amuse it in every possible way their fancy prompted.

"Probably a happier little family never existed. But, alas! the spoiler came. Another friend coveted the last of the little flock, and it was taken away. And from that moment the joyous song of the male bird gave place to a painfully feeble little chirp. He sat on the perch with a drooping, heart-broken, spiritless aspect; his wings hung down as if all power and vitality had left him; and within twenty-four hours from the time of his bereavement he fell dead from the perch. The affectionate creature had evidently died of grief for the loss of his "one ewe lamb." The cage was given away with the remaining bird; and no inducement could tempt me again to run the risk of perhaps unconsciously being the cause of so much unhappiness and misery."

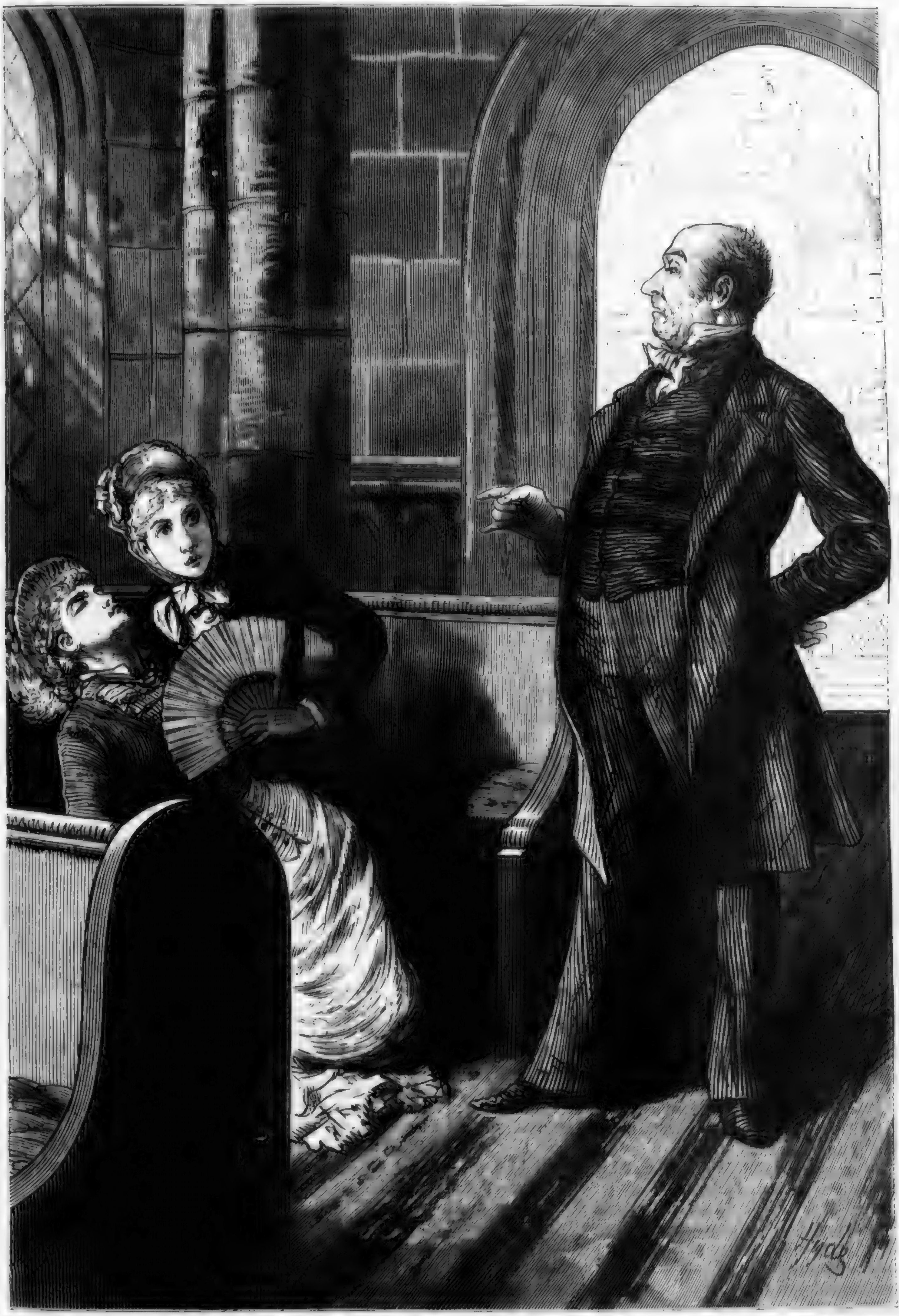
CULTIVATED PLANTS.

Among the plants which are cultivated for the sake of their leaves, the best known is the common cabbage. The cabbage grows wild at the present day in parts of England, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and in some parts of France along the southern coast. This separate appearance in two very different regions seems to indicate that it may be indigenous to one only, and have escaped from gardens in the other. It does not grow wild in any part of Russia, and Siberia appears to be too cold for it, even under cultivation. The ancient names for it are very uncertain, and there is every reason to believe that it is a native of Europe. Garden-cress is of Persian origin, and is still found wild in the Persian mountains, whence it has spread over the world as a garden vegetable. The purslane of our fields, which, among us, is a troublesome weed, is one of the most ancient plants known to the botanist, and has a name in every language, ancient or modern. Its native home is India, where, at the present day, it is still found growing, even at the tops of the highest mountains. New Zealand spinach is the only cultivated plant which has come to us from New Zealand, whence it was brought by Captain Cook, who procured the seeds while on his famous voyage around the world.

Wild celery grows all over Europe and the south of Asia as well, being so wildly spread that to trace its origin is difficult. It is thought to be a native of India. Parsley still grows wild in the south of Europe, from Spain to Turkey. It was mentioned by Pliny, and was one of the plants which Charlemagne ordered to be cultivated in his gardens. Lettuce is a native of Italy, and the artichoke of the north of Africa. The lettuce was a favorite dainty among the Romans, and is frequently alluded to in the accounts of their feasts. Wild chiccory is found everywhere in Europe, in Siberia, and in the north of Africa, but its exact home is conjectural. The ordinary spinach of the garden is one of the few plants of modern times. The ancients knew nothing of it, and it is uncertain when it was introduced into Europe. About its origin there have been the most diverse conjectures, some authors claiming that it came from the north of Siberia, while others think it a native of Persia. The Chinese call it the Persian plant, seeming to confirm the latter supposition, which is made almost certain by the fact that a kind of spinach does grow wild in Persia at the present time, differing very little from the cultivated variety.

Flax seems to grow wild in almost all the southern part of Asia, the south of Europe and the north of Africa, and its name, from the root *lin*, is found in many languages, while jute is almost equally well known in a wild state to Europe, Asia and America. The sumach is a native of the Mediterranean region, and of a tract extending across the Asiatic continent from the east to the west. Tobacco is an American plant, not being even known to the Old World before the discovery of America. The rapidity with which the cultivation of this plant has spread to all parts of the globe in so short a time is one of the wonders of modern botany. Hemp seems to have originated in Central Asia, but as the material of a textile fabric was little known in Europe up to very recent times. In Egypt, even down to the close of the last century, it was cultivated only for the sake of an intoxicating liquor that was extracted from the plant. It is certainly a native of the region south of the Caspian Sea. Sugar-cane was first cultivated in India, thence spread to Africa, thence to America, but this migration has been in comparatively recent times, for the Romans had only a vague idea of the reed which the Indians loved to chew; the Hebrews knew no more of sugar than did the Greeks and Romans, and even during the Middle Ages this article was either altogether unknown or alluded to as a curiosity.

ESMERALDA DANCING ON THE PLACE DE GRÈVE.



THE SECRET OF ONE LIFE.—"'WILL YOU CALL A CARRIAGE?' I SAID TO THE SEXTON; 'MY COUSIN IS ILL!' I COULD HAVE STRUCK HIM FOR THE SNEERING SMILE UPON HIS FACE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

AUGUST IS HERE AGAIN.

THE yellow golden-rod is dressed
In gala-day attire ;
The glowing red-weed by the fence
Shines like a crimson fire ;
And from the hot field's furthest edge
The cricket's soft refrain
With mellow accents tell the tale
That August's here again.

In shining blue the aster wild
Unfolds her petals fair ;
The clematis, upreaching, seeks
To clasp and kiss the air ;
The brilliant poppy flaunts her head
'Mid fields of ripening grain,
And adds her voice to swell the song
That August's here again.

The dusty thistle by the road
Scatters his silvery spray;
The sun pours down its scorching beams
Upon the fainting day;
The blackberry-vine bends 'neath its weight
Of fruit down in the lane ;
And adds its testimony too
That August's here again.

The wild bird from the young elm's bough
Sways in the languid breeze ;
And here and there the Autumn tints
Gleam faint among the trees ;
All nature helps to tell the tale
Or chant the same refrain,
June and July have slipped away
And August's here again.

THE SECRET OF ONE LIFE.

BY S. A. SHEILDS.

ETTA VARNE was my first cousin, and the story of her life, the story of her love, are familiar to me as that of my own heart. She was a beautiful, talented girl ; I was a deformed, commonplace person, twisted out of all symmetry by a fall in infancy, though comforting friends told me my face had all the beauty that was the inheritance of a Varne.

When Uncle John, Etta's father, died, bankrupt, we two, girls of eighteen and twenty, were taken from a home where luxuries had been necessities, to face poverty and toil. Etta had absolutely nothing, but my little income of three hundred dollars a year had been the care of my guardian, and remained to me. As I had always had a home with Etta, and my personal expenses were small, I had quite a sum of money put by, when we left our old home, and took furnished rooms in New York.

Our old friends had given us letters that at once gave Etta employment as a teacher of music, and in a church-choir she secured a salaried position that added to our income. From a child her love of music had been a ruling passion, and Uncle John had secured the best instruction, to develop a decided talent, that was her pleasure and companion in her happy girlhood, and her friend and support when she was thrown upon her own resources. Realizing its importance, she continued her own lessons under the best instruction as soon as we were settled in New York, and obtained many pupils in that way, to prepare them for her professor's more advanced studies.

We were very happy when the first shock of grief had worn away, I keeping house in our three rooms, while Etta was away all day, but never lonely, because always busy.

We had some social pleasures, too, in a quiet way, often receiving invitations from old friends, but seldom accepting them.

Our own cozy sitting-room was brightened by Etta's piano, a gift from her uncle, that her father's creditors told her she could take with her, and many trifles that were our personal possessions, and honestly our own. A few pictures, a number of Christmas and birthday gifts, and some of our needlework, made the hired furniture endurable, and many of my leisure hours were spent in making this room bright and attractive.

Here we sang together, sewed, read, compared the day's experiences, practiced, played chess or bézique, and made the evening's pleasure compensate for the day's separation.

It was at Mrs. Heyne's that we met Clarence Hewson, and I noticed even then how he hung about Etta, seeming to see nothing else in the room but her exquisite dainty face and figure.

Describe her ? Well, I can try, but it is not easy. Large brown eyes ; waving brown hair in, richest profusion, curling wherever little tendrils escaped ; delicate features ; a sensitive, beautiful mouth with pearly teeth, and a slender figure full of grace. Does that describe her ?

I cannot in words convey to you the peculiar charm of her beauty. She had a soft, colorless complexion in repose, but the color came and faded with every emotion. She had dreamy eyes, but they varied with every mood ; flashing, melting, softening, brightening, never the same for two moments together if she was interested or excited. Her face always reminded me of those tinted porcelain shades that vary with every gradation of the light behind them.

And her face was the key to her character. Easily moved, tender in feeling, clinging in her affections, she was born to enjoy or to suffer with an intensity of ecstasy or pain unknown to calmer natures.

I was but two years her senior, and yet I seemed a lifetime older, and I think my love for her had something almost maternal in its protecting fondness. So, when I saw Clarence Hewson evidently attracted by her sweet face, I watched him with a jealous scrutiny.

He was a handsome man—a very handsome man, tall, finely formed and with a graceful, wellbred manner.

Mrs. Heyne told me that he was a clerk in a wholesale house "down-town," and had been introduced by a friend, but she evidently knew very little about him.

Still, when he asked permission to call, I could not find any objection to urge against it, my own heart being drawn to him by his frank, cordial manner, his gentle courtesy.

Looking back over the sad, sad story that this evening commenced, I cannot blame myself as some might blame me. Though I was a self-appointed guardian to my fair young cousin, set apart by my deformity, aged by suffering, I was really but a girl in years, and had led a life of seclusion in a happy home. How was I to learn suspicion, distrust, caution ?

So Clarence Hewson became our guest in the pretty sitting-room, coming only occasionally at first, but soon more frequently, until every evening found him with us.

He sang with Etta, and her sweet face flushed and brightened as his rich tenor voice melted to tender tones over the words of love the song permitted. He read to us while we sewed, or, best of all, chatted gayly, telling us of a thousand city experiences new to our country-bred ears. Sometimes he spoke of his mother with warmest devotion, regretting that a chronic disease made her too great an invalid to give or receive calls. Always he seemed to us the very personation of a frank, perfect manliness, and not one doubt of his truth or honor ever crossed my mind or Etta's.

It was not long before my dear little cousin began to make shy, girlish confidences to me, telling me how Clarence Hewson "happened" to be at the restaurant where she took a hurried luncheon at noon, or met her "accidentally" on her way home, or joined her in the walk to church that I but seldom took.

My pretty darling's blushes, her drooping head, her vailed eyes, told me far more than her whispering voice, and when Clarence Hewson came to me, as the only guardian the child had, with a straightforward story of his love and hope, I bade him God-speed in his wooing, and wished him happiness and success.

It was my own business, and hurt no one that I locked myself in my room and buried my own love deep, deep in the secret recesses of my heart.

How could I help loving him? He was so tender to my infirmities, so beautifully pitiful, not wounding me ever, so delicate was his thoughtful compassion.

When I was held captive, as I was often, by acute suffering, he sent me flowers, fruit, messages of sympathy, offers of service, with as much tenderness as he could have shown to Etta herself. I was not sufficiently idiotic to hope, but I loved Clarence Hewson with my whole heart. And so I made his wooing as bright as a dream of Paradise for him and for Etta. I planned for them, I entered into all their schemes for a future home, I sent them together on household commissions to the other end of the city, I invented headaches that kept me in my room in the evening. Ah, my conscience is very clear about their happiness at that time! No mother could have more eagerly promoted a child's pleasure.

My pen lingers over those months after Etta gave her promise to Clarence to be his wife. His salary, he told us, was too small for ambitious housekeeping, and his mother was accustomed to the services of a woman who had been years in her employ, so he would not take Etta to his home.

After many discussions we thought it would be best to still live where we were, adding some rooms to our limited quarters. And we became quite miserly, saving every spare dollar for the *trousseau* and the furnishing of the additional rooms.

Once only I questioned Clarence about his mother, and the reason he never took his promised bride to see her, and he told me then that her disease was one that made her loathsome to any but such affection as a son's, and that her mind was weakened beyond any comprehension of his new relations.

"She has an income sufficient for all her wants, pleasant rooms, a competent, devoted nurse," he told me, "and it would do her no good, and afford her no pleasure to see Etta, while to Etta herself it would be a severe trial, if not positive suffering, to see her."

After that I said no more, and we never even knew where Mrs. Hewson lived.

The wedding-day was set, and already Etta had made dainty garments, singing over her work with that heart-free song that comes only from happy lips, smiling often as if she saw pictures in her joyous fancies of the life before her.

My pretty darling! How I petted her in those weeks of perfect peace and sweetness, knowing that, loving me no less, she must still have a life apart from mine after her marriage.

Just one week before the day set for her wedding she gave up the last of her pupils, and the next day, a sunny June morning, proposed that we should make a holiday in shopping for the new rooms. Happy as a child with a new toy in prospect, she counted her savings, made an appalling list of treasures to be purchased, donned her prettiest walking dress—the last faint remnant of mourning, before the pretty wedding-outfit was worn, and was ready by ten o'clock for a long excursion in carpet and furniture stores.

I can see her now in her soft violet dress, the pretty white hat, velvet-trimmed, and the happy smile on her face, that never, alas! never came to her lips again.

We had but commenced our walk when we passed a fashionable church, where the carriages stood in long rows, and elegantly dressed people flocked in at the wide open doors. The organ was rolling forth in grand chords, and Etta whispered:

"A wedding! Come in, Louey. Then I shall know just how to behave next week."

Having a true feminine love for a wedding, I went in willingly. The bridal party was passing up the aisle, the bride in all magnificence of superb lace and satin, and followed by a long line of white-robed ladies and their escorts.

Not until the service was over did we see fully the face of the bridegroom. I had seen a little smile quiver over Etta's face as his voice rang out, clear and full, saying, "I, Clarence, take you, Leonora—" but no thought of what was before us crossed my mind until, slowly coming toward us, his bride upon his arm, I recognized Clarence Hewson. Not the plainly dressed clerk who had wooed my cousin, but a man in faultless broadcloth, white kid gloves, a diamond stud blazing in his shirt-front and his face lighted by a smile of proud content as his eyes rested upon the beautiful woman at his side.

I would have started out and confronted him before them all, but with one deep low moan Etta fell forward, utterly unconscious.

Before she moved or spoke the church was empty, save for us two and the sexton, who stood with ill-concealed impatience at the door of the pew we occupied.

"Will you call a carriage?" I said to him; "my cousin is ill?"

I could have struck him for the sneering smile upon his face, but he turned away, presently coming back to tell me the carriage was waiting. Etta was sitting up then, and spoke to him.

"Can you tell me the names of the wedding-party to-day?"

"Certainly, miss. Miss Leonora Van Horn and Mr Clarence Hewson."

"Who is Mr. Hewson?" I asked. "He seems to be wealthy."

"I should say he was," answered the sexton. "He's Lemuel Hewson's grandson and heir, and there's no counting the old man's money."

"Has he a brother?" I asked, one desperate hope remaining.

"No, miss! He's been coming here to church with his grandfather ever since he wore petticoats, and he's the only one."

"Take me home! Oh, take me home!" whispered Etta, and I obeyed her at once.

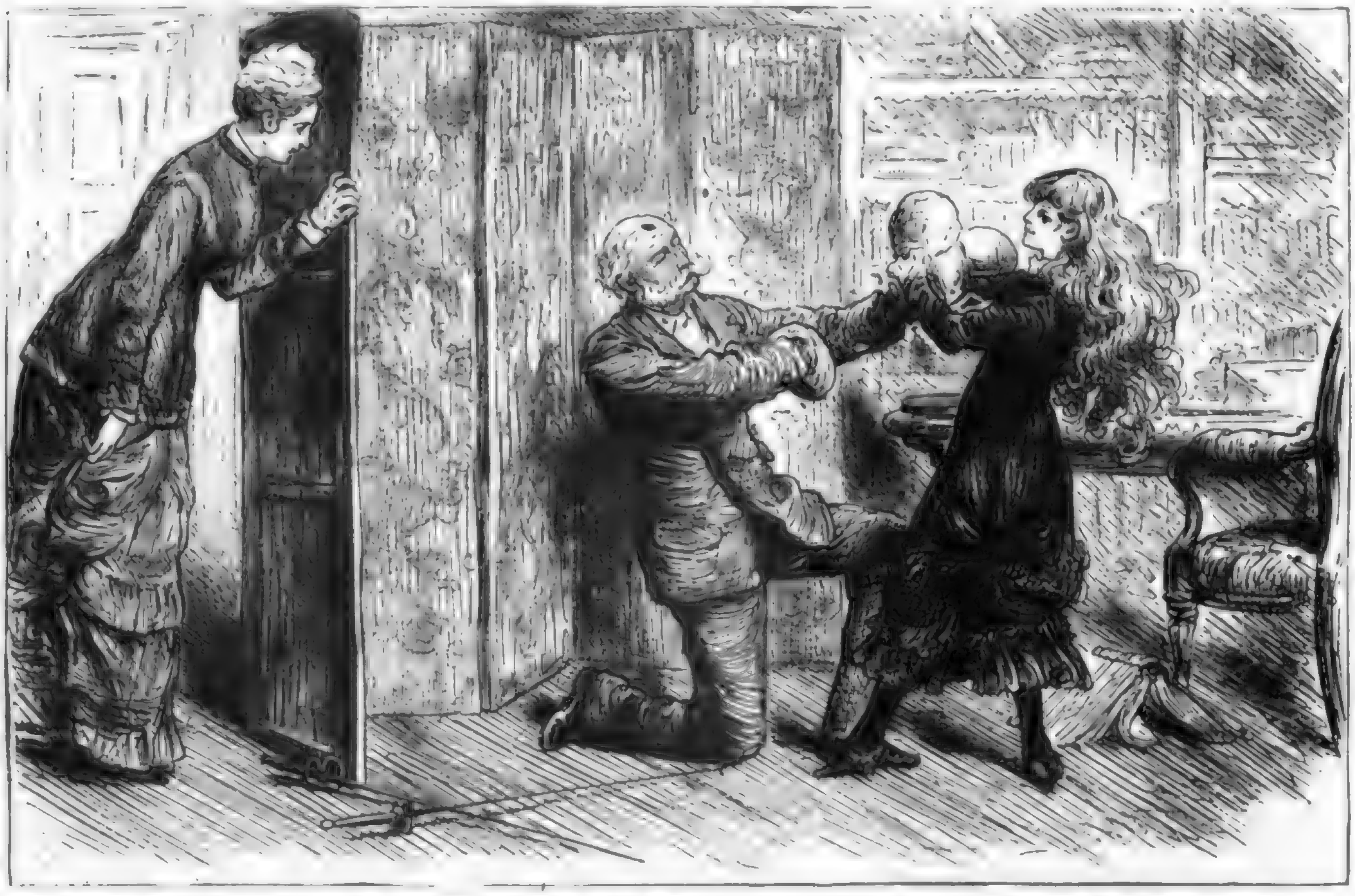
* * * * * *

"A note for you!" the servant said, opening the door, and handing Etta an envelope.

"Not until we were safely in our own rooms did she open it, to find a few lines from Clarence.

He had been unexpectedly obliged to leave the city for a few days, he wrote, but would probably return before the week was over.

I expected to see Etta totally crushed by this last proof of the treachery of the man whom we had so fully trusted; but it roused her to an eager, feverish desire to leave New York before his return.



THE FAVORITE DAUGHTER.—"MRS. MORTON STOLE IN UPON THE PAIR ONE AFTERNOON, AND SURPRISED THE COLONEL ON ONE KNEE, BEHIND A SCREEN IN THE LIBRARY, TEACHING HIS PUPIL THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE."—SEE PAGE 231.

"We can go to Brookfield, Louey," she said. "We know plenty of places there where we can board for a few weeks, and nobody will think it strange for me to spend the Summer in my old home. But you will not tell any one, Louey! Promise me to keep your dreadful secret. I cannot meet Clarence again, when he returns with some plausible story to deceive us. Louey, oh, Louey! Providence guided our steps to-day!"

I promised all she asked, and we hurriedly packed up, settled our bills and left the next day for Brookfield, telling no one where we were going. I did not fear that Clarence would follow us, as he knew nothing of our old home that was definite enough for a clew.

But once settled in the quiet country home, all Etta's nervous energy and excitement left her, and she drooped visibly. She was not ill, she never complained of pain, but she faded away so rapidly, so terribly, that I could see the change from day to day.

The Summer was an intensely hot one, and the doctor, who knew nothing of the true trouble, talked of nervous debility, want of tone and exhaustion; but I knew that my darling was dying of a broken heart.

In August came news of the death of Julius Varne, our bachelor uncle, who had lived abroad for years, and died in Egypt, leaving to Etta and myself a fortune that made us independently wealthy.

It was soon known all over Brookfield, and when Dr. Gilbert heard of our good fortune, he said to me: "Take Etta to Europe. You are wealthy now, and can give her change of scene, new associations, rest, a sea voyage. She has no positive disease, but she was never robust. That is the best medicine for her now."

At first Etta refused to go, begging to "die at home," but she was always gently submissive to my stronger will, and I coaxed her, at last, to obey the physician's orders.

"I cannot get well, Louey," she said, "because my heart is broken, and I pray day and night to die. Perhaps it was wicked to set my love before my life, but I cannot live without Clarence, or when it is a crime to love him."

Anxious as I was to get away, there were unavoidable delays, and it was not until December that we were ready to join a party of old friends who were to sail from New York early in January, and most cordially invited us to join them in an extended tour through the cities of Europe.

But in those long dreary days of delay and preparation, when law business and a variety of other work kept me constantly occupied, I could rouse no interest in Etta. She made her will when her property was fairly her own; but only smiled sadly when I talked of the pleasures before us, of the delight of seeing all the wondrous scenery of which we had read, the gayeties of Paris, the many varied interest of years spent abroad.

She was failing so visibly, wasting to such a mere shadow of herself, that I wondered sadly if she would live until the new year, of which I talked so hopefully, came to us.

All day she sat in a dreamy apathy, often weeping so softly that she seemed unconscious of her own tears, with closed eyes often lying back in her chair, so still that I should have thought she slept but for the tight pressure of her fingers, as her hands lay upon her lap. She had no cough, but when the weather became cold her breathing was often oppressed, and a brilliant hectic spot came at times upon the pale, hollow cheeks. Her eyes, large and lustrous, seemed to sink back into the deep hollows around them, and a strange, unearthly beauty took the place of the loveliness that Clarence Hewson had praised so eloquently.

It was weak to yield so utterly. Ah, yes ; but my darling was never strong, mentally or physically. She was one of those tender, sensitive natures that expand and are beautiful in an atmosphere of peace and love, but shrink and die when misfortune comes to blight them.

I do not say these are noble characters, but Etta's was a loving, clinging heart, and when the tendrils were rudely torn from their hold, the roots of her love withered and died, but taking her life's blood with them.

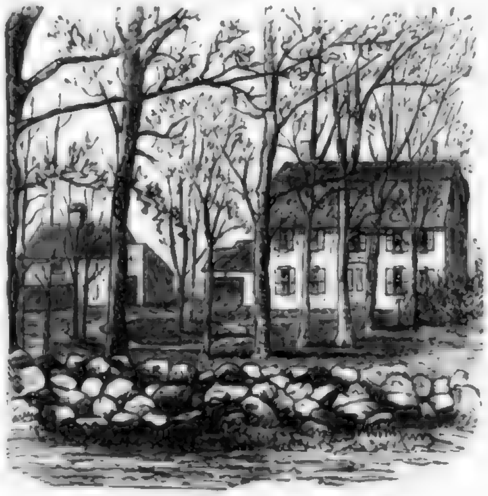
We never spoke of Clarence Hewson — my burning indignation and Etta's sick horror at his treachery holding us both silent.

The party with which we were to sail had arranged to spend a week in New York for some final preparations, and I, glad of a rest for Etta after our journey from Brookfield, engaged two rooms at the same hotel where they stopped.

I could see how shocked they were at the change even this first step in our travels had made in her, but they showed their sympathy only in added kindness, for which she was gently grateful.

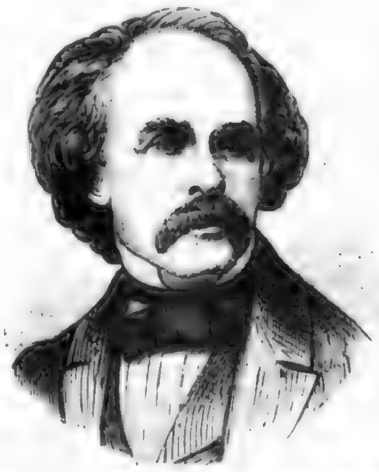
It was the second day of our stay in New York, when I coaxed Etta to drive. The sun shone brightly, and the air was soft for a Winter day, so I wrapped her well in soft, warm furs, and started for Central Park, full of hope that the trip would benefit her.

We were still on Broadway when she started forward with a faint cry, and following her eyes, I saw Clarence Hewson, or the ghost of her lover, standing upon a pavement near us, his eyes fixed upon the carriage, his whole appearance that of shocked amazement. Before he could stop the carriage, as he evidently intended to do, Etta had fallen forward, her life's blood pouring from her lips.



THE "OLD MANSE" AT CONCORD.

We had left her lover far behind us, when I called to the driver to return as speedily as possible to the hotel, and before we reached the door Etta's fluttering breath had ceased. Kind hands carried her to her room, and I had no want of sympathy in the days that followed. We had arranged to take her to Brookfield and lay her beside her parents, and a few near friends were invited to a funeral-service on the day of our departure. In the morning I dressed her for the last time, in snowy drapery, with flowers about her pillow, and she lay, beautiful in death, upon her white bed, when, without any announcement, Mrs. Heyne led Clarence Hewson into the room. Even in my first burst of indignation that he dared profane her presence, I could not avoid seeing how fearfully changed he was—pale, thin, hollow-eyed, looking the ghost of his former self. But my pity was lost in my anger.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.—SEE PAGE 235.

"How dare you come here!" I cried, hotly. "How can you bear to look upon your own fatal work! Can you not leave her now to me, now that you have killed her? See! she is dead!—dead! And your falsehood, your treachery broke as true a heart as ever a man won to cast aside. She loved you better than her own life ; she would have been true to you through all trials, and you deceived and killed her!"

But he did not heed me. Kneeling beside Etta, he buried his face in the bed-covering, sobbing like a child. Hot words rose again to my lips, but Mrs. Heyne drew me away into the next room.

"Hush!" she whispered, as I would have spoken. "You will be sorry if you say any more before you hear me!"

"Sorry!" I cried. "You do not know!"

"It is you who must be told the truth," she said. "It is the history of a lifelong deceit, with this fatal result."

I was faint with grief and fasting, and I listened in half-stunned silence while she said:

"Thirty years ago Lemuel Hewson's only son, Clarence, ran away from home with his father's housemaid, a woman nearly ten years older than the mere boy she coaxed to marry her. I could never describe to you the old man's rage and grief. His son was his idol, the pride of his heart, the one object in life upon which he built hopes and planned ambitious dreams. For a year he held his wrath, but Clarence had inherited delicacy of constitution from his mother, and before the year was over he developed consumptive symptoms. The misery of his marriage probably hastened the end, his wife possessing nothing to hold his fancy after the attraction of a pretty face had lost its charm. A sudden cold brought on pneumonia, and he sent for his father to implore forgiveness and to ask his protection for his unborn child.

"Lemuel Hewson was not a hard man; an angry, bitter rage could drive him to extreme measures, and make him harsh for a time, but he could not cherish resentment, and the death of his son was a terrible blow to him. There is no doubt that if Clarence had lived he would have been forgiven. As it was, he offered the widow a sum sufficient for a comfortable support if she would let him have the child, and leave the city herself.

"There was no suspicion of any deceit when the babe was sent to him—a strong, handsome boy, whose resemblance to his father was so strong as to win the old man's love from the first. He took him at once to his heart and his home, gave him his father's name, Clarence Hewson, and once again worshiped an idol.

"But, Louey dear, that Clarence Hewson had a twin brother, and his mother concealed the fact. This son she kept with her, and after he was five years old she broke her promise to his grandfather, and returned to New York, where she could sometimes see her other boy. Her love for her husband dictated the name for her son, and both children were christened Clarence. Whatever her faults were, Mrs. Hewson did her duty by this boy. By far the greater part of her income was spent upon his education and pleasures, and he grew to manhood—what you knew him.

"But Mrs. Hewson some years ago became a confirmed invalid, and last Winter she died, confessing to Clarence the deceit she had practiced, and leaving a letter for Lemuel Hewson, who sent for Clarence as soon as he received it. You understand now, Louey, that Clarence Hewson practiced no deceit when he told Etta the story of his own life. Etta's disappointment was to him a blow that has produced most disastrous results, but it was partly explained by his brother's marriage, of which he supposed Etta must have known."

In broken words I told her of the wedding we had witnessed, the error into which we had fallen. It was a brief story, and my heart sank when I thought how a few words then might have saved all this misery. But my cup was not yet full. Mrs. Heyne, in a low, cautious voice, her eyes fixed upon the door leading to the adjoining room, said:

"Mrs. Hewson died of a brain-disease, added to other illness, not actually insane; but not in a healthy mental condition for some years. Whether both sons have inherited the weakness of their parents has not yet been proved, but Etta's loss has developed in her lover the same brain-trouble from which his mother suffered, and he has had two severe hemorrhages in the last few months, that have greatly reduced his strength. Whether his mother was a wicked woman or only an ambitious one, her life has blighted her son's, as it did his father's. It will not be a long separation between Clarence and Etta. For two days, since reading her death in the newspaper, he has been in a stupor, taxing the care of his brother, who is devoted to him, and arousing fears that he would never rally. But to-day he roused himself and insisted upon seeing Etta, and I came with him, because, dear, I thought I could tell you all this painful story more kindly than a stranger, and as Clarence has told it to me."

I was too much overcome to answer her. I had put my love for Clarence Hewson aside, in those happy days when all seemed bright for him and for Etta, but it rose in my heart strong as a giant as I listened to the story of his suffering. I sat silent, in mute, tearless agony, while Mrs. Heyne told me of his return to the city from the business trip of which he had written to Etta; of his agony and wonder at Etta's complete, mysterious disappearance; of his visit to her to beg for information and keep in his search. She was Etta's friend and the mother of two of her pupils, but had not known her until she came to New York. Still, Clarence went to her for comfort and advice, and to relieve his heart by pouring out his confidence. It was from his lips that she heard the story of his mother's deceit, and later, when she was introduced to his family, was told the other side of the story by Lemuel Hewson himself.

But it was soon evident to all who loved him that his mother's tardy confession, his grandfather's recognition and his brother's love could be of but short service to Clarence Hewson. Mind and body alike failed, as his search for Etta became more and more the ruling passion of his life, and my darling herself did not waste away more rapidly or fatally than the lover who had given her his heart and life.

We talked softly with many tears, until the striking of the mantel clock warned me that the hour was near when Etta's friends would come to take their last farewell.

I rose and went into the room where she lay. Clarence Hewson knelt where I had left him, but his head drooped forward and his body rested heavily upon the bedside. Before we touched him we knew that the weary heart would beat with agony no more, and we silently prayed that the young lives so cruelly separated on earth might be united in a perfect love beyond the grave.

THE FAVORITE DAUGHTER.

Colonel Morton was one of England's Indian soldiers who had attained distinction. He was a Companion of the Bath; and although honors are sometimes bestowed in the neighborhood of Courts on small pretense or upon none, the Indian officers who win the Ribbon are, perhaps, among the most meritorious body of men in the world. And if to be brave and kindly, loyal and true, are qualities which merit the recognition of authority, the colonel deserved the reward he had received, and more. He had married early in life and had several children, which had, perhaps, given a manly gravity to his character when other young captains of his age were over-busy with brandy-pawnee and games of hazard. Certain it is that his home was cited as one of the pleasantest and best-kept houses in Madras, when first his wife sickened, then his children. The climate of India was not so well understood at that time as it is now; and Mrs. Morton was ordered home by the local physician, most experienced in such cases.

"You will never rear a family here," remarked the doctor, who was frequently consulted in such emergencies. "The climate is unfavorable to the health and vigor of the English in the second generation. Native air is the only remedy known to science, and it must be taken as soon as the mischief begins. I had to send my wife home last year; the best advice I can give you is to follow my example."

So Mrs. Morton, after some struggling with her love and pride, had to leave her husband, as other ladies have done before and since, with a sore heart. But there was no help for it; the brave and loving woman remained at her post, and smiled at her own danger, so that she could stay by the side of him who was more than life to her. Then nature gave way, and broke down utterly.

She and her children were pale and thin as phantoms when they stepped on board the great ship, which was flying the blue-peter, accompanied by the sad-faced major of cavalry in undress uniform. He watched with straining eyes, as they stood on deck waving scarf and kerchief to him, and the big steamer went out to sea. They had taken his heart with them.

Mrs. Morton settled on the pleasant coast of Hampshire; partly to be in the neighborhood of some rich kinsfolk from whom she had expectancies, and partly because her wifely fancy made her think that she was nearer him, so long as she remained by the sea, and ready to return should he recall her, or did one whisper reach her that she was needed near him.

It was long before she rallied and the roses came back to the sweet faces of her little ones.

Her husband could not afford to throw up his commission, which had cost him half his fortune; he could not go on half-pay either with any prudence, or ask for leave while there was war on the frontier and his regiment was ordered on active duty. So the honest gentleman served out the usual term of service, got his coloneley in due course, and was handsomely dealt with by "John Company" (a nickname for the then Hon. East India Company)—a kinder master, it is said, than his successor.

When the colonel arrived at Southampton, however, with all his honors thick upon him, he was a good deal altered. His stalwart figure had not run into bulk, and had the same gallant cavalier look as when he rode with Havelock and Beatson on his first campaigns. But his hair, which had been black, was now of iron-gray; his comely face had grown more stern, and his voice had the metallic ring in it of one accustomed to command. In truth, the colonel was forty-six and looked fifty. Hard service and rough diet had done their work upon him. Barrack life is not all rose-color.

About a year after Mrs. Morton had welcomed her husband to the Hampshire home she had made around her, another daughter was born to them. She was born at daybreak on a May morning, and the happy father, who was not wanting in poetic instinct, at once gave her the name of Aurora.

She was a frail, delicate child, with wondering blue eyes, and a transparent complexion faintly warmed by auburn hair, of the rich golden tint which looked as though a sunbeam played amongst its silken curls. Her fragile life appeared, for years, to hang upon a thread, and it was a touching sight to see the hard old soldier of a hundred battle-fields watching the feeble gambols of his little girl, and rocking her to sleep in his strong arms when she tired, which was very soon.

He could scarcely bear to be apart from her, and carried her about at his saddle-bow when he rode along the Hampshire lanes. He had her beside him playing on a carpet when he fished for trout. He took her into the fields where his hay was making. He went gardening and boating on his lake with her. He was never tired of her pretty prattle, and by-and-by they began to romp together. The child's limbs developed into plumpness and vigor, till by the time she was ten years old she had become a wild, beautiful hoyden, full of high spirits and willfulness. She could ride, she could sing, she could dance, and was ready for all kinds of fun and frolic.

At twelve she could have commanded a troop of horse, and knew more of military tactics from the colonel's talk than many a promising boy at Sandhurst. But her grand climax was reached when Mrs. Morton, suspecting with a woman's intuition that they were too quiet to be up to much good, stole in upon the pair one afternoon, and surprised the colonel on one knee behind a screen in the library teaching his pupil the noble art of self-defense. She had hit out, too, so straight from the shoulder, that his face resembled the family plum-dumpling which had been served for tiffin.

That night Mrs. Morton gave her husband a curtain-lecture, and, after nearly choking him with kisses and laughter, formally took her daughter's education out of his hands. These good people were all of soldierly tastes, and loved pluck and spirit even in women. Mrs. Morton had allowed drill and fencing, and the broadsword exercise, which might be good for the chest.

She had looked on from her summer-house while the colonel showed Aurora the proper management of the lance on charging infantry, and had smiled as missy, with unerring precision, spitted poppy-heads in the hedges round the paddock. But when it came to boxing-lessons, she thought that even an officer's wife might be excused for being of opinion that physical development in this direction had gone far enough.

Aurora was then about the age when a girl begins to grow shy, and clings closer to her mother; so she became a prim and praiseworthy little miss for several years, making progress in feminine ethics and deportment in a demure, docile way that was quite refreshing. The young witch had an inborn faculty of charming. All she did had a natural grace and winsomeness. She showed as great a taste for the accomplishments of young ladies as she had done for those of a different sort. She learned to dance, paint in water-color, to make cheeses before illustrious visitors, and to wield all the bright armory of youth and loveliness as quickly and well as she had learned to ride and handle a hair-trigger; and though she would often say, "Mamma, I ought to have been my brother," she was a dainty young beauty, indeed, at seventeen.

She possessed especially a remarkable talent for singing. There was an untaught melody in her voice which was almost amazing in an English girl. Her songs and her sweet, pretty whims and ways were enough to charm the heart of a cynic, and there was not a manor-house within twenty miles of Freshfields where she was not welcome as healthy weather.

In her own home she was light, she was joy. She gladdened the whole house—and ruled it. She kept her father's accounts and her mother's keys, being a shrewd little lady into the bargain; a soldier's daughter, who knew the fitness of things, also the price of them.

Her brothers and sisters had married and gone out into the world, so that when the colonel came home from India they were almost strangers to him; but Aurora had never been separated from him a day since her birth. She knew all the family affairs and interests and shortcomings from day to day. She knew of brother Tom's private allowance from his mother to pay off his Oxford debts, and of sister Mary's quarrel with sister Jane, and and how it had to be kept secret from Aunt Hester, for fear she should alter the will. There was also something about Jack, who was in the navy, which she only knew herself; and, indeed, she was the most experienced person in the household, having much sound counsel in her, and might have seemed to a fanciful imagination encircled in that sterling home-love, like a fair jewel in a golden casket.

Her father's early training had taught her many of the plain truths of life. She could converse far better, and more reasonably as well, upon a greater variety of topics than most young women. To her father she was what neither man nor woman could be but herself. She was his friend and yet his child, which is the tenderest of all connections that bind together human hearts. She knew all the strength and weaknesses of his character, which was by no means perfect. She governed, but she obeyed him, and his unspoken wish was law to her proud and generous heart.

He had accustomed her to military obedience of orders, and she would march off anywhere and everywhere at the word of command with amusing docility; for there was one thing which the colonel could not bear, and that was opposition to his will. In the midst of her most wayward humors, and when she felt elate with all the royalty of her womanhood, she would not have angered him for the world.

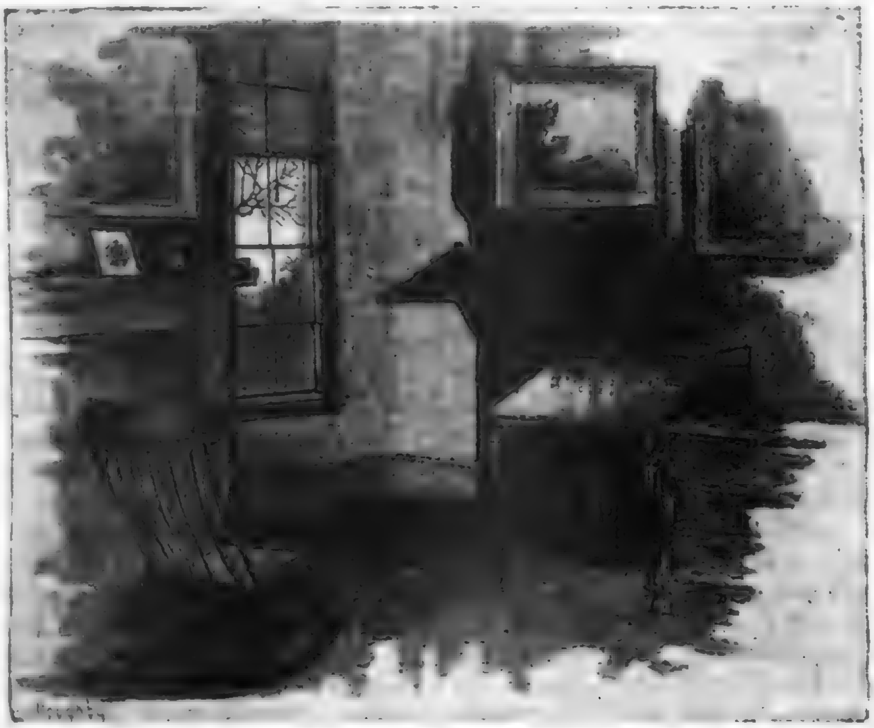
Perhaps part of the honeyed secret of the sympathy between them was that she had a true hero-worship for the old soldier, and fought his campaigns over and over again with him with as much pleasure as he did.

She knew how he had been mentioned in gazettes and dispatches, and would tell him with glistening eyes and bated breath the gallant story of how he had led a forlorn hope which saved a great city and won for him the Victoria Cross.

Her language glowed with a poetry all her own when she spoke of her father's worth and courage.

She treasured up his clasps and medals as of great price; his sword and sabretache were sacred in her eyes. As they talked together of sieges and battles, of deeds of daring and victory, she looked, indeed, the fairest vision that could smile on valor when its task was done.

Neither father nor mother could make up their minds to marry her, for they knew no one worthy of her hand; and her own heart never spoke, save in merry jests among the bumpkin squires of the county. Lord Mallowfield had sidled up to her at a wonderful ball she attended at Cowes; Mr. Dewdney, who owned the next parish, had been seen mooning about the lanes every time she rode out. But his lordship was a robust widower, who could only talk intelligibly of shorthorns; and Mr. Dewdney had a head of hair which seemed to be on fire.



HAWTHORNE'S STUDY IN THE TOWER.—SEE PAGE 234.

The Honorable and Reverend Mr. Mincyn Capre spoke, indeed, pleasantly enough of ecclesiastical architecture, having recently traveled over the grand old cities of Flanders when he was appointed to a benefice within dining distance of the Mortons. But he carried the practice of intoning into private life; and Miss Aurora arrived at the conclusion that his ineffectual standard was not high.

So things went on. One was dismissed with a smile, another with a sigh; but the girl made no choice till she was more than five-and-twenty, when her mother began to look grave.

"Pooh, pooh!" growled the colonel, when his wife broached the subject. "'Queenie' can marry half England when she pleases."

He would never allow treason to be spoken against his darling; and, indeed, he was constantly dodged about the covert-side on hunting-days by Aurora's admirers, who only waited a word of encouragement to declare themselves.

Mrs. Morton was silenced but not convinced, and she spoke to the young lady herself; but her daughter only blushed a little, and declared that her home was too nice to run away from it.

"Humph!" said her mother, dryly.

About this time Miss Morton, who had been reading a great deal concerning artistic furniture, imbibed a taste for house-decoration, and nothing would serve her but that the ceiling of her own room should be painted with an elaborate device of her own imagining.

Her design was appropriate and well chosen, but far too complicated for any of the local workmen, so the colonel wrote to one of the great firms in London to send down a special artist.

A few days afterward there arrived a young artist with the appearance of an Italian gentleman and the manners of good society. He spoke with a foreign accent, but he also spoke perfectly good English, and he was introduced to the colonel as the most expert decorator known in the business. When the awkwardness of having so smart a laborer about the house had a little worn off, he was supplied with the necessary materials for his task, and then, day after day, might be seen lying on a sort of cradle he had made with ropes to a scaffolding set up in Miss Morton's private room.

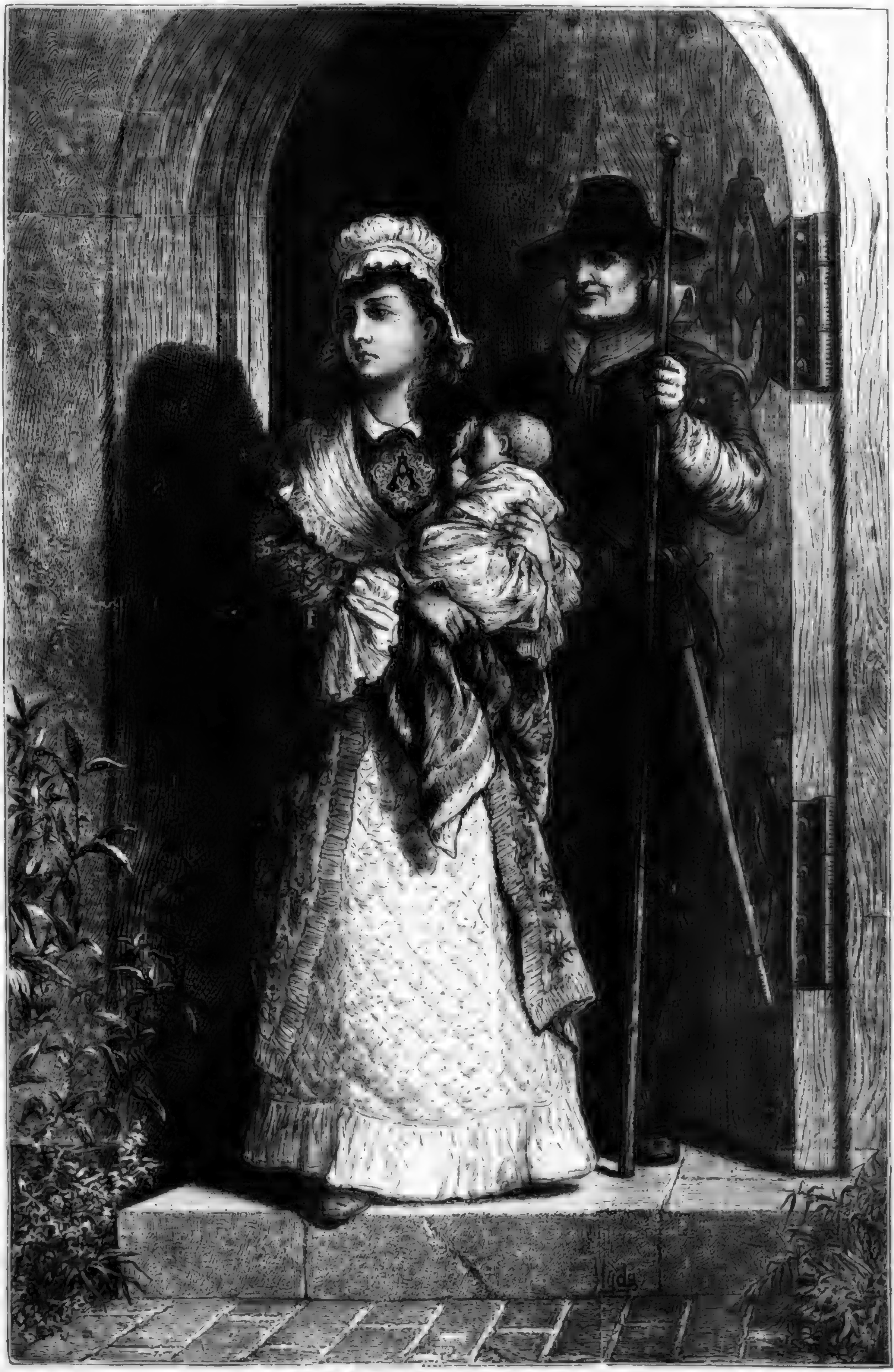
She had fully explained her plan to him, and she saw with delight that he was working it out with a brilliancy and elegance such as she had scarcely dared to expect. Whenever she looked at his work as it went on she felt a new surprise and enchantment.

His name was Carmelo Williams, he said, for his mother only was Italian; and he was not offensively garrulous or obtrusive in any way. But he had dark, lustrous eyes, and a soft, caressing voice, which gave extraordinary expression and even pathos to his language. When he was alone he sang—sang with a marvelous melody which comes only of inborn genius.

Aurora listened, at first timidly and furtively, then entranced; then, heaven knows, perhaps magnetized. It was beautiful Summer weather. The rose and the lilac were ablossom and ablow, the scent of the lush woodbine came with an intoxicating odor through the windows, and those wondrous songs of the young painter made the air alive with music.

She fled with him before his task was over; and they were married. Married in Scotland, at a border village; and when the willful thing was done the girl found, on her return to the inn where they had halted, a newspaper which told of her father's dangerous illness.

The colonel's anguish had, indeed, been terrible, and when he knew exactly what had happened he had fallen



HESTER PRYNNE COMING FORTH WITH HER SCARLET LETTER.

down as a stricken stag might do, and now hovered between life and death.

"I must go home at once," said the girl to her newly-made husband; and there was a decided ring in her voice which permitted no dispute. "You must remain here, sir, till I send for you or come to you."

The painter had no time to gasp out his astonishment, for before he could protest she was gone; and, taking the first train, she never stopped in her journey till she kneeled in her bridal-dress all disarranged, at her father's feet.

He had rallied partly and he, with her mother, sat hand-in-hand, their faces very pale and wan. A big tear from the old soldier's eyes fell upon her forehead like molten fire.

"Oh, papa, papa!" she cried, in a very ecstasy of grief, "I am come home! I will never leave it again. *I have married him because I knew he would never dare to contradict you!*"

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"The figure of that first ancestor, invested by family tradition with a dim and dusky grandeur, was present to my boyish imagination as far back as I can remember. It still haunts me, and induces a sort of home-feeling with the past, which I scarcely claim in reference to the present phase of the town. I seem to have a stronger claim to a residence here on account of this grave, bearded, sable-cloaked and steeple-crowned progenitor—who came so early, with his Bible and his sword, and trod the unworn street with such a stately port, and made so large a figure as a man of war and peace—a stronger claim than for myself, whose name is seldom heard, and my face scarcely known. He was a soldier, legislator, judge; he was a ruler in the Church; he had all the Puritanic traits, both good and evil."

This passage is found in the well-known introduction to "The Scarlet Letter." The town referred to is Salem; the Puritan ancestor, William Hathorne, the founder of the American branch of the race of which Nathaniel Hawthorne came. It was the romancer himself who inserted the *w* in the family name.

William Hathorne came to Massachusetts in the early times of the Puritan settlement, and died there in 1681. His son John bore the title of colonel, and, in the capacity of judge, became prominent among the persecutors of the famous witches of Salem. One of these unfortunates, says tradition, invoked a heavy curse upon Judge Hathorne and his children's children—an incident which, apparently, furnished at a late period the idea of the history of the Pyncheon family in "The House of the Seven Gables." During the eighteenth century the Hathornes lapsed into the obscurity and somnolence of old Salem itself. The men of the family followed the sea. Nathaniel Hawthorne's grandfather, Daniel Hathorne, was a hardy pioneer during the Revolution. Nathaniel Hathorne, the father of the romancer, and a captain in the merchant marine, died at Surinam in 1808. His wife, Elizabeth Clarke Manning, was a woman of remarkable beauty and refinement, and "a minute observer of religious festivals." Of the three children of this pair, Nathaniel, our author, was the only boy. He was born at Salem, Mass., on the day of our great patriotic festival—the Fourth of July, 1804.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's childhood and youth remain, in a sense, periods of mystery. Throughout his whole life, indeed, this mystery or reserve, wrapping him about like the black cloak of his forefathers, stood him in the stead of those adventures and exciting experiences which so often have fallen to the lot of story-tellers and others in whom the world has become interested. No man of genius ever led a simpler or more outwardly tranquil career than Hawthorne. He was a dreamer, a shy, evasive spirit, a brooder over fantastic and gloomy thoughts; but beneath all this his nature was candid and practical, his disposition sunny. A morbid imagination or a distempered soul he did not possess. The grim and sombre strain in his nature was simply his inheritance from his Puritan ancestors, developed by his surroundings and the events of his early life. Hawthorne and Poe have been compared with one another, and to some extent coupled in the category of American imaginative writers, but only a superficial judgment could attribute to them any community of spiritual qualities. Poe's inspiration was as a fine, fierce, consuming flame. Hawthorne's genius, if less exalted in the abstract, was far more sane and substantial. Poe might truthfully write:

> "From childhood's hour I have not been
> As others were; I have not seen
> As others saw; I could not bring
> My passions from a common spring;
> From the same source I have not taken
> My sorrows; I could not awaken
> My heart to joy at the same tone;
> And what I loved, *I* loved alone."

But young Hawthorne was a healthy, handsome, intelligent boy, with more animal spirits than precocity of mind. Of *his* boyhood he writes in this strain: "I ran quite wild, and would, I doubt not, have willingly run wild till this time, fishing all day long, or shooting all day with an old fowling-piece; but reading a good deal, too, on the rainy days, especially in Shakespeare and "The Pilgrim's Progress," and any poetry or light books within my reach. . . . I lived a very tolerable life, always seemed cheerful, and enjoyed the very best bodily health. I had read endlessly all sorts of good and good-for-nothing books, and, in the dearth of other employment, had early begun to scribble sketches and stories, most of which I burned."

It is not discovered that there was anything extraordinary about Nathaniel Hawthorne's boyhood; doubtless, therefore, it was happy enough. Until his fourteenth year, he lived in Salem, attending the common day-school when he could find no practicable excuse for staying away—for at that period, he has confessed, he was no lover of learning. Salem was then, as it is now, rather a quaint and agreeable old town, so far as outward physiognomy is concerned; and inhabited by a virtuous and democratic community. "My native place," wrote Hawthorne, in after years, "though I have dwelt much away from it, both in boyhood and in mature years, possesses, or did possess, a hold on my affections, the force of which I have never realized during my seasons of actual residence there." Scattered through his writings, indeed, we find so many affectionate reminiscences of the decayed old seaport, that we do not take seriously that one in which he says, half-playfully, "It would be quite as reasonable to form a sentimental attachment to a disarranged checker-board."

In 1818 Nathaniel was taken by his mother to live with her brother, in the town of Raymond, near Lake Sebago, in Maine. In this weird and woodsy region, he says, he first got his "cursed habits of solitude." Nevertheless, he loved its perfect freedom; spent days roaming in the great woods, and nights skating alone on the moonlit, ice-bound lake. The next year he was sent back to Salem to school; and in 1821, in his seventeenth year, he entered

Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine. At this time he had made a few dubious experiments in writing verse; but his sister Elizabeth says: "I do not remember any prose writings of his till a much later period."

Hawthorne does not appear to have been more than an average scholar. That he was as fond of "fun" as were his fellow-students, is evident from the fact that he incurred one or two minor fines and penalties for playing cards for money. Amongst his various college friends were three who rose to eminence in after years—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Franklin Pierce and Horatio Bridge.

Strikingly handsome was the future romancer at this period of his life. He was five feet ten and a half inches in height, broad-shouldered, but of a light, athletic build, not weighing more than 150 pounds. His limbs were beautifully formed, and the molding of his neck and throat was as fine as anything in antique sculpture. His hair, which had a long, curving wave in it, approached blackness in color; his head was large and grandly developed; his eyebrows were dark and heavy, with a superb arch and space beneath. His nose was straight, but the contour of his chin was Roman. He never wore a beard, and was without a mustache until his fifty-fifth year. His eyes were large, dark blue, brilliant, and full of varied expression. Bayard Taylor used to say that they were the only eyes he had ever known flash fire. Charles Reade, in a letter written in 1876, declared that he had never before seen such eyes as Hawthorne's, in a human head. When he went to London, persons whose recollections reached back through a generation or so, used to compare his glance to that of Robert Burns. While he was yet in college, an old gypsy woman, meeting him suddenly in a woodland path, gazed at him and asked, "Are you a man or an angel?"

It was, evidently, while he was yet in college that Hawthorne formed the design of becoming an author by profession. In 1828, three years after his graduation, his first novel, a short romance entitled "Fanshawe," was published in Boston. Previous to the production of this work he wrote a group of short stories, entitled "Seven Tales of my Native Land," which never saw the light; for, in despair at his failure to find a publisher, the young author burned the manuscript. "Fanshawe" itself was published anonymously, and afterward suppressed by Hawthorne himself, as unworthy of his powers. He kept on writing, however, in the old family mansion in Herbert Street, and became a contributor to a number of the journals and annuals of the time. Amongst these latter, was one bearing the formidable title of "The Boston Token and Atlantic Souvenir," edited and published by S. G. Goodrich, known to the children of a bygone generation as "Peter Parley." Goodrich took an interest, largely commercial, in the work of the writer who was growing up so obscurely in Salem. He employed him to compile a "Universal History," to undertake the editorship of a magazine which was never raised to prosperity, and to perform various other poorly-paid tasks of hackwork. But it was to his sketches and short tales that he gave his heart and his artistic toil. During that somewhat dreary period of twelve years succeeding his graduation from college, he produced, in these "annual" and magazine contributions, the work which laid the foundation of his fame, and which is preserved to us in the volumes of "Twice-told Tales." The first of these volumes was published in 1837, Hawthorne being then in his thirty-third year. Looking back on those years of solitary toil, he wrote, on the walls of that little study, at the locked door of which his meals had so often been left standing: "In this dismal chamber FAME was won."

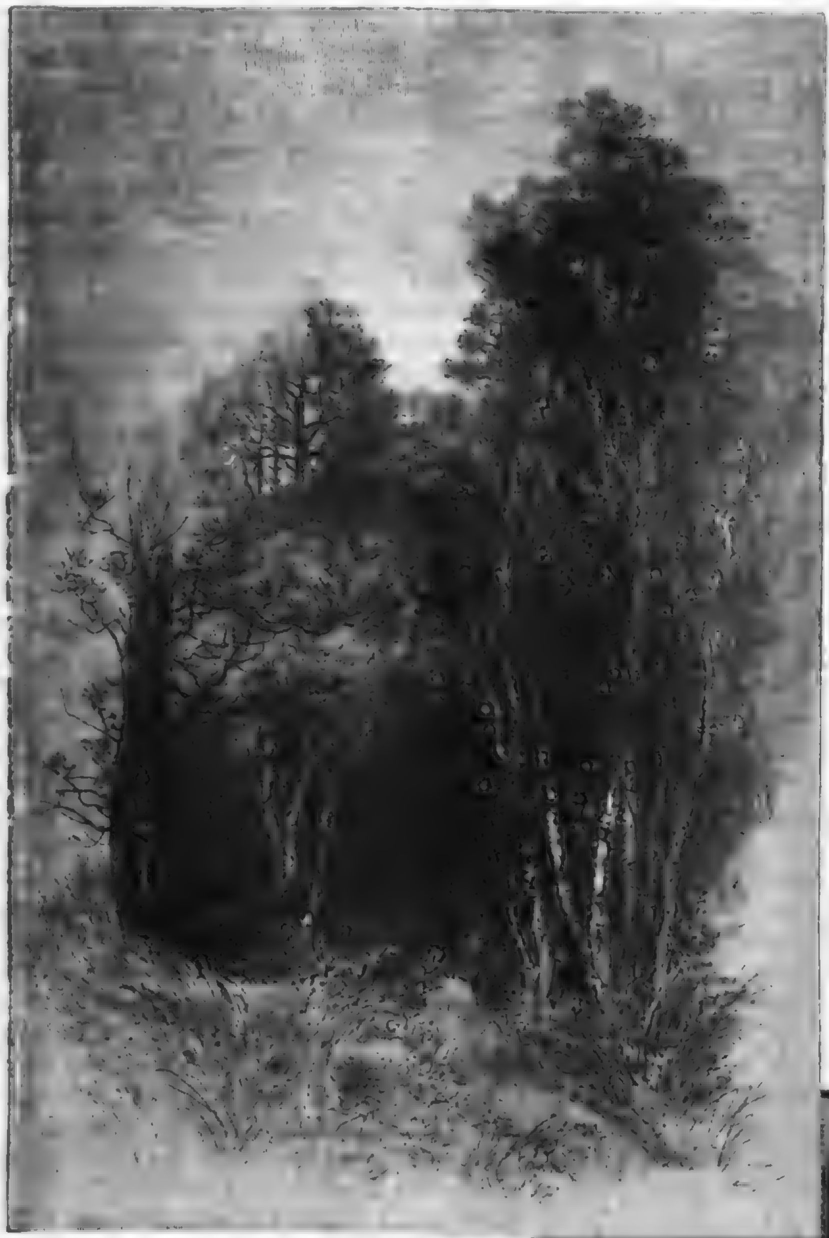
A passage in one of his "Note-books," which every reader of Hawthorne must remember, reverts touchingly to this period of his career: "Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber, where I used to sit in days gone by. . . . Here I have written many tales—many that have been burned to ashes, many that have doubtless deserved the same fate. This claims to be called a haunted chamber, for thousands upon thousands of visions have appeared to me in it; and some few of them have become visible to the world. If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed; and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all—at least till I were in my grave. And sometimes it seemed to me as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed. But oftener I was happy—at least as happy as I then knew how to be, or was aware of the possibility of being. By-and-by the world found me out in my lonely chamber, and called me forth—not, indeed, with a loud roar of acclamation, but rather with a still small voice—and forth I went, but found nothing in the world I thought preferable to my solitude till now. . . . And now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned so many years in this lonely chamber, and why I could never break through the viewless bolts and bars; for if I had sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude. . . . But living in solitude till the fullness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart. . . . I used to think that I could imagine all passions, all feelings, and states of the heart and mind; but how little did I know! . . . Indeed, we are but shadows: we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream—till the heart be touched. That touch creates us—then we begin to be—thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity."

The world began to grow interested in the "Twice-told Tales" and their author. Such bits of writing as "The Seven Vagabonds," "The Gentle Boy," "The Haunted Mind," and the rest, might well attract attention in the New England literary circles of half a century ago, and call attention to the sombre, picturesque, fantastic and brooding genius of the new writer.

About this time began the love-romance of Nathaniel Hawthorne—a romance which culminated in his marriage with Sophia Peabody, and which lasted to the end of his life. Julian Hawthorne's biography of his father and mother is essentially composed of "the records of a happy marriage"; and he may well say in his preface: "If true love and married happiness should ever be in need of vindication, ample material for that purpose may be found in these volumes."

For years the Hawthornes and the Peabodys had been neighbors in Salem—that is to say, their homes were not far apart; but there was no acquaintance between the families, for Madame Hawthorne was a recluse, it being considered at that time a mark of piety and good taste for a widow to withdraw from the world. How the acquaintance began shall be told in the words of Miss

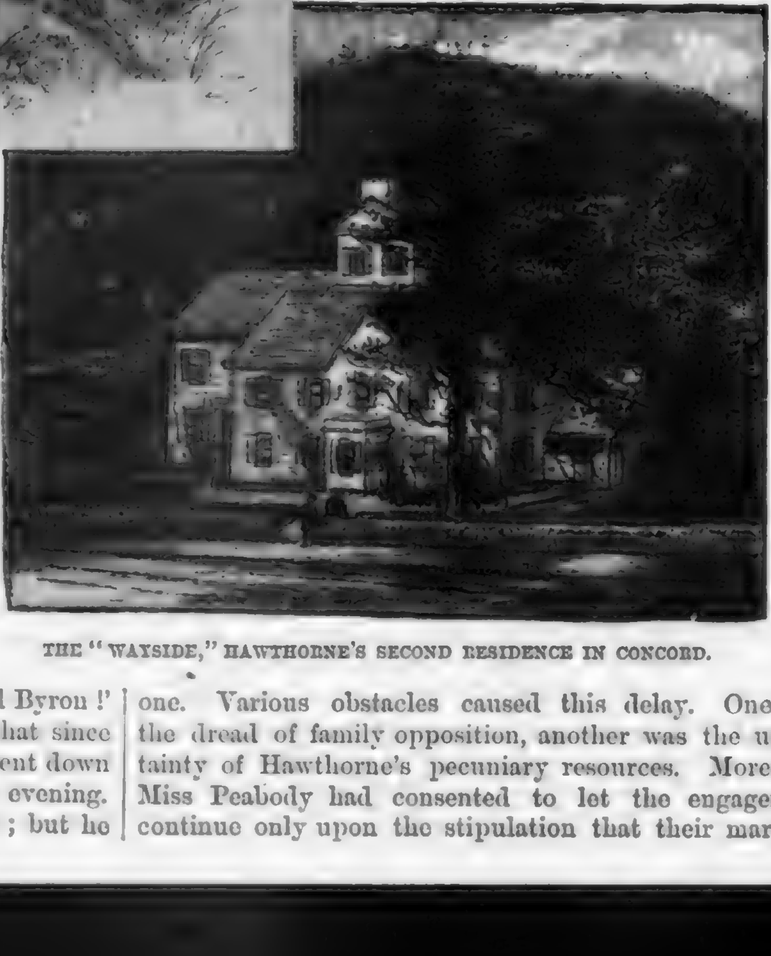
E. P. Peabody, sister of Sophia: Between 1830 and 1836 some stories in the *New England Magazine* arrested my attention. I thought they were probably written by some 'newlight' Quaker, who had outgrown his sectarianism; and I actually wrote (but never sent) a letter to the supposed old man, asking him how he knew that 'sensitive natures are especially apt to be malicious.' It was not until 1837 that I discovered that these stories were the work of Madame Hawthorne's son. It was a difficult matter to establish visiting relations with so eccentric a household; and another year passed away before Mr. Hawthorne and his sisters called on us. It was in the evening. I was alone in the drawing-room; but Sophia, who was still an invalid, was in her chamber. As soon as I could, I ran up-stairs to her and said, 'Oh, Sophia, you must get up and dress and come down! The Hawthornes are here, and you never saw anything so splendid as he is—he is handsomer than Lord Byron!' She laughed, but refused to come, remarking that since he had called once, he would call again. So I went down to them again, and we passed a very pleasant evening. . . . . Mr. Hawthorne was very nicely dressed; but he looked, at first, almost fierce with his determination not to betray his sensitive shyness, which he always recognized as a weakness. . . . He did call again, as Sophia had predicted, not long afterward; and this time she came down, in her simple white wrapper, and sat on the sofa. As I said, 'My sister, Sophia,' he rose and looked at her intently—he did not realize how intently. As we went on talking she would frequently interpose a remark, in her low, sweet voice. Every time she did so he would look at her again, with the same piercing, indrawing gaze. I was struck with it, and thought, 'What if he should fall in love with her!' and the thought troubled me; for she had often told me that nothing would ever tempt her to marry, and inflict on a husband the care of an invalid."



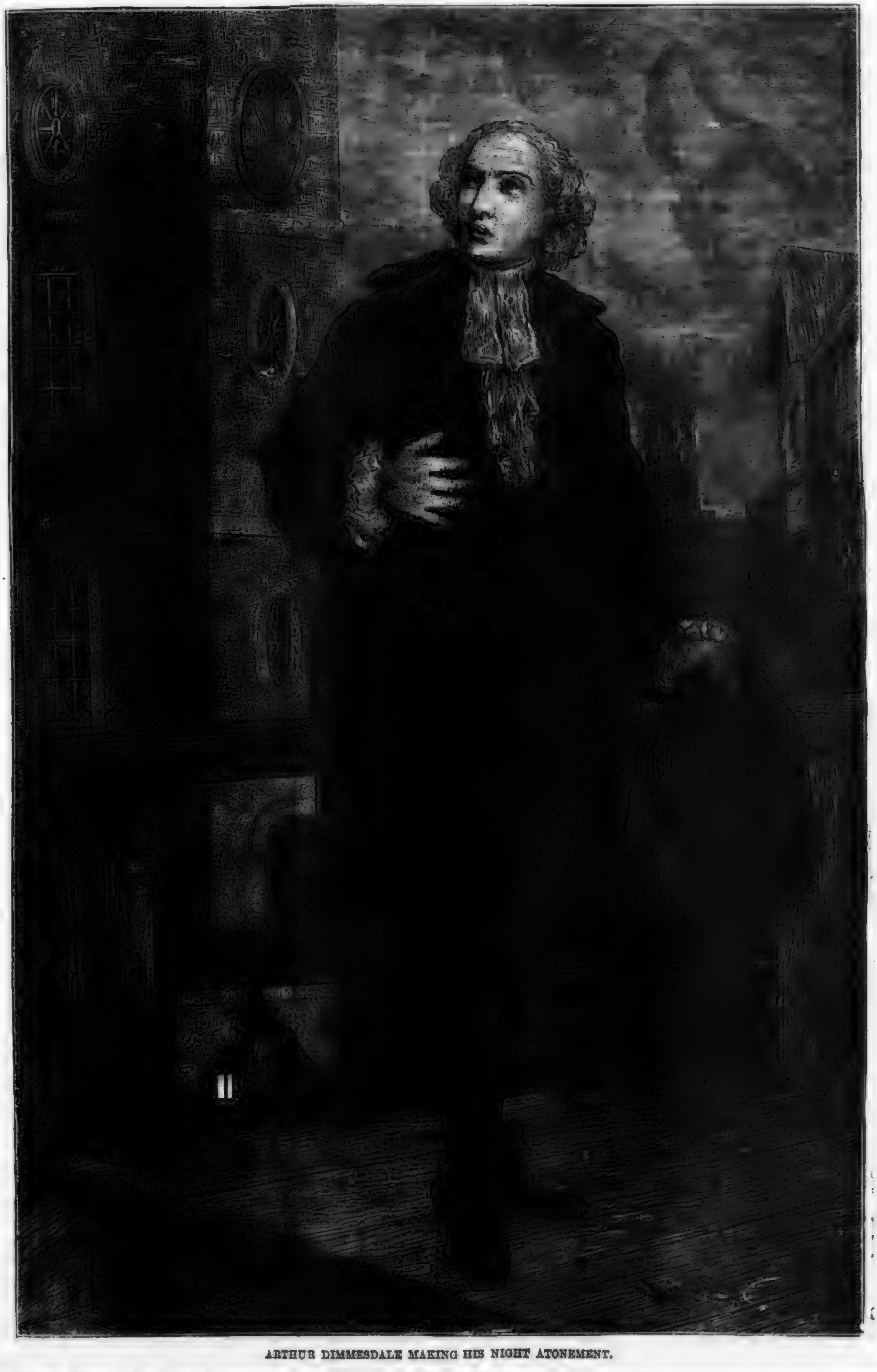
THE PATH IN THE WOODS.

Sophia Peabody became Hawthorne's guardian, sympathizer and re-creating angel. Her mental faculties were finely balanced, and of great capacity; her taste was by nature highly refined, and was rendered exquisitely so by cultivation. Her son writes: "Her learning and accomplishments were rare and varied, and yet she was always childlike in her modesty and simplicity. She read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; she was familiar with history; and in drawing, painting and sculpture showed a loving talent not far removed from original genius."

Hawthorne became engaged to Miss Peabody about his thirty-fifth year; but was not married until 1842—some three years later, he being then thirty-eight years old, and she thirty-one. Various obstacles caused this delay. One was the dread of family opposition, another was the uncertainty of Hawthorne's pecuniary resources. Moreover, Miss Peabody had consented to let the engagement continue only upon the stipulation that their marriage



THE "WAYSIDE," HAWTHORNE'S SECOND RESIDENCE IN CONCORD.



ARTHUR DIMMESDALE MAKING HIS NIGHT ATONEMENT.

was to be strictly contingent upon her own recovery from her twenty years' illness. "The likelihood of a cure taking place certainly did not seem great; in fact, it would be little less than a miracle. Miracle or not, however, the cure was actually accomplished; and the lovers were justified in believing that Love himself was the physician. When Sophia Peabody became Sophia Hawthorne, in 1842, she was, for the first time since her infancy, in perfect health; nor did she ever afterward relapse into her previous condition of invalidism."

It was during this period of waiting that Hawthorne held for two years an appointment in the Boston Custom House. This came to an end with Van Buren's Presidential administration; and in 1841 Hawthorne joined the short-lived but famous little industrial and intellectual community of Brook Farm, at West Roxbury. Here, in the company of the enthusiastic Transcendentalists, he milked cows, cultivated the soil, raised corn and squashes, sold them at the city market, and indulged in the delights of "plain living and high thinking" in the "Hive," as the farmhouse was called, for nearly a year. It was this experience which gave him the background for his "Blithedale Romance," written ten years afterward.

To this period belong the first series of the beautiful love-letters given by Julian Hawthorne in his biography; and "the single-hearted love and reverence which mark these letters, written before marriage, are," he says, "just as conspicuous in every letter that Hawthorne wrote to his wife, up to the end of their wedded existence on earth." The following bears the date of January 3d, 1840:

> . . . "You cannot think how much delight those pictures you are painting are going to give me. I never owned a picture in my life; yet pictures have been among the earthly possessions (and they are spiritual possessions too) which I most coveted. They will be incomparably more precious to me than all the productions of all the painters since Apelles. When we live in our own house, we will paint pictures together—that is, our minds and hearts shall unite to form the conception, to which your hand shall give external existence. I have often felt that I could be a painter, only I am sure that I could never handle a brush; now you will show me the images of my inward life, beautified and etherealized by the mixture of your own spirit. . . . How strange that such a flower as our affection should have blossomed amid snow and wintry winds—accompaniments which no poet or novelist, that I know of, has ever introduced into a love-tale. Nothing like our story was ever written, or ever will be; but if it could be told, methinks it would be such as the angels might take delight to hear. . . ."

In the "American Note-books," Hawthorne says that, before going to England, he burned "great heaps of old letters and other papers. . . . Among them were hundreds of Sophia's letters. The world has no more such, and now they are all dust and ashes." One of them, however, survives—a charming little back-handed epistle, written with the left hand, because of a wounded finger on the other:

> "Best Beloved—I send you some allumettes wherewith to kindle the taper. There are very few, but my second finger could no longer perform extra duty. These will serve till the wounded one be healed, however. How beautiful is it to provide even this slightest convenience for you, dearest! I cannot tell you how much I love you, in this back-handed style. My love is not in this attitude—it rather bends forward to meet you.
>
> "What a year has this been to us! My definition of Beauty is, that it is love, and therefore includes both truth and good. But those only who love as we do can feel the significance and force of this. . . ."

They were married in Boston in July, 1842, and Hawthorne took his bride to the "Old Manse," at Concord. Hawthorne has given a charming account of this place, and of his occupations here, in the introduction to the "Mosses from an Old Manse." The Manse itself is a large, square wooden house, toned as to external complexion by a hundred and fifty years' exposure to the weather. It is located just above the smooth-flowing Concord River, and is approached by an avenue of overarching trees. It had formerly been the home of Emerson and his ancestors. For four years Hawthorne led a happy, secluded life at Concord, with Emerson, Thoreau, Ellery Channing and Margaret Fuller for neighbors. Here the "Mosses" were collected, and here the author's first child, Una, was born.

In 1846 Hawthorne received an official appointment from the Polk administration, and entered upon his duties as Surveyor in the Salem Custom House. Four years' residence in his native town followed. The Custom-house experience is elaborately described in the introduction to the "Scarlet Letter." The first effect of his prosaic duties here was to throw the romancer, as he thought, quite out of the mood of writing. "During the whole of my Custom-house experience," he says, "moonlight and sunshine, and the glow of the firelight, were just alike in my regard, and neither of them was of one whit more avail than the twinkle of a tallow-candle. An entire class of susceptibilities, and a gift connected with them—of no great richness or value, but the best I had—was gone from me." But this phase of intellectual inactivity, happily brief, was followed by a period of inspiration, the outcome of which was Hawthorne's masterpiece, "The Scarlet Letter." Mr. James T. Fields, the publisher, has related the circumstances under which this work was brought forth: "In the Winter of 1849, after Hawthorne had been ejected from the Custom House, I went down to Salem to see him and inquire after his health, for we heard he had been suffering from illness. He was then living in a modest wooden house. . . . I found him alone in a chamber over the sitting-room of the dwelling, and as the day was cold he was hovering near a stove. We fell into talk about his future prospects, and he was, as I feared I should find him, in a very desponding mood." His visitor urged him to bethink himself of publishing something, and Hawthorne replied by calling his attention to the small popularity his published productions had yet acquired, and declaring he had done nothing, and had no spirit for doing anything. The narrator of the incident urged upon him the necessity of a more hopeful view of his situation, and proceeded to take leave. Before he reached the street, however, Hawthorne hurried to overtake him, and placing a roll of MS. in his hand, bade him take it to Boston, read it, and pronounce upon it. "It is either very good or very bad," said the author; "I don't know which." "On my way back to Boston," says Mr. Fields, "I read the germ of 'The Scarlet Letter'; before I slept that night I wrote him a note all aglow with admiration of the marvelous story he had put into my hands, and told him that I would come again to Salem the next day and arrange for its publication. I went on in such an amazing state of excitement, when we met again in the little house, that he would not believe I was really in earnest. He seemed to think I was beside myself, and laughed sadly at my enthusiasm."

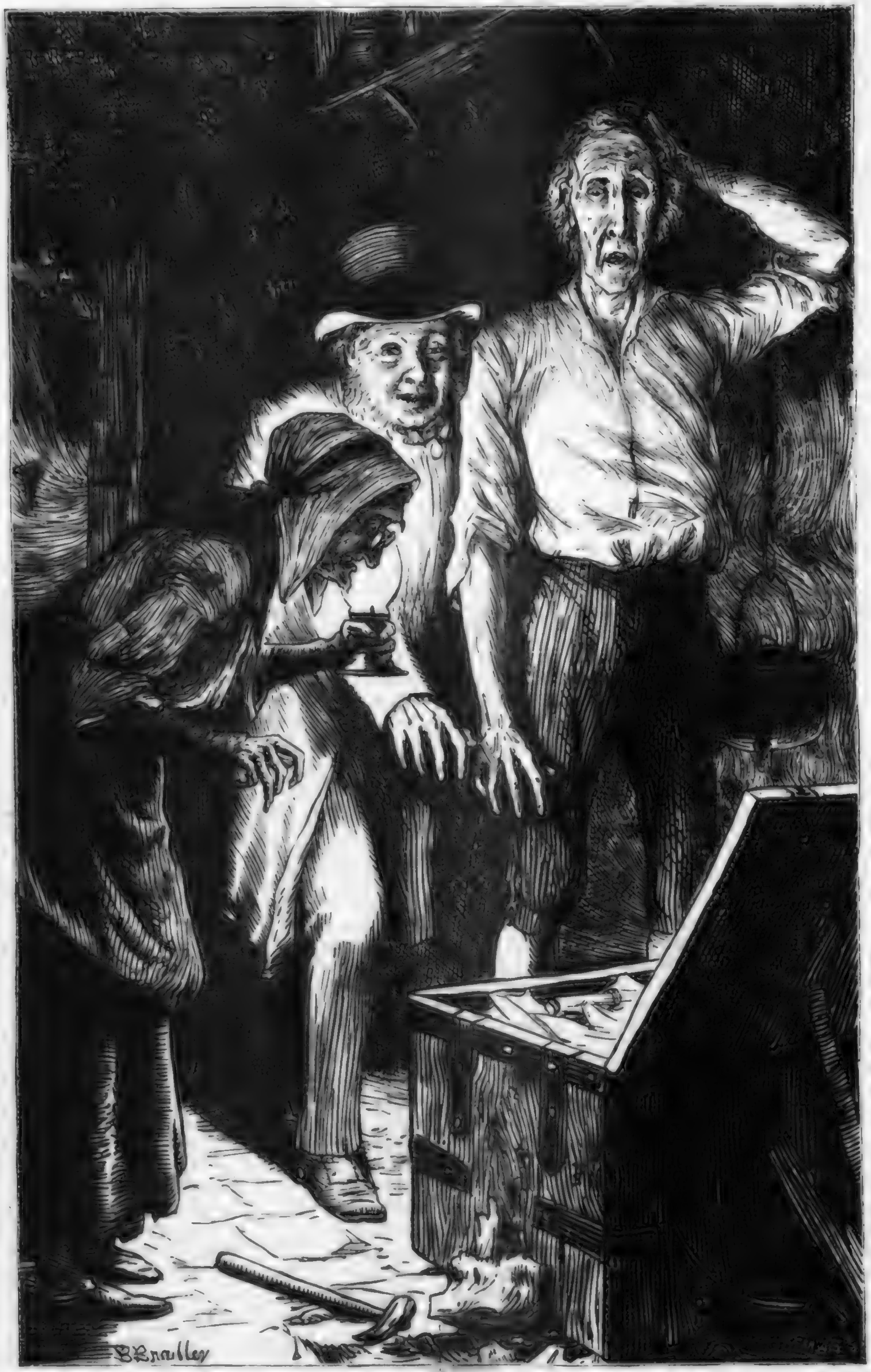
A year elapsed before the story was completed and published. Its appearance was a great literary event, and the romance was hailed as the finest piece of imaginative writing that had as yet been produced in America. The story of the guilty love of Hester Prynne and the young Puritan minister, Arthur Dimmesdale—or, rather, the powerful and vivid portrayal of the moral situation which resulted from that guilty love—has become a classic. It has inspired a great many pictorial efforts; and the drawings by Mr. Hyde, which are reproduced in connection with this article, represent two of the most striking scenes of the novel. One shows the fair, silently-suffering Hester stepping forth disgraced into the light of day, with the shameful "A" burning upon her breast. The other represents Arthur Dimmesdale at the moment when, impelled by the agony of remorse, he goes at midnight to stand upon the scaffold where Hester had formerly enacted her penance in the sight of the world. The description of this latter scene is one of the most striking passages in the book: "But before Mr. Dimmesdale had done speaking, a light gleamed far and wide over all the muffled sky. It was doubtless caused by one of those meteors which the night-watcher may so often observe burning out to waste in the vacant regions of the atmosphere. So powerful was its radiance that it thoroughly illuminated the dense medium of cloud betwixt the sky and earth. The great vault brightened, like the dome of an immense lamp. It showed the familiar scene of the street with the distinctness of midday, but also with the awfulness that is always imparted to familiar objects by an unaccustomed light. The wooden houses, with their jutting stories and quaint gable-peaks; the doorsteps and thresholds, with the early grass springing up about them; the garden-plots, black with freshly-turned earth; the wheel-track, little worn, and, even in the market-place, margined with green on either side—all were visible, but with a singularity of aspect that seemed to give another moral interpretation to the things of this world than they had ever borne before. And there stood the minister, with his hand over his heart; and Hester Prynne, with the embroidered letter glimmering on her bosom; and little Pearl, herself a symbol, and the connecting-link between these two. They stood in the noon of that strange and solemn splendor, as if it were the light that is to reveal all secrets, and the daybreak that shall unite all that belong to one another."

Hawthorne's next novel, "The House of the Seven Gables," was written at Lenox, in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. To this now well-known place the author and his family (to which a son, Julian, had been added in the Summer of 1846) removed in 1850. They remained here for two years, during which time the second daughter, Rose, was born. The "Wonder-book," written for the little ones, belongs to this period; and "Hollingsworth," afterward called "The Blithedale Romance," was well under way before the Hawthornes left Lenox, in November, 1851. They spent the Winter in West Newton, an unlovely suburb of Boston; and early in the following Summer took possession of a house in Concord, which Hawthorne purchased of Mr. Alcott. This house was the now famous "Wayside," where the "Tanglewood Tales" and the Life of Pierce were written. Sentimental tourists have often confounded it with the "Old Manse," but the two houses are about two miles apart. The "Wayside" is on the Boston Highway, three-quarters of a mile beyond the home of Mr. Emerson. "Originally," writes Julian Hawthorne, "it was a small oblong structure, containing only four or five rooms; a mere box, with a roof on it, like so many other houses built in New England a hundred and fifty years ago. When Mr. Alcott took possession of it, he put a gabled dormer window in front, over the entrance, and added a wing to each side of the building; and these wings were rendered picturesque by galleries—or 'piazzas,' as we call them—supported by rustic pillars, across the front. The barn was separate from the house, and stood against the hill on the spectator's left. Hawthorne made no alterations during his first occupancy; but when he returned from England in 1860, he moved the barn to the other side of the house, and connected it with the wing on that side, added another story to the other wing, built in two large rooms behind, and surmounted the whole with the 'tower,' in the top of which is the study where 'Our Old Home' was written. It was all painted a warm buff-color, and looks to-day almost precisely as it did then."

When Franklin Pierce was called to the highest office in the land, he offered his old college friend a diplomatic appointment. A consulate at Lisbon was at first mentioned; but the emoluments of the place being considered, it was finally decided that Liverpool would be preferable. By midsummer, in 1853, Hawthorne and his family were established in Liverpool. His impressions, and many of the incidents of his residence in England, are given in the sketches collectively entitled "Our Old Home," and in the English Note-books. His office brought him somewhat agreeably in contact with the world. He received a great many sea-captains, and he probably saw more of his own countrymen, during his consular experiences, than he had done in his native land. The social side of his character also found development here, and he made warm friends amongst his English acquaintances.

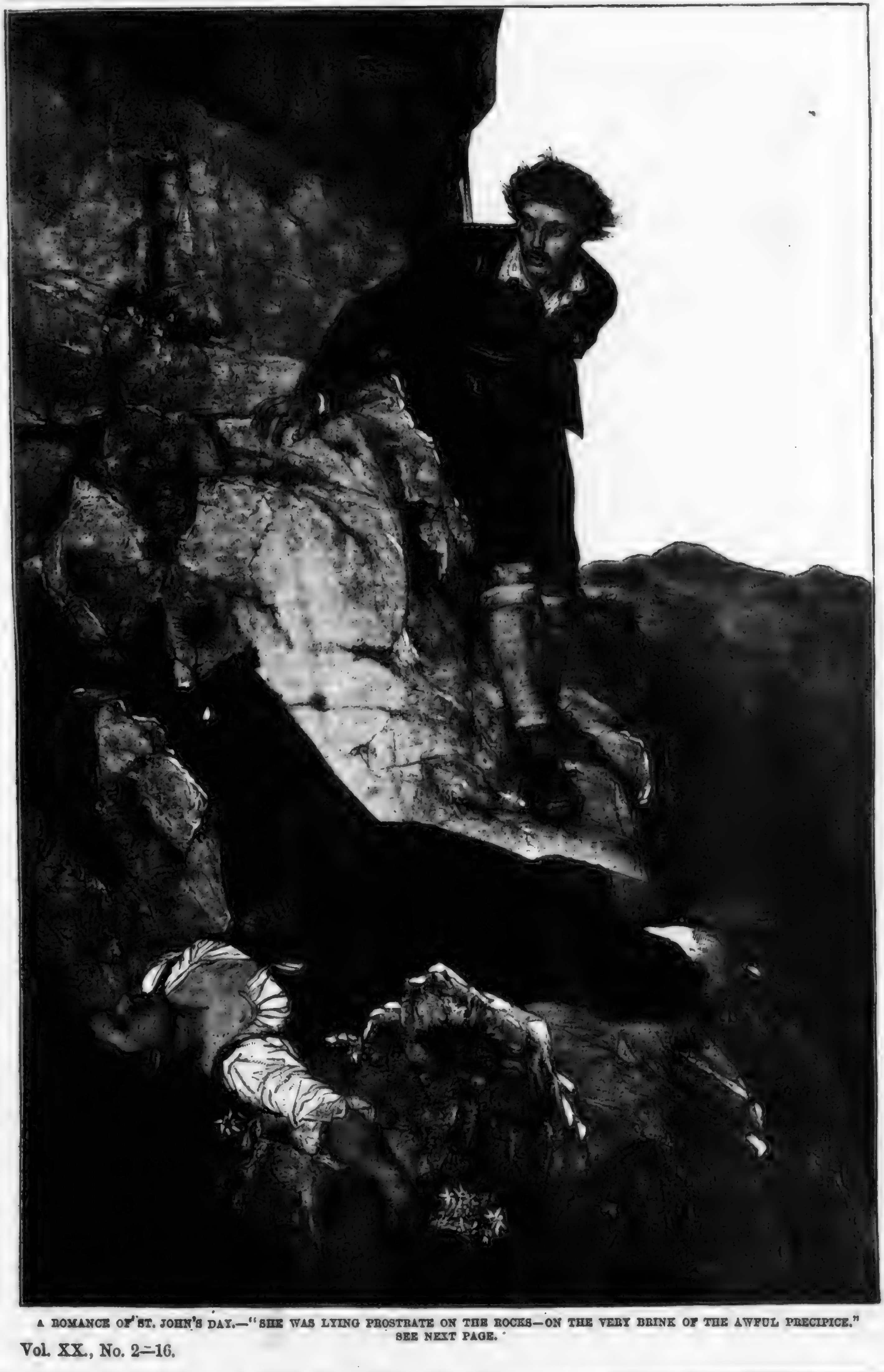
Towards the close of 1857, Hawthorne resigned his consulate at Liverpool. In January of the following year he went to Rome, where he passed two Winters and Springs, spending the intervening Summer in an old villa near Florence. To this period belong the Italian Note-books, and the conception of that lovely and mysterious romance known to American readers by the author's chosen title, "The Marble Faun," but in England called "Transformation." This is probably the most widely read of Hawthorne's novels; and it shares with "Corinne," and "The Improvisatore," the glory of conveying and interpreting to the outside world the fascinating spell of the Eternal City. Hilda's Tower, with the doves still circling round it, is sought out by every visitor to Rome; and amidst the olive-covered foothills of the Apennines, near Florence, stands a gray old tower, which has added to its historic venerableness the fame of having been the prototype of Monte Beni.

Hawthorne returned to America in the Summer of 1860, and once more took up his abode in the "Wayside" house at Concord. But that feeling of weariness and dejection which marked the closing years of his life had already set in. It was not that he suffered from any definite malady, nor from what might properly be termed mental decline; but the old enthusiasm in describing what he saw or thought, the old impulse to create and write, seemed to have gone from him. "The Dolliver Romance," begun as a serial for the *Atlantic Monthly*, was broken off not far from its beginning; and "Septimius Felton" was left in a crude, unfinished form. "My mind," he wrote to his publisher, "has, for the present, lost its temper and its fine edge. . . . Perhaps I shall have a new spirit of vigor, if I wait quietly for it; perhaps not." In 1864, in the hope of benefit from a change of air, he undertook, in company with his friend, General Pierce, a journey into the White Mountains. They had only gone as far as Plymouth when the end came, suddenly but tranquilly. Hawthorne died at the Pemigewasset House, in that place, on the 18th of May. The funeral took place at Concord on the 23d. It was conducted by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who had performed Hawthorne's marriage service two-and-twenty years before. The grave was beneath a group of tall



SCENE FROM HAWTHORNE'S STORY, "PETER GOLDTHWAITE'S TREASURE."

pines at Sleepy Hollow, where Hawthorne and his wife had often sat in days gone by, and planned their pleasure-house; and amongst those who followed the bier hither were Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Pierce, and many more of the distinguished men of the land.



A ROMANCE OF ST. JOHN'S DAY.—"SHE WAS LYING PROSTRATE ON THE ROCKS—ON THE VERY BRINK OF THE AWFUL PRECIPICE."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE LOVERS.

In all the happy confidence of love,
  Hand clasped in hand they stroll :
Unnumbered down the stream of Time
  The golden moments roll !
They count them not, the loving twain,
  Their love-sun shines so bright :
So dear the time, the rosy hours
  Unnotic'd wing their flight !
They tread on air, so light their steps !
  On honey feed, so sweet their talk !
Their hearts in such fond union chime,
  In Paradise itself they walk !

A ROMANCE OF ST. JOHN'S DAY.

By W. Seton.

One Summer's afternoon—it was the Eve of St. John's Day—a merry company were seated at the table of an inn in the Gerloss Valley, one of the most romantic parts of the Tyrol.

Michael Moser, who kept this place of public entertainment, had just finished telling a capital story, and Johanna Groebmer, a comely, sunburnt maiden, seated on his left, clapped her hands and laughed louder than anybody else.

"I am glad that my story pleased you," said Moser, lifting his glass and clinking it against hers.

"Your stories are always amusing," replied the girl, her big, black eyes sparkling like gems as she brought her glass to her lips, for he was about to drink her health.

And generous wine it was that these mountaineers were quaffing. It was the pure juice of the grape from the vineyard south of the Brenner Pass, and never any harm did it do a body.

"A song, dear Johanna. Give us a song," spoke a deep, bass voice at her elbow.

On which Johanna smiled, and threw an arch glance at a handsome young man, whose long, unkempt hair fell down to his shoulders, and on one of his cheeks was a scar.

Hugo Ertel, like Moser, was a passionate admirer of Johanna, and he wanted to draw her attention away from his rival, who had already twice toasted her health.

And he succeeded ; for she placed her hands upon her zither, and said :

"Yes, Hugo, I will give you music and a song." Then turning to her other lover, she added : "Tell me, Michael, what song you like best."

"Whatever you sing is sweet and full of melody," answered the innkeeper.

"Sing my favorite, 'The Sigh of the Edelweiss,'" put in Ertel.

"It is too sad," observed Moser, shaking his head.

"Then listen to 'The Sigh of the Edelweiss,'" said Johanna, with a roguish twinkle in her eye.

"What !" ejaculated Moser, knitting his brow.

Whereupon Ertel chuckled triumphantly, and said: "'Tis my favorite song. Begin, Johanna, begin."

Johanna's voice, attuned to the open air—to making the cliffs and glens echo back the wild Jodel—was perhaps a trifle too loud for indoors. But, barring this defect, it was as the innkeeper had said, sweet and full of melody ; everybody listened with delight, and when the ending words of the ditty had died away, even Moser confessed that this was the finest of all her songs.

But Johanna's jovial spirits had fled and tears dimmed her eyes. For "The Sigh of the Edelweiss" made her think of her dear father. It was the last thing she had sung for him before he set out to join the Austrian army, from which he never returned, for he was killed at Solferino. And shortly afterward her mother, too, had died, and now Johanna was alone in the world and wretchedly poor. But poverty did not dishearten her ; she never complained of her hard lot. Every morning during the Winter and Spring she went to Mass, and she looked to another life for the joys which she missed in this.

But now Summer had arrived, and the day after the Feast of St. John was the day when the herds were to be driven up the mountain. And along with the cattle and sheep Johanna would have to ascend the lofty Gamspitz until she came to the green pasture-lands three thousand feet above the valley. And there, in a little cabin, she would abide in solitude, making butter and cheese until the Autumn.

But Johanna was so full of winning graces, she was so mirthful and able to turn her hand to so many things, that it is no wonder Michael Moser was anxious to make her his wife. For then it would be worth coming to his inn merely to exchange greetings with Johanna. While Hugo Ertel was equally determined not to let her waste her loveliness this Summer upon that lonely Alpine meadow.

"Her foot is as true as a chamois's. She would be just the wife for me," he said to himself, after she had finished the song, as he held one of Johanna's plump, brown hands in his.

Moser was holding her other hand, and the girl was wondering what she ought to do—one suitor was so well off, the other suitor was so handsome, and both were so good—when of a sudden a shaggy dog, named Peter, who had been lying under the table, got up and walked toward the door, with a growl.

"Who is coming ?" asked Ertel, whose faithful companion the dog was.

Peter answered by a louder growl, while the hair stood up on his back like bristles.

Immediately Ertel quitted the table, and accompanied by Moser, hastily disappeared through a passageway which led to the kitchen and bakery. At the same time silence fell on the rest of the company ; Johanna turned pale, and every eye was fixed upon the angry dog.

In a couple of minutes the innkeeper came back, and resuming his seat beside Johanna, whispered : "I hid him where he'll not be found."

"It is very generous of you," replied the girl, likewise in an undertone.

"Well, if Ertel is my rival, he is also my friend, and I will be true to him," said Moser.

Here Peter's growling changed to a savage bark, and Moser had barely time to run and catch the animal by the neck, when the main door swung open, and in tramped a couple of revenue officers with guns slung on their backs. They looked fagged, as well they might ; for Ertel, the smuggler, had led them a difficult chase across three valleys and a glacier.

The innkeeper, after many apologies for the rude behavior of his dog, placed before the newcomers a flask of wine, and begged them to be refreshed.

The officers, however, were suspicious. They did not believe that the dog belonged to Moser, and politely refusing his hospitality, they proceeded to make a search of the house. But they did not succeed in finding Ertel, and this so gladdened the heart of Johanna, that ere they took their departure she sang them a spirited song and played the Austrian national anthem on her zither.

"Moser," spoke Johanna, as soon as the coast was clear "you are a real good fellow for hiding Ertel so well. Where on earth did you put him?"

Moser burst into a laugh, and said:

"When you see Ertel again, you will laugh too."

And so she did. For when, presently, he went to the door of the bakery and gave a peculiar whistle, and when Ertel showed himself, looking as red as a beet, with his hair singed and his clothes smoking, Johanna found him indeed the drollest object that she had ever beheld, and laughed until her eyes watered.

"Ha! They didn't dream that I was in the oven—did they?" said Ertel, patting his dog's head. "And, Peter, you are very, very good to be so watchful. You never growl except when enemies are near."

"Well, if the oven hadn't been so deuced hot, they might have peeped into it," said Moser, grinning. "But of course they thought that I was baking bread. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ertel," spoke Johanna, drawing him aside, "why do you not give up smuggling? One of these days you may be caught and sent to prison."

"I am too fond of the exciting life," answered Ertel. "Why, I'd die if I led such a humdrum existence as friend Moser leads."

Then dropping his voice, he said something more to Johanna, which made the blood rush to her cheeks.

But in a moment she recovered her self-command, and lifting her eyes—"No," she whispered, "I will not be the wife of a smuggler."

And now, while the crestfallen Ertel fetched a sigh, Johanna allowed Moser to lead her into the bakery, where, under pretense of showing her how very hot the oven was, he said:

"Dear Johanna, are you going to pass another Summer all alone in that hut far up the Gamspitz?"

"I must," said Johanna. "I have to earn my living, you know."

"Well, marry me and help me keep this inn, and then you need never climb the Gamspitz again unless you wish; and on feast-days no woman shall be so well dressed as you."

At these words poor Johanna's heart was in a terrible flutter. Moser's offer was a great temptation. No man in the valley was so rich as he, and she was so poor.

While she was hesitating what to answer, Ertel made his appearance. His eyes looked very hollow, and his voice, too, had changed.

"Moser," said he, "I am going to live in another part of the Tyrol. I cannot be happy in the Gerloss Valley any longer."

"Indeed! Why, what has happened?" exclaimed Moser, throwing a furtive glance at Johanna, whose eyes were glued to the floor, while her cheeks had turned from crimson to deathly white.

Presently, in tremulous accents, Johanna spoke.

"Ertel," she said, "do not depart until you have done something for me—something which only you can do."

"I would break my neck to serve you," said the smuggler, his countenance brightening. "Speak. I will do anything for you."

"Well, to-morrow, you know, is the Feast of St. John," pursued the girl, "and hence 'tis my feast-day, for my name is Johanna; and I long to have some edelweiss to place upon the altar. But I know not where this beautiful flower may be got so early in the season. Do you, Ertel?"

"Yes, there is a spot on the south side of the Gamspitz where the sun beats warmly, and where the snow disappeared a fortnight ago. There the edelweiss are already blooming, for I saw them this very morning from the cliff above, where I had paused a moment to rest."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Johanna.

"That sunny nook, however, is almost impossible to reach," continued Ertel. "The path which leads to it is scarcely broader than your hand. On one side rises the wellnigh perpendicular mountain, on the other side is a precipice a thousand feet deep. Only the chamois and Hugo Ertel can reach those early edelweiss. You shall have them for High Mass to-morrow."

"I thank you very much!" murmured Johanna.

Here Ertel handed her his spyglass, and bade her look through it and see the spot he alluded to.

"I see it," said Johanna, presently; "but the path which you must follow is not visible; the whole face of the mountain appears like one huge precipice."

"Were you ever there?" inquired Moser, after he, too, had examined through the glass the seemingly inaccessible spot.

"No," answered Ertel. "But I once espied a chamois picking his way along the brink of that precipice. And where a chamois can go, I can go."

"How boastful you are! Why, I wager you my inn that you cannot get to that spot," said Moser.

"Oh, I pray you, do not risk your life in order to bring me the edelweiss!" said Johanna. Then in a sweet, winning voice, "Ertel," she added, "why will you not give up smuggling? Why will you not settle down on a piece of land and be a happy peasant?"

"Well, if I get you the edelweiss, I am to become an innkeeper," replied Ertel, smiling.

"Do not joke," said the girl, "but promise me now to abandon your lawless trade."

"Let me have a day to think over it, will you?"

"Yes. And I will pray for you at Mass to-morrow. I will pray very hard," said Johanna.

"Do. And then perhaps grace may enter my heart to turn gentle shepherd."

"Well, since the officers may be still lurking about," put in Moser, "and may pay us another visit, had you not better spend the rest of the afternoon here, close by the oven?"

"By St. Florian! nothing shall induce me to crawl into that infernal, suffocating hole again," said Ertel. "However, send me a flask of wine, and I'll be willing to remain here till dusk."

Moser now went back to the guest's chamber, accompanied by Johanna, and the moment he had closed the door of the bakery, he repeated the question — the weighty question—which he had asked her a while ago, and to which she had not yet responded.

"No doubt most girls would call me a fool for hesitating what answer to make," said Johanna, after he had spoken, and trying her best to look calm. "To be mistress of this inn would be pleasant indeed. But pray give me a little time to consider your proposal."

"Well, well, think over it," said Moser, who, in truth, admired her all the more for not being captivated by his worldly goods. And when, a few minutes later, he brought the wine to his friend Ertel, he murmured to himself, "Hugo is running me very close. Although he has not much money, she thinks a great deal of him; more, I fear, than she does of me."

"What a graceful figure she has!" spoke the smuggler, an hour later, as he and Moser were admiring Johanna from a grated window in the bakery.

The girl, who had kept possession of Ertel's spyglass, was again looking at the spot on the Gamspitz, where the edelweiss were in bloom.

At this moment the snow, which still lingered on the top of this beautiful Alp, was flaming in the rays of the setting sun, and in the tiny black speck which Johanna perceived passing across the face of the mountain, some distance below the summit, she recognized a chamois; it was traveling along the exceedingly narrow path which led to the flowers, as Ertel had told her.

"Yes," said Moser, "Johanna has the finest figure of any girl in our valley; and she has such a happy disposition, too. But I fear she will not rest well to-night, for thinking about the edelweiss."

"Oh, she need not feel anxious. She shall have them in time for High Mass to-morrow," answered Ertel. "But remember, old fellow, if I gather them from that lofty, breakneck spot, this inn is to be mine."

"Ay, yours!" said Moser. "But surefooted as you are, you cannot reach it; indeed, if you are wise, you will not attempt such a foolhardy thing."

Thus conversing, Moser and Ertel remained in the bakery until nightfall. Then whistling for his dog, the smuggler asked the innkeeper to accompany him up the mountain, to a cave in which he had concealed some tobacco. "I want to show you also where I will leave the edelweiss. For I shall not venture to appear in the village to-morrow. But you may tell Johanna where I have left the flowers, and she will come and fetch them."

Accordingly they sallied forth by a rear door, and, without meeting any one, were, in a few minutes, safe across the torrent which rushes along the foot of the Gamspitz. Then entering a path rendered doubly sombre by the pines and hemlocks which overshadowed it, they began the ascent with the long, slow stride of the mountaineers.

"Here she will find the edelweiss," spoke Ertel, after they had gone a little distance, and placing his hand upon some moss at the base of an old wooden cross.

Moser promised to remember the place.

"And I will bring them to Johanna myself," he added, as they resumed their way to the cave, with Peter keeping close at their heels.

When they had been climbing about an hour, and had come to an opening in the forest, made by woodcutters, the dog turned and began to sniff the air.

"Who is coming?" Ertel asked, as he seated himself on a fallen tree beside Moser.

Peter continued to sniff the air, and presently wagged his tail, but did not bark.

While they were watching the actions of the dog, the full moon rose above the jagged crest of the Gamspitz, and in a moment the clearing round about them became well-nigh as light as day.

"Who is coming?" repeated Ertel, for the dog's tail was wagging faster and faster. He had scarcely spoken, when the figure of a woman emerged out of the shadowy pathway which they had just been treading.

"'Tis a queer hour to come here in quest of fagots. Who can she be?" ejaculated Moser.

"Lie down," said the smuggler, pulling his dog by the tail.

Nearer and nearer the figure approached; and both Moser and Ertel felt a cold stream through their veins,

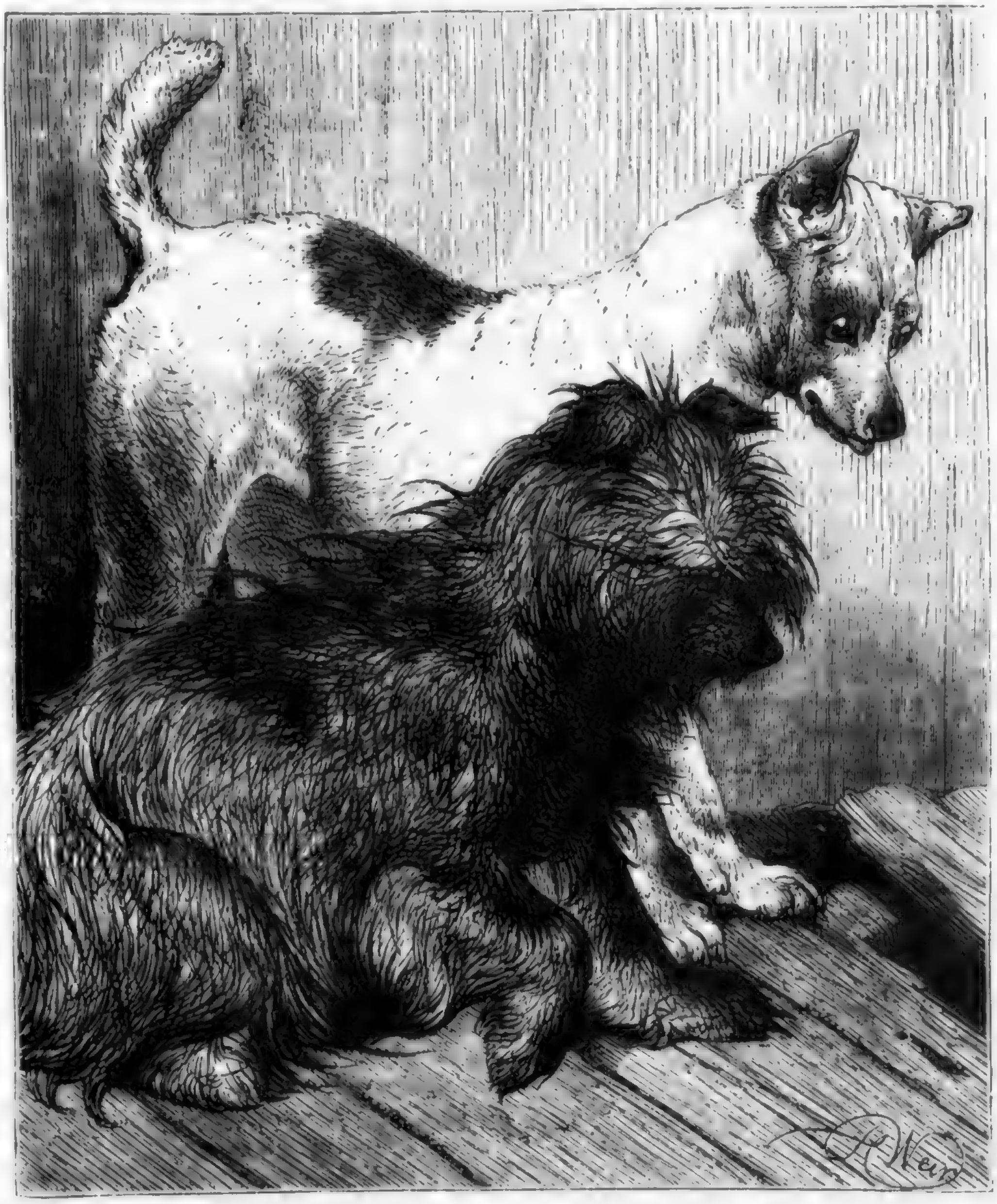
THE LOVERS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 242.

when presently, barefooted, with eyes wide open and staring straight before her, Johanna Groebmer passed by.

"There is something ghostly in her face," whispered Ertel.

"I have heard the old woman, with whom Johanna lives, say that twice or thrice the girl has walked abroad in her sleep. The last time she did it, the crone followed her a couple of miles," said the innkeeper under his breath.

"Indeed! Well, if she is asleep now, it might be dangerous to awaken her," said Ertel. "But we must not let her get out of sight, or she might meet with some mishap."



EXPECTATION.

So saying, they continued their way up the mountain; the smuggler forgetting all about his tobacco hidden in the cave, while both were thinking only of the maiden, who was walking so mysteriously a short space in front of them.

"I declare!" said Ertel, after they had toiled upward for another hour—"I declare! Johanna is making for the south side of the mountain where the edelweiss are blooming."

"Is she? Well, keep her in full view, and waken her at all hazards before she gets to that dangerous path, which, you say, runs along the precipice," answered Moser, who was puffing and blowing, and wishing that he had spikes to his shoes, for it was growing more slippery at every step.

Then in a moment he added:

"Alas! I cannot keep up with you any further. What an ass I was to come without spikes to my shoes!"

"Humph! Johanna in her sleep was wiser than you," said Ertel. "She came barefooted."

"'Tis the safest way to ascend this infernal Gamspitz," growled the innkeeper, who had scarcely spoken when he fell flat on his face.

They were now above the forest line. The sleepwalker had quickened her gait, and was gaining on them.

"For Heaven's sake," said Moser, as he slowly picked himself up, and rubbed his poor bruised knee, "don't mind me! Don't stop! Hasten on without me, and catch Johanna before it is too late."

"Well, *auf wieder sehen!*" said Ertel.

And now, stretching out his long legs, he shouted the girl's name. But his voice failed to awaken her; and before he was able to overtake the somnambulist she had rounded the sharp corner of the mountain.

"My God! She will be killed," murmured Ertel, bounding forward, and not pausing for his brand-new hat, which had blown off with its pretty green feathers.

But in a few minutes he slackened his speed, for he was about to enter the treacherous path, which was indeed little broader than his head.

On one side he could lean slightly against the mountain. But on the other side—well, even Ertel's strong head could scarcely keep from swimming when he looked down the sheer, tremendous fall of rock. Johanna was not visible. Was it possible that she had already gained the comparatively broad space—the sheltered nook where the edelweiss grew?

"Alas!" murmured Ertel. "If she has made one false step—if she has been dashed to pieces, 'twill be my fault. But for me she would not have been dreaming about these edelweiss and come here in her sleep to gather them."

And now, as he moved cautiously on, he began to pray, and he vowed that if Johanna were not killed—if he found her safe and sound and succeeded in bringing her back to the village, he would give up smuggling and lead henceforth an honest life. But he did not believe there was more than one chance in a thousand that he would ever see her alive again; and tears were dimming his eyes, when lo! he perceived Johanna's form ahead of him—just where the flowers were. She was lying prostrate on the rocks—on the very brink of the awful precipice; one arm seemed to be projecting beyond the brink, and what saved her from rolling into the abyss was more than he could tell, unless it was the hand of her guardian angel.

For a moment Ertel trembled violently. But recovering his self-possession, he advanced, and presently found himself standing over the seemingly lifeless Johanna. She had evidently reached up for a bunch of edelweiss, her foot had slipped, and nothing had checked her fatal descent but the stump of a little pine-tree, which had caught in her gown.

"Oh, if she is alive—if she is only stunned!" exclaimed Ertel, bending over her, "I will cut off a piece of this blessed tree and carry it about with me as long as I live."

But he could feel no breath coming from Johanna's lips; cold as ice were her hands. Had her precious life departed?

"Oh, my beloved! My priceless treasure, speak to me," he cried, in frantic accents.

But Johanna spoke not; no answer came except the piercing scream of an eagle which his voice had scared out of its aerie.

Ertel now went on to pray as he had never prayed before. He could not believe that Johanna was dead. Nor was she. By-and-by her bosom heaved. Then a feeble question—"Where am I?" murmured in his ear.

"You are safe in the care of Hugo Ertel," replied the joyous smuggler, folding her in his arms. "And God be praised that I am with you. Fear not. I will take you safely home."

"Yes, God be ever blessed and praised. But where am I?" repeated Johanna, gazing around her in amazement not unmingled with terror. Nor can we wonder that she felt terrified when she discovered where she was.

Ertel now told her briefly what had occurred; and when he had done speaking, she clasped his cheeks between both her palms—she seemed to be kissing him with her hands—and said:

"You followed me hither at the risk of your life. But Moser staid behind."

"Blame not friend Moser," answered the generous Ertel. "He would not have staid behind had he had spikes to his shoes."

But Johanna shook her head, while the light of love kindled in her eyes.

The villagers were up betimes next morning, for it was the Feast of St. John. And when the hour for High Mass approached, no face was so missed among the group that was assembled in front of the church as the face of Johanna Groebmer. What had become of the light-hearted maiden, whom every one knew and loved?

The gossips, of course, were busy, each with a story of her own to account for her disappearance. And one old woman had just hinted, with a solemn countenance, that Johanna might have wandered off in her sleep, when who should be seen coming with a limping gait up the street but Michael Moser!

And now in mournful accents he related to the gaping throng what he and Ertel, the smuggler, had witnessed during the early hours of the night just passed. "And I much fear," he said in conclusion, while he drew his sleeve across his eyes—"I much fear that we shall never see Johanna Groebmer alive again. And—and perhaps brave Ertel, too, may be lying dead at the foot of the big precipice."

Scarcely had the lamentations which followed this announcement died away, when two persons were observed coming down the mountain. And as soon as they had got near enough to be recognized, a glad shout burst from the throats of the villagers, but none shouted so loud as Moser, for it was Ertel and Johanna who were approaching—the latter with her head bandaged and leaning on the arm of her companion.

Johanna looked very pale, but there was a pleasant smile on her lips when she found herself surrounded by her anxious friends, who wanted to know if she was much hurt. Then, after answering, as well as she could, their questions, she led the way into the church, bearing in each hand a bunch of edelweiss, and falling on her knees, she offered up a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for her seemingly miraculous escape from death.

"But where is Ertel?" she said, when she had finished the prayer. And going in quest of her betrothed, she found, to her dismay, that he had been arrested! Yes, the smuggler was at last in the clutches of the law. But a high official of the Government, who fortunately happened to be present, assured the girl that he would use all his influence to have a pardon granted to the young man.

"But you must persuade him to give up smuggling," said the official.

"Oh, that he has already promised me to do," answered Johanna, twining her arm through Ertel's.

"And, Ertel," spoke Moser, "I have lost my wager, you know. Henceforth the inn belongs to you." Then, heaving a sigh as he turned his eyes upon Johanna, "And I am sure," he added, "the inn will become more popular than ever."

Not many weeks after the Feast of St. John a wedding took place in the church at the foot of the Gamspitz. Who the happy couple were, it is needless to tell. And during the Nuptial Mass the ancient altar was decked from end to end with spotless edelweiss.

THE STORY OF A HAUNTED ROOM.

Some time ago I received the following manuscript. The writer had volunteered to give me an account of certain personal experiences which might be introduced with advantage in a book of legendary lore I contemplated publishing. Called away by regimental duty, my friend kindly remembered his promise, and at once acquitted himself in writing. The book has been given up, and I think it just as well to let this contribution see the light and come under the notice of clearer heads than my own.

My Dear Friend—What can't be cured, etc., you know. Here I am and here I'll be, can't say how long; so, knowing you're all on the *qui vive* (Parisian accent, *if* you please), and that not being forbid, like that prosy old King of Denmark, I *can* a tale unfold—well, I'm running on at a terrible rate, but the truth is, I don't like to call up that night out of the grave in which I have tried to bury it.

My state of mind is sufficiently expressed by my metaphor, I hope, which is dismal to the last degree. However, here goes, and I want you to read as carefully as I am writing and tell me your candid opinion of this "ower true" narrative.

About five years ago I was invited to spend Christmas week with Sir Robert Ullathorne at his country place in ——shire. Harry Ullathorne, the heir, and I were particular friends at school, and this invitation was a proof he had not forgotten the old times.

I obtained leave, and as half a dozen brothers and cousins were with my parents, I felt no scruples in deserting the homestead in favor of Ullathorne, especially as I was sentimentally inclined toward Harry's pretty sister Rose.

Of course it is not worth the while to describe our doings and sayings, nor yet the large company Sir Robert had brought beneath his capacious roof-tree. We were very jolly, and, Christmas Eve, gathered about the old fireplace, where blazing logs did more for illumination than the candles in the chandelier, it was very natural that somebody should propose story-telling. I had no objections to this pastime, that for some vague reason seems appropriate to Christmas, and at the worst could but result in a little nervousness, which is however, like solitude, only enjoyable with a companion.

Each one had something to relate, and as the witchery of the hour grew upon us, so did the stories grow more ghostly, and from the conventional "I once read," or "I used to hear," some bolder spirits changed the key to ancestral and personal experiences.

Here I took pains to intone in most sepulchral voice of a ghost which haunted a boarding-school—Rose, who attended one, seemed to grow pale—and how its white and wasted figure was found to walk in the hall where Master Harris was incarcerated for misdemeanor in church, and how Harris, on being told of the awful fact, almost went into convulsions, being convinced that it was a warning of approaching death, but was reassured by the discovery that the master in dead languages walked in his sleep, so that the ghost dwindled down to a very prosaic old gentleman.

A laugh went around at this unexpected ending, but some of the party, I noticed, looked offended and murmured a refreshingly novel remark concerning more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in Horatio's philosophy.

To restore the harmony which I had so profanely "jangled out of tune," a young fellow from Oxford proceeded to narrate an unearthly legend of a portrait and a blood-stained curtain; whereat I pretended to be overcome with fear and tied my handkerchief about my head to prevent too striking a resemblance to "the fretful porcupine."

I could see that Rose enjoyed my nonsense, which encouraged me to more absurdity; but catching my host's eye, which was fixed gravely upon me, I desisted, fearing he was displeased.

I was glad to find out my mistake, however. He awaited the conclusion of the portrait story, then said, soberly stroking his chin:

"I suppose you know we have some legends connected with Ullathorne?"

Yes, we had heard so. If Sir Robert would be so good as to relate one for us, we should be perfectly happy—a well-authenticated adventure in the house where it came to pass. Thus we clamored—I, I confess, being as curious as the rest.

"It is not very creditable to our family, but let that pass; and I am a poor hand at story-telling. I give a tale just as I receive it, and haven't any of your blood-curdling arts. However, here it is:

"It was in the reign of good Queen Bess. The eldest daughter of our house had accompanied her father to Court and became one of Her Majesty's maids-of-honor. Hugh Travers fell in love with her, and was accepted. As she was very beautiful, the Queen was not sorry to let her go home, which she did in December, with her betrothed, who was to spend Christmas at Ullathorne, and become acquainted with his future bride's family.

"He, being heir to a splendid baronetcy and a nephew to Elizabeth's favorite Minister, was considered a great catch, and congratulations were showered upon Gillian, who received them with her usual haughtiness.

"For some reason the wedding was not to be till March. The house was filled with company and merry-making. Before Christmas, Hugh Travers was in love with Bess, Gillian's younger sister. I fancied he had wearied of Gillian's stateliness, and found Bess's arch mockeries a refreshing change.

"As she confessed on her deathbed, Gillian overheard the pair planning an elopement. Her pride took fire. Feeling that she could not live to survive the disgrace of being cast aside, she stole up, at one o'clock Christmas morning, by a secret stairway, to Travers's room, and moved the panel which was to let her in and be the death of her false lover.

"But Travers had been very wakeful, thinking over his two lady-loves, and heard the slight creak of the panel. Being very quick-tempered, he no sooner saw a hand placed on the sill as if feeling a way for descent than, snatching his sword, he severed the hand from the wrist. The panel flew back to its place, and he heard a deep groan; then all was silent.

"His horror was doubled when he perceived the hand which lay open upon the hearth was small and evidently a woman's. Terrible proof! On the middle finger glistened a ring given Gillian by the Earl of Essex in one of his brief but passionate flirtations.

"Hugh left his room and walked up and down the hall in great distress of mind, not knowing how to act. The visitors were surprised to hear of Mistress Gillian's illness the next day, and before Christmas had waned she was dead.

"The details are a little obscure here, for everything was kept such a profound secret that it was not till a century later that any one outside the family knew the true cause of Gillian's sudden demise. This much is certain. Gillian, dying from loss of blood, confessed the terrible adventure to her father. No one was admitted to the room, but her old nurse and Lady Ullathorne.

"The unhappy baronet, for the honor of the house, persuaded Hugh to be silent concerning the affair, as he was to his dying day, and remain for the funeral, after which he shook the dust of Ullathorne from his feet, and went on a foreign embassy.

"Travers's room was closed for many years, but in later times, when the house was crowded, a guest has occupied it. Gentlemen, I am not credulous, but I find it a singular fact that any one sleeping there the night before Christmas can never be induced to repeat the experiment and seems only to breathe freely when out of the house."

There was an impressive pause.

"Where is the ring?" murmured a young barrister, deeply interested.

"It was preserved in the family. I will show it to you to-morrow. It is rather late—why, bless my soul!"—consulting his watch—"almost twelve o'clock. You mustn't lose your beauty-sleep, girls, with this ball on hand.

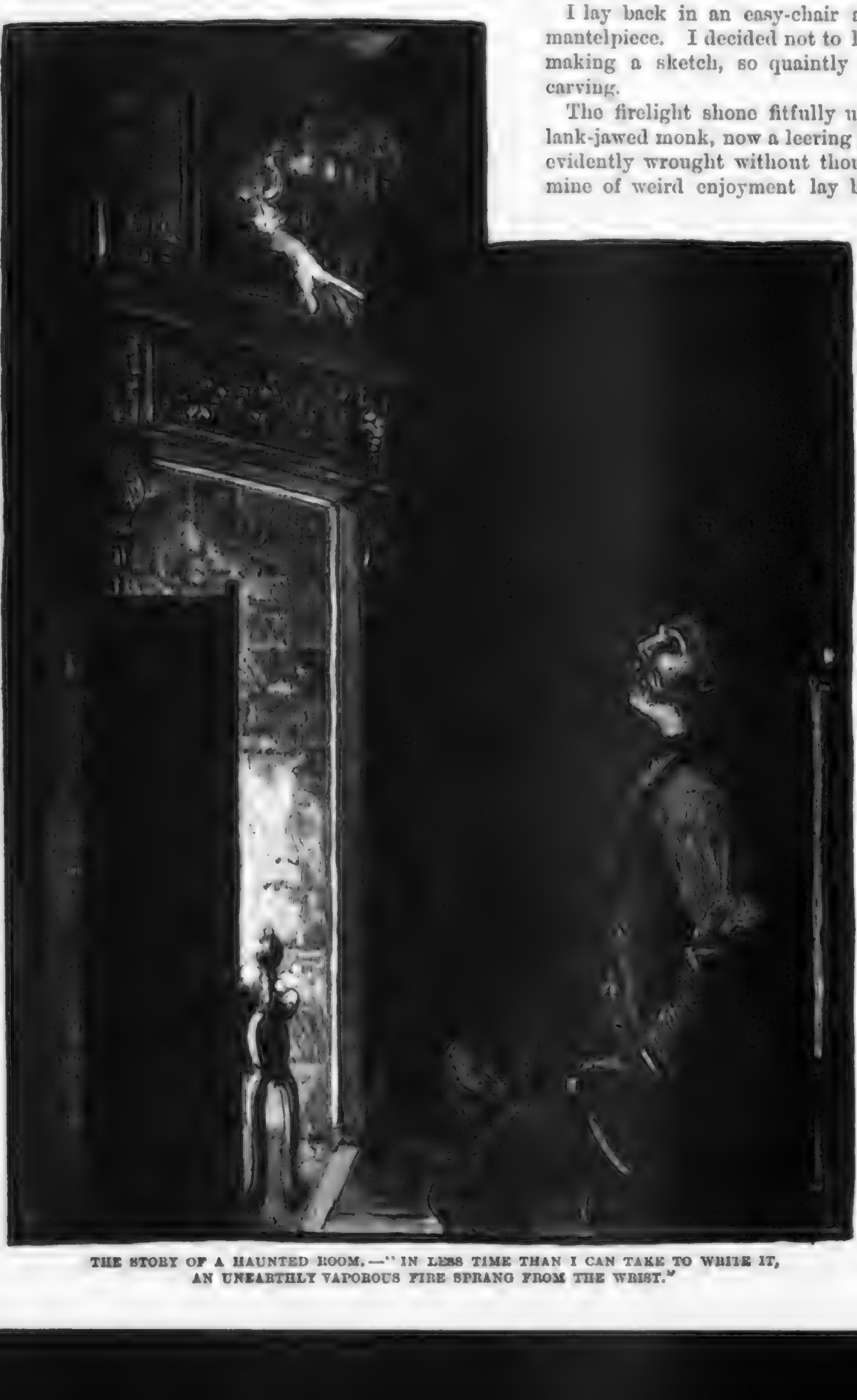
The feminine portion of our company disappeared, and tobacco and spirits were brought forth to take its place.

"I tell you what," I said, boastfully, "I'd give a good deal to sleep in a haunted room."

"Ah, it's a bad business," said the host, shaking his head. "I never had the least desire to explore the hidden world, but you skeptical young bloods—eh, well, your healths, gentlemen!"

I drank a little punch, took my candle and was shown to my room.

I walked slowly about, undressing, and could not restrain a throb of vanity that I had been thought of sufficient consequence to be given such handsome quarters. I could not enough admire the arched ceiling; the wainscoting of oak now dark with age where here and there panels of costly tapestry had been inserted; these last had also felt the hand of Time, for it was all I could do to make out a cavalier's leg or a moth-eaten lady's once-blooming cheek. I turned from them and investigated my bed. A magnificent four-poster, with gorgeous canopy and nodding plumes, reminded me rather uncomfortably of a hearse, and, absurdly enough, my mind, once in this channel, began to recall the Oxonian's story of the blood-stained curtain. I eyed, with involuntary suspicion, the heavy draperies which fell about my couch. I pinched myself vigorously, and tried to laugh at myself; but my nerves were decidedly shaken, and I finally resolved never to meddle with ghost-stories again; the feeling about them when one is alone and when in company is too amazingly different.


THE STORY OF A HAUNTED ROOM.—"IN LESS TIME THAN I CAN TAKE TO WRITE IT, AN UNEARTHLY VAPOROUS FIRE SPRANG FROM THE WRIST."

There was a good log fire on the hearth, which looked very cheerful, and toward that I wended my way.

It is not stilted to speak in this style, for the room was so large, and the scarcity of furniture made the size more conspicuous.

I lay back in an easy-chair and fell a-studying the mantelpiece. I decided not to leave Ullathorne without making a sketch, so quaintly rich was it in antique carving.

The firelight shone fitfully upon it, exposing now a lank-jawed monk, now a leering griffin the workman had evidently wrought without thought of sequence, and a mine of weird enjoyment lay before me in the uncertainty as to what the flame might next reveal.

I remember glancing idly at the dressing-table and thinking that the candles needed snuffing, when I must have fallen asleep.

This is not to be wondered at, considering the late hour, the easy-chair, the drowsy heat, and—well, perhaps the punch.

How long I slept I did not know till afterward. I was awakened by a strange feeling that somebody was in the room.

Looking around with blinking eyes, I saw I was alone; indeed, I might have been the only soul for miles, so dead was the silence that reigned.

My candles, which seemed but to have awaited my return from the land of Nod, gave a wild flicker and went out in a little gasp. The sound, trifling as it was, was a relief.

In the queer spell that steals over one sometimes in an intense stillness, I dreaded making a noise.

The fire, now a mass of red embers, cast a sinister blush over the surrounding obscurity.

I have never been called a coward, and conscious of this, I actually began to be afraid of my own fears—afraid that there must be some palpable cause for this weak, womanish, unreasoning state.

I was wide-awake, I swear, when above me I heard a faint creak.

My ear was so strained for any sound that might arise to break my solitude, that I could not be mistaken.

I raised my head (I shall strive to put this down as clearly and calmly as possible)—I raised my head, I say, and saw the centre panel (a large one) above the mantel, slowly moving. I don't think Sir Robert's narrative occurred to me at all, as yet. My mind was a blank save for the immediate spectacle.

Softly the panel slid into the wall; after that first grating I did not hear a sound. A hand appeared at the dark opening and seemed to feel a way for descent.

Suddenly the baronet's tale rushed upon me and nailed me to my chair with horror. I saw the hand, white and long, where on the middle finger glittered a hoop of emeralds and pearls.

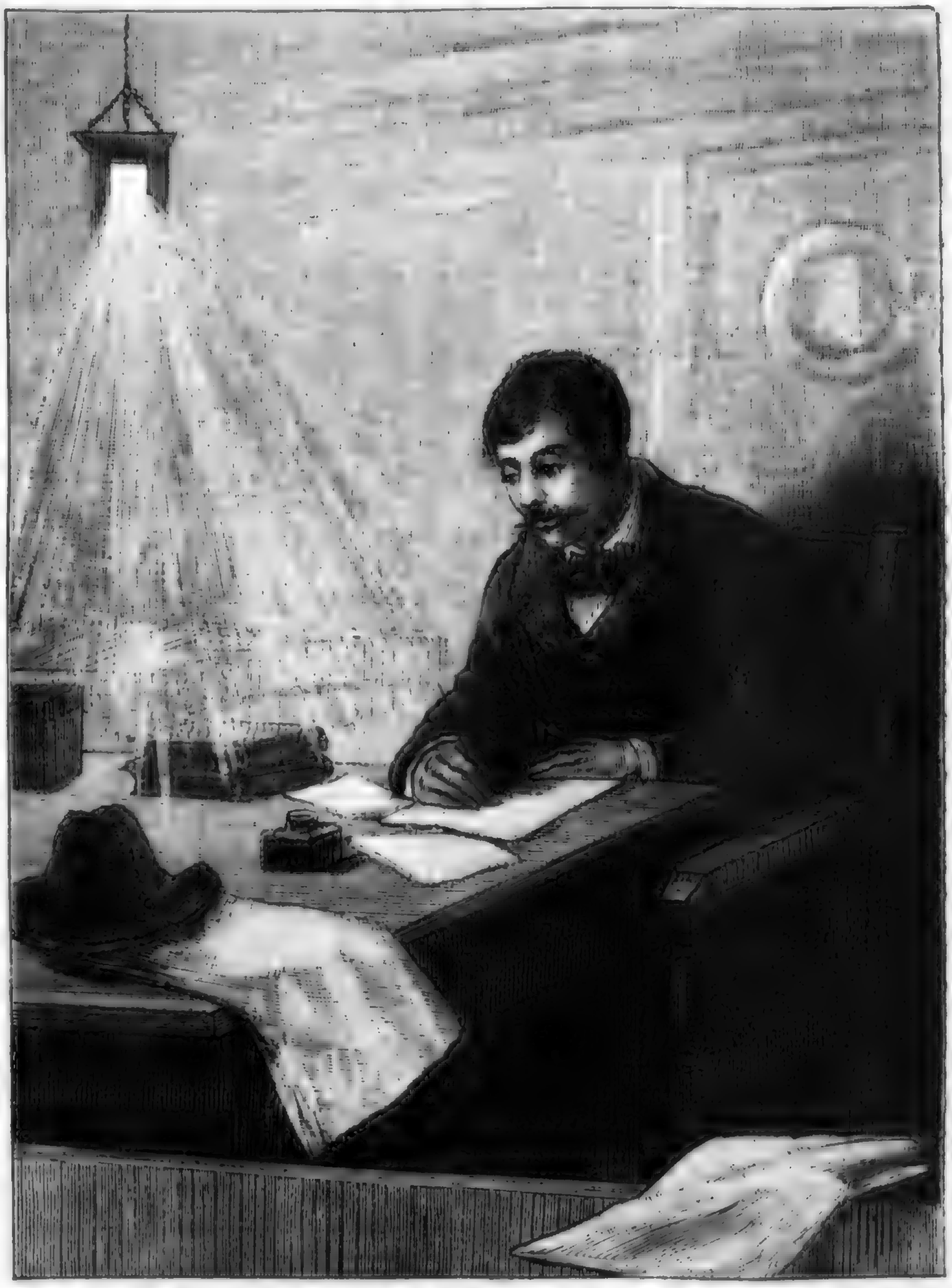
In less space of time than I can write it, an unearthly vaporous fire sprang from the wrist; I heard a dull dripping; then all was as before. The hand disappeared, the panel reclosed.

But as I lay there, faint from terror, a low, long, shuddering wail broke from the wainscoting and lost its echo in the arches above.

Anything so mournful and yet so fiendish as this cry I would rather forfeit ten years of my life than to hear again. I staggered, dizzy and tired out, to my bed, and fell into a deep sleep which lasted till almost noon.

There is little more to tell. Sir Robert, true to his promise, showed us the ring, the exact mate to the one I had seen in my room. I was so overcome by this added proof that the whole thing was not a dream, which solution I had tried to form, that I would not remain another night beneath the roof which concealed so terrible a mystery. Spite of Rose's pouting lips and the general expression of wonder, I left that afternoon, arriving home just in time for our Christmas dinner.

I noticed that Sir Robert did not seem at all surprised, and betrayed an amused twinkle 'neath his shaggy brows. He had evidently punished my boasting by allotting me Hugh Travers's room.



BIBRA, THE NATURALIST, WRITING THE HISTORY OF THE PYROSOMA BY ITS OWN LIGHT. THE ANIMAL WAS HUNG IN HIS CABIN AS SHOWN.

THE TORCH-BEARERS OF THE SEA.

By C. F. Holder.

Of the many questions raised by modern marine investigation, that relating to the illumination of the abyssal depths of the sea possesses an equal charm to the layman and scientist. To the former it is a subject appealing to the imagination, suggestive of all that is weird and mysterious in nature; while to the scientist the discovery of new luminous forms widens a field that has hitherto been restricted and confined to narrow limits. Until lately the belief was held that the ocean-bed was a cold, silent region—a barren waste enveloped in stygian darkness, the most desolate spot upon the habitable globe. Modern investigation, however, has robbed it of some of its terrors, and curious living forms are now found miles below the limit of the penetration of the sun's rays, that are provided with luminous organs, and are the veritable lamps of the sea.

The most interesting of these light-givers are the fishes. We find that their bony and muscular systems, though in the surface forms highly developed, are here extremely feeble; the various parts are fibrous, indented with fissures, and of a decidedly cavernous texture, so that a needle will penetrate their bones anywhere without breaking, showing the myriads of pores and openings into which the surrounding medium circulates, counteracting the enormous pressure from without. Not only are the bones porous, but they are, especially the backbones, so loosely connected that they come apart at the slightest warning, the muscles and the ligaments all being of the most fragile nature.

Another peculiarity of these fishes is what has been called their muciferous system, which is developed to a remarkable degree. The entire body is covered with a thick layer of mucus, which the numerous cavities of the various parts conceal.

The eyes of the fishes at different depths vary greatly, and have undergone a modification also to conform with the surroundings. In the fishes that habitually live at about five hundred feet from the surface, the eyes are larger, that they may be able to absorb all the rays that come from above. Below twelve hundred feet, where the sun's rays do not penetrate, we find fishes with very small eyes, that are useless; the creatures, however, nearly all having tentacles, or feelers, to take the place of organs of vision. Here also are found some large-eyed fishes. In the abyssal depths beyond, we find blind fishes, with rudimentary eyes and scarcely any organs of touch, but with colossal organs upon their heads, and long tendrils, or feelers.

Nearly all these are rapacious creatures, the sharks of the deeper sea, and though we are familiar with the sense-organs of the blind cave-fish, *Melanura*, that enables it to capture its eyed prey, the feelers and tentacles of these deep-sea fishes do not seem sufficient to enable them to escape from their more powerful enemies, or to capture prey themselves. Perhaps partly explaining this is the theory of abyssal light, first held by only a few naturalists, but now probably accepted by all. In other words, the fishes with large eyes at great depths were believed to see by the aid of phosphorescent light derived from various sources, and finally it was announced that many of the fishes were provided with their own lights—were, in fact, the torch-bearers of the depths of the sea, and the colossal head-organs of the blind fishes were veritable head-lights. Thus from theory we have passed to fact, and it is generally acknowledged that many of the deep-sea fishes are not only phosphorescent from the peculiar mucus that envelops them, but they have special luminous organs that are also claimed by some authorities to possess the functions of organs of vision.

If we take the common lamp-fish, or *Scopelus*—of which the late lamented Willemoes-Suhm, of the *Challenger*, said, referring to its phosphorescence, "One of these hung in the net like a shining star as it came out of the darkness"—we shall find along the lower surface, or sides, numbers of round glistening objects imbedded in the skin, commonly called mother-of-pearl spots. In one before me there are thirty on each side, near the abdominal profile. Some are near the eye; two, just above the pectoral fin, are the so-called luminous organs. Some are oval or elliptical in form, and all, whether considered as accessory eyes or merely glands, are supposed to give out light sufficient to their wants, a fact confirmed, as we have seen, by Willemoes-Suhm.

These luminous organs, that often in the larger fishes look like the open ports of some gayly-lighted steamer at night that, rushing along, leaves a stream of light behind, have been the subject of much interesting discussion. Zenckart, according to Dr. Krause, seems to have given them the first critical examination in 1864, in *Chauliodus Sloani*, *Stomias boa* and *Scopelus Humboldtii*, and came to the opinion from it that they might possibly be regarded as supplementary eyes, but the workers are by no means agreed upon the exact functions of the spots. Zenckart, Ussow, Leydig and Semper state their belief that the spots are real subsidiary eyes, resembling those of the mussels. Zenckart and Ussow believed that they had discovered a lens, a vitreous substance, and a perfect retina, and have published drawings of them; but Professor Leydig doubts their judgment in this, and is rather disposed to think that he can, with great probability, recognize an identity in their structure with that of the electric and pseudo-electric organs of some fishes, particularly in the jelly-tissues and the disposition of the nerve-endings.

These conflicting opinions, however, have not affected the light-giving possibilities of the fishes, and the belief is held by the majority that the organs, be they eyes or what not, are not only adapted to receive light, but are phosphorescent themselves. So our preconceived ideas of the deep sea, as a region of utter darkness, are erroneous. Instead of gloom, there is undoubtedly a scene of unwonted splendor—gorgeous displays of phosphorescent light appearing, dying away, to reorganize in some new and strange form. Meteoric lights dart across the watery firmament that bears myriads of dazzling living stars, leaving trains of light behind; here a constellation seems forming as numerous light-givers gather about some common prey, now separating and darting away in a glare of light.

Among the strange fishes of this silent world is the *Ipnops;* its eyes have entirely lost the functions of vision, as we understand it, and are gleaming phosphorescent lights. A large fish, six or seven feet long—the *Plagiodus*—evidently depends upon the mucus that covers it, more or less, for its luminous display. Its dorsal fin calls to mind that of the genus *Histriophorus*, of the sword-fishes, being nearly twice the depth of the body, and extending nearly its entire length. The tops of its upper surface emit a soft yellow light; the pectoral and anal fins look like gleams of fire, while the upper portion of the head and the lower jaw is often highly luminous.

One of the most remarkable of these light-givers is the *Chiasmodus*, that, though only twelve or fifteen inches in length, is enabled to swallow fishes of twice its actual size, and this is equally true of the genera (*Melanocles*). This seeming paradox is easily explained upon an examination of the jaw, when it will be seen that deglutition is performed, not by using the muscles of the pharynx, as in fishes in general, but by the alternate and independent movement of the jaws, as in snakes; in fact, they pull themselves over their food, enveloping it as a boa does a deer. The *Chiasmodus* has two dorsal fins, both of which are tipped with phosphorescence, while the top of the savagely-armed upper jaw gleams with a fiery glow.

Under three miles of water, off the northwestern Australian coast, has been discovered a fish—*Echiostoma*—whose displayal of light is somewhat singular. The surface of the fish is black, two luminous spots occurring under or below the eye, as if to light that organ. Above the maxillary there is a narrow, elongate, fiery spot, while nearer the eye is found a small protuberance, possibly a sense-organ.

Another species of this genus has long fringed barbels, is colorless, and has just above the maxillary a small round luminous spot resembling an eye, probably one of the accessory eyes previously referred to as a mother-of-pearl spot.

The greatest depth from which fishes have been taken is 2,750 fathoms, or about three and one-half miles. Here the principal inhabitant is the *Bathyophis ferox.* It has long barbels or feelers, suggestive of its lack of vision, and is also a torch-bearer, there being a small luminous organ above the middle of the upper jaw. Along the sides of the abdomen there is a series of veritable side-lights that glisten and gleam as the fish moves along, gathering new glories from the phosphorescent water. On the side of the tail is another fiery dot, while another on the outer ventral ray makes this dweller in the "unfathomed ocean-caves" a veritable harlequin of lights that dance and scintillate as it moves along.

In a species of *Ipnops* the head is depressed, broad, and long, the entire upper surface being given up to a curious organ longitudinally divided into two symmetrical halves. This is considered a luminous organ, and, like the headlight of a locomotive, must throw its gleams and glare ahead of its person.

These are but a few of the wondrous shapes that convert this unapproachable region into a veritable fairy-land of dazzling light. Small fishes, five or six inches in length, dart about in shallower waters, their entire forms encompassed in a blaze of light that beams and quivers, presenting a wondrous appearance as several swim about together. These are the *Harpodons,* or Bombay ducks. A large form with enormous eyes is the *Beryx,* the tip of its upper fin blazing with the light that still defies the physiologist. The tail also throws off bright scintillations, so that the entire fish, deep and short in form, appears like a wandering moon bathed in its own silvery rays.

One of the most ferocious of the deep-sea forms, and one that has recently been dredged off the New England coast by the American Fish-Commission boat *Albatross,* is the *Chanliodus.* Its teeth are long, wolf-like, and protruding, giving it a most repulsive and ferocious appearance. The body is long, and somewhat snake-like, tapering off to the tail, the fins of which glow with a rich light, while the pectoral and dorsals appear like tongues of flame mysteriously leaping out of the darkness.

To those who have examined the curious *Mola,* or sunfish, that is often cast ashore on our Eastern shores or caught by fishermen, it must be evident that here are all the conditions for a remarkable display of luminosity, the body being enveloped in a thick mucus. In the Mediterranean, according to Semper, they are called moon-fishes, on account of the marvelous appearance they present under water, the great oval body gleaming with a brilliant light and resembling the reflection of the moon under water.

Among our luminous fishes, the common mackerel deserves mention. Their luminosity is so intense that it becomes their death-warrant, as, a long distance off, on the darkest nights, the bright spot is seen by the lookout on the mackerel-schooners. The vessel is headed for it, and the gleaming fishes are soon surrounded by the seine, their own light being the cause of their destruction. When taken into the boat they present a magnificent appearance—a rippling, scintillating fall of living light, dazzling in the extreme.

The luminosity of the mackerel is not confined to any special portion, but seems to pervade the entire body. The meshes of the net, as it comes in, also gleam with the mysterious light. Every movement of the boat seems to ignite the dark sea, and waves of silvery light roll away, increasing in brilliancy, spreading, and finally breaking, a mass of living flame. The motion of the oar, the breath of the evening breeze upon the water, the splash of some tiny fish, all seem mystic touches that ignite the ocean and imprint upon its surface scenes of weird splendor.

What is the secret of this display? We seem to have the gift of Midas, for, but touch the apparently lifeless water, and it is changed to gold. To the naked eye gleaming specks are alone visible, but under the glass they resolve themselves into very minute currant-shaped animals, the *Noctilucæ*—the most wonderful of the light-givers of the sea. So minute are these forms, and in such vast numbers, that they seem to make up the very substance of the element in which they float.

Under the glass that we have placed upon the rocks by the sea, the fiery surf leaping all about, we see that the *Noctiluca* is a little currant-shaped gelatinous body with a single locomotive organ, the stem of the currant. This, by protruding and retreating, moves them along, but the wondrous light they emit distracts the attention from a closer examination of their various parts. Now the delicate outline is just visible; then appears to ignite, and blazes out a rich green suddenly, like the flash of a revolving light.

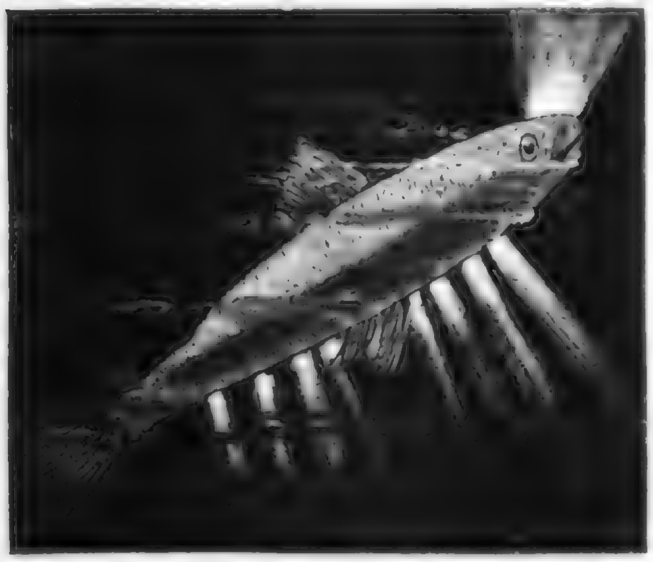
Innumerable points or elevations seem to be the seats of the light-producing power. If the water is stirred up, the lights increase in intensity, the introduction of freshly-aërated water or oxygen producing a like result. The introduction of carbonic acid reduces the glow, while a drop of alcohol added to the water causes them to display only a luminous ring.

Wonderful as is the light of the individual *Noctiluca,* it is when *en masse* that they are seen in their greatest splendor. Vessels have sailed for days through vast fields of them; the stars and the light of the moon were dimmed by their marvelous light, that converted the ocean into a sea of fire and gave an unearthly aspect to the ship and crew. Ahead was a continuous mass of milk-white foam; the masts, sails and rigging cast weird shadows all about; while astern, the wake of the ship seemed a gigantic fiery serpent winding its way over the sea in close pursuit.

These wonderful fire-bodies are found in nearly all seas. In the South, bathers have come from the water at night, their bodies glistening and gleaming as if on fire, the phenomenon being caused by the presence of these innumerable forms. They have been utilized as illuminators, a number placed in a glass in a darkened room emitting light sufficient to read by.

In drifting along the rock-bound shores of the Eastern coast on warm Summer nights, the heavenly bodies often seem reflected in the depths below. Here a gleaming comet slowly moves across the field, its train of golden hair-like filaments streaming behind. Around about are constellations of greater or less magnitude, some moving with stately undulation, others motionless—the suns of this submarine world.

These are *Medusæ* or jelly-fishes, among the most brilliant of the luminous animals. Especially noticeable are the larger species of *Aurelia* and *Cyanea.* One of the latter was seen, from the masthead of a vessel on the Eastern coast, that might have been the reflection of some veritable comet in the sky, so gigantic were its proportions. The disk was over seven feet in diameter, a great luminous plate rising and falling with an undulating motion, while behind stretched away an enormous nebulous mass of tentacles to a distance of nearly two hundred feet. Here the light was a rich golden hue, as



SHOWING THE POSITION OF HEAD AND SIDE LIGHTS OF THE FISH SCOPELUS.

in the *Meicerta;* but in others, as *Dysmorphosa*, it is bluish-green and a variety of tints.

On the eastern coast of Massachusetts, where the sea is in constant warfare with the rock-girt shore, these forms are seen to their best advantage. The surges bear them on, hurling them high upon the rocks, and as the waves retreat their delicate forms in streams of living lights wind their way back to the sea.

On the Maine coast, in August, when the luminous jellies have separated (seemingly disintegrated by the sea), the water is converted into a veritable fiery sea.

In Ceylon, some years ago, a jelly-fish was sighted, by some native fishermen, that was so luminous, that they reported ashore that they had discovered a burning fire beneath the sea. A few days later, however, the animal stranded, and at low tide was left exposed, where it was visited by thousands of persons. It was estimated to weigh, with the tentacles, twenty tons, and at night gave out a light so vivid that it was seen a long distance away, while near at hand the faces of those who crowded about were distinctly illumined.

The luminosity of jelly-fishes differs not only in color but in position. In some, the entire animal is luminous; while in others, the phenomenon is confined to certain parts. In the *Obelia* the light is to be seen in the stem or trophosome; in others, it encircles the rim; while in others again, it has only been observed in the young. The graceful *Ctenophores* are remarkable light-givers, even in the daytime, the fringed paddle by which they move along having a brilliant iridescent gleam. In Northern waters these beautiful forms occur in vast numbers, so that in the daytime the tint of the water is governed by them.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the free-swimming light-givers are found among the *Ascidians*, and the phenomenon they exhibit is so striking, that they are familiar to all who have made long ocean voyages. The *Salpæ* are remarkable in forming chains and moving over the water in uniform measure. Sometimes these chains extend for long distances, and as each animal gleams with its own peculiar light, the general effect is truly magnificent. Gigantic luminous forms, serpentine in shape, seem moving along over the sea, and so intense is their light, that a number of the individual *Salpæ*, confined in a small glass in a cabin, sufficed to light the apartment. In passing through their chains, vessels and their sails are illumined with a ghostly glare, and the sea-shore disturbed assumes a milky hue.

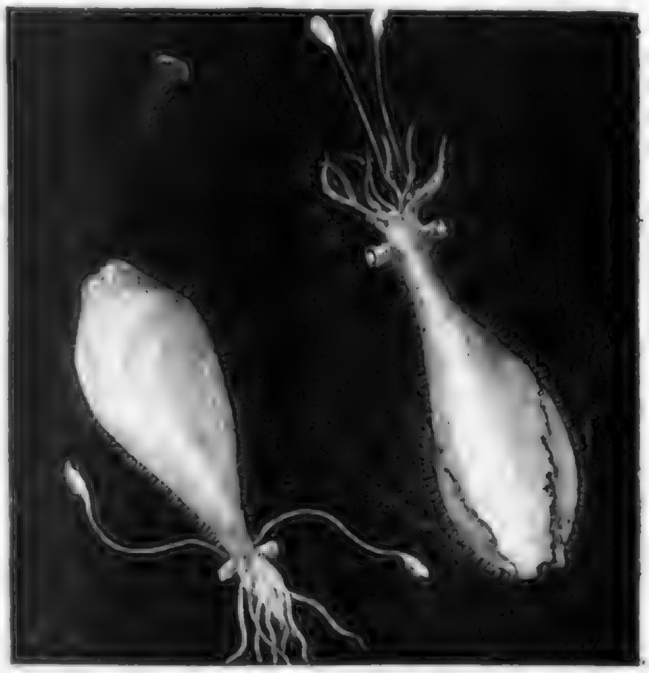
Allied to the *Salpa* is the *Pyrosoma* or fire-body. It is a cylindrical-shaped community of *Ascidians*, open at one end, three or four inches in diameter, and often three or four feet in length. Each animal of the colony has two openings, one upon the outside and one within, and by drawing water into the former and ejecting it into the interior, the combined currents are forced out of the open end, propelling the column of light along.

The light they emit is not always apparent, and sometimes does not show until the animal is disturbed. Thus, a gigantic specimen, four feet long, placed upon the deck of the *Challenger* by Professor Mosely, gave out no light until he wrote his name upon it with his finger; then the letters became lines of fire, expanding until the entire body seemed to ignite, and resembled molten metal. The light assumes different tints in the different species; as in some Atlantic forms it is polychroic, or a vivid green, while in the gigantic kinds it is of an azure hue.

The light seems to originate in two round spots on each side of the zoorids placed over the nerve-ganglia, and each spot is connected by a loop, and situated between the tunic that constitutes the body-walls of the colony. At times the light is intermittent; now flashes are given out from the spot, but when disturbed they spread over the entire surface with great rapidity. So intense is the light emitted by these animals, that fishes of various kinds have been made out from their rays far below the surface. Sir Wyville Thomson says, in speaking of them: "It was easy to read the smallest print sitting at the after-port in my cabin, and the bows shed on either side rapidly widening wedges of radiance, so vivid as to throw the sails and rigging into distinct lights and shadows."

Bibra, the naturalist, took a *Pyrosoma* from the ocean, suspended it in an aqurium in his cabin, and wrote a description of the animal by its own light, that was sufficient for all purposes. When the light died down he easily revived it by stirring up the light-giver.

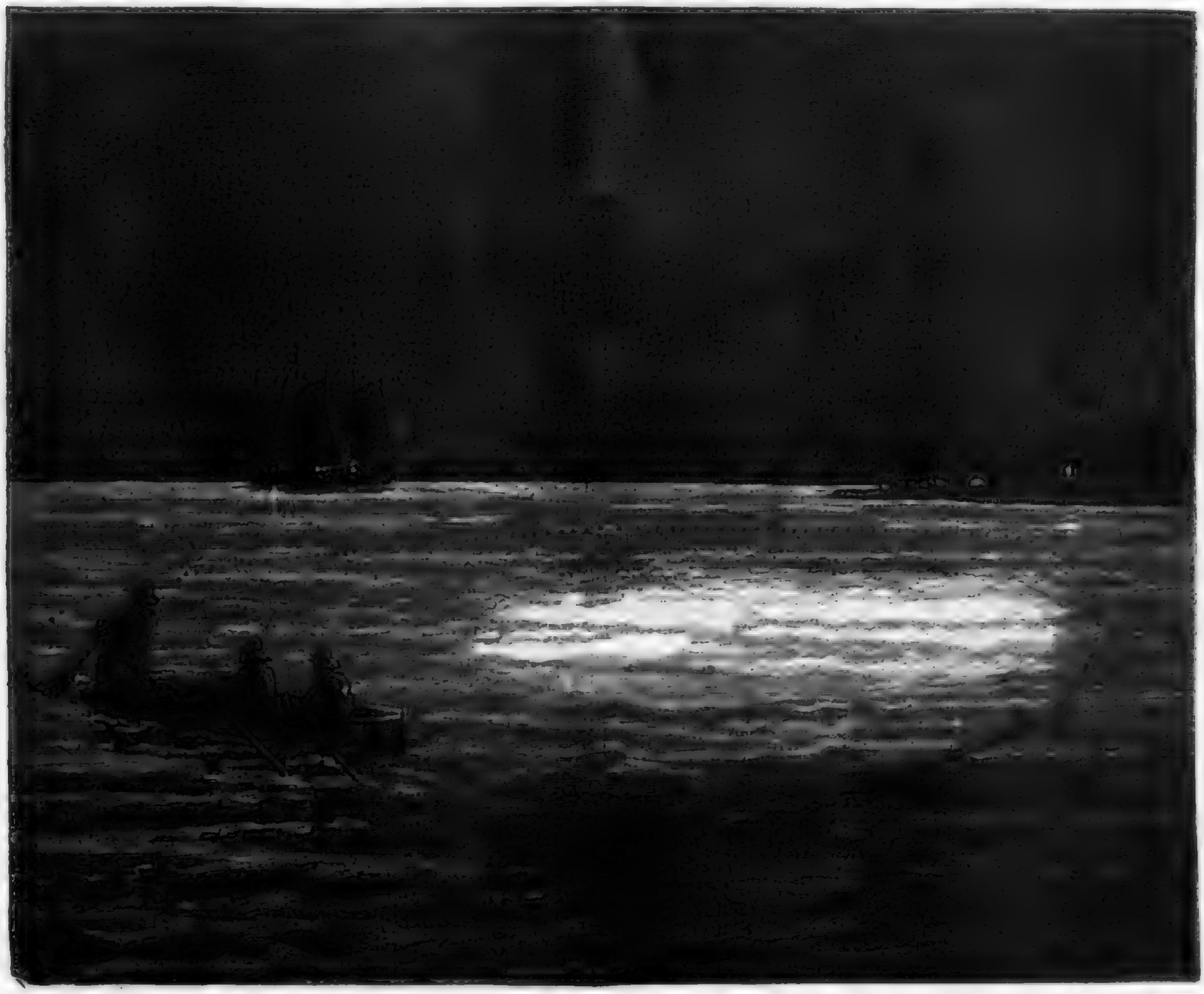
The luminous forms are by no means confined to the upper regions of the sea. Among the corals, several varieties have been observed to give out faint sparks or gleams. Their near allies, the sea-anemones, embrace many curious luminous forms. One, the *Urticina*, common off the New England coast, has a habit of attaching itself to hermit-crabs, who thus carry about a veritable lighthouse, or its own lantern.



A LIGHT-GIVING CEPHALOPOD, THE CRANCHIA SCABRA.

The *Iluanthos scoticus*, an anemone that buries itself in the mud, has numerous spots about its disk surrounding the mouth, so that it has the effect of a brilliant star from above.

The sea-pens are mud-loving fire-bodies. One of these forms is so remarkable that it has been named *Pennatula phosphorea*. In appearance many of them resemble a quill pen, the zoorids projecting from the sides resembling the barb of the feather. According to Panceri, the animal above referred to is luminous universally when seen under favorable circumstances in the open sea, and it has hours of darkness. When caught to be experimented upon, the animal lights up in a very remarkable and definite manner. Should the long supporting axial stem be pinched, the polyps nearest the stem on the lowest branchlets become sparklingly luminous one after the other, and when they are all illuminated, those of the next branchlets begin to shine, until, in succession, the whole are glowing. A slight interval of time, amounting to four-fifths of a second, occurs between the stimulation and the appearance of the light; and the sea-pen, six and one-tenth inches long, was illuminated in two and one-fifth seconds.



A PRACTICAL USE OF PHOSPHORESCENCE—FISHERMEN TAKING A SCHOOL OF MACKEREL AT NIGHT BY THEIR OWN LIGHT.

On pinching the top of a sea-pen of this species the lighting-up commenced in the nearest polyps, and then those of the next lowest branchlets took up the effect, and the phenomena of the previous experiment were simply reversed. Again, on irritating one of the polyps at the end of the branchlets, its luminosity went to its neighbor, and then all followed, one after the other, and if those at the beginning and ending of a branchlet were touched, the lighting-up was toward those in and between them. This successional illumination is very decided, and when it is completed the light is pretty constant. But it is evident that, on irritating one of the polyps, it "takes fire," as it were, at the edge of the tentacular apparatus, some luminosity remaining on the implement and in the intermediate water.

In these light-givers we have all the outward semblance of heat, without, however, the slightest evidence of its presence. In all phosphorescent animals examined, no perceptible increase of temperature has been noticed. The tint of the monochromatic light is blue or green; the *Paronia quadrangularis* has pink stems, fringed with innumerable polyps, and gleams with a rich lilac hue, like that of the flame of certain gas.

The most potent light-givers of the bottom, however, are the *Alcyonarians*, that in some localities, if the diver could penetrate, would appear like vast cornfields, each stem bearing a blazing ear. Such are the *Umbellulariæ*, that were dredged by the *Challenger* in water over three miles deep. They consisted of stems four or five feet long, supporting a group of twelve immense polyps, each having eight fringed arms that glowed with a wondrous light. So brilliant were they that little difficulty was found in determining their light by the spectroscope, and, according to Captain Maclain, it gave a restrictedly continuous spectrum sharply included between the lines *b* and *d*.

In some localities at this enormous depth, with two or three miles of water bearing upon them, these curious light-givers were found in such quantities that the dredge was completely loaded with them, and the inference drawn that they must grow in grooves, and instead of the dark, gloomy picture that has been conceived of the deep sea, it is undoubtedly a realm of light. The splendors of the *Alcyonarians*, the phosphorescent fishes with their luminous trails, and perhaps myriads of other forms, more or less phosphorescent, tend to show that in this wonderful way these sunless spots are lighted.

Among the mollusks, many of the cuttle-fishes are luminous. The little *Cranchia*, a pelagic squid, has been observed to give out at times a faint yellow glow, and the larger forms are all accredited with the faculty. The boring-shell *Pholas*, however, is one of the most interesting forms. They are, like many others, phosphorescent after death, and in the Mediterranean, when eaten in the dark, the illusion is often created of a man eating red-hot coals. Reaumur for many years attempted to render their phosphorescence permanent, and some of his experiments were extremely interesting. He found that by placing several *Pholidæ* in a glass of milk, he could use it as a lamp for some time, and by placing one in honey it retained its luminous properties for a year.

About the rocks into which the *Pholas* with its minerlike light has bored, we shall see, in drifting along, faint lines of light, and flashes of a golden green-and-blue hue, among the weeds. These are phosphorescent worms. A common form on our own shores is the *Nereis*, and the tube-forming *Chœlopterus* that has at times a rich, aurelian glow. The most beautiful, however, are the worms of the families *Polynoidæ*, *Syllidæ* and *Polycirrus*. If the first-named is watched in the aquarium, gleams of greenish light will be seen at the attachment of each scale, and the separate organ glistens with pulsations of light at the ruptured surface. In the second worm, the under surfaces of the feet are the only luminous spots, while the *Polycirrus* is phosphorescent over its entire surface, emitting a vivid, pale-bluish light.

A very remarkable light-giver is found in the little sea-slug known as *Phyllirhoë bucephala*. It lives at the surface of the water, moving about among floating weed, and blazing with an unwonted brilliancy. When swimming, the little shell-less creature appears to exert its greatest luminous power, the origin of which seems to be in globular nucleated cells, that are the terminations of certain nerves. It has been suggested, and, in fact, proven, that the light in the fireflies is a sexual call; but the *Phyllirhoë* combines both sexes in its simple structure, so that the light is probably a warning to its enemies, or, perhaps, an attraction to its prey.

Among the land-slugs, the *Timax* or *Phosphorea Noctilucus* has a luminous pore upon the posterior border of the mantle, while the eggs of certain species emit a faint light.

Those who have walked along our Eastern shores at night and overhauled the seaweed as it washed upon the beach cannot have failed to notice the innumerable sparks of light that appeared darting here and there. These are crustaceans of various kinds, that are often extremely luminous. The *Idotea phosphorea*, that may be found in the water, is frequently brilliantly luminous over its entire surface. A crab captured by Sir Joseph Banks in the Atlantic, and named *Cancer fulgens*, gleamed with such a vivid light when thrown upon the deck, that the men were afraid to pick it up. Nearly all the crabs from the greater depths are light-givers, and are thus enabled to grope their way about.

In crustaceans of the genus *Aristeœ* the eye is the light-emitting organ, so that it provides them with sight by actually producing light that the eye may convey the impression to the brain. In other species, elevations over the body, as we have seen in fishes, are the light-producers; and again, as in the genus *Acantephyra*, the phosphorescent organs are bands situated upon the legs.

The sea-stars are luminous to a more or less extent, the phenomenon being especially observed in the *Ophiocantha*, that are the veritable stars of the submarine world.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

The contrivance now used by hydrographers for the examination of ocean currents consists of two cans, made of galvanized iron, resembling in size and shape a hand oil-can holding two gallons—that is, a cylinder surmounted by a cone. At the top of each is a small aperture. In use, the aperture of the lower can is kept open for the entrance of water, which aids its sinking and prevents it being crushed at great depths; while the upper can is corked. The cans are connected by a length of sounding-wire, and are so loaded that when set adrift the lower can will sink to the full extent of the connecting-wire, while the upper can will be submerged only to the base of its conical top. For observing surface currents, the lower can is sunk to the depth of one or two fathoms, simply to steady the surface can against the effect of wind and wash. For sub-surface currents, it is lowered to the depth at which it is desired to know the current; to the upper can is attached a graduated line, marked for knots and tenths, the length of each knot being 50.7 feet, to correspond with a time interval of thirty seconds. Observations are made from the boat, as a station-point; those for velocity being made after the manner of observing the speed of a vessel with the log chip. The direction of the movement of the surface can, as it is dragged along the weighted can drifting with the concealed current underneath, is obtained, of course, by the compass.

One of the most prosperous departments of the fishing industries of the country is the "Sardine" fishery, of Maine, which, until 1880 was confined to Eastport, but is now scattered, and employs about 2,000 persons. The production of the canneries in 1880 was 7,550.868 cans, valued at $788,576. The fish used is the common sea-herring, the small ones being classed as sardines, and the large ones as either herring or trout. The sardines are canned in oil, spices, mustard, tomato-sauce, or are put up in barrels and kegs, as Russian sardines and anchovies. The import of foreign sardines and anchovies might be expected to decrease in proportion to the increase of the quantity canned in this country, but so rapidly is the general trade in fish increasing, that the imports are even greater than before, reaching a million dollars worth the present year, while ten years ago it scarcely exceeded half a million.

Dr. W. J. Hoffman, of Washington, states that in various ancient burial-places in Southern California, and in the Islands of Santa Cruz, Santa Roas and San Miguel, he has found instruments which he believes to be those employed in tattooing. The natives of that region (or elsewhere in America) do not tattoo themselves now, with the exception of the Haida Indians, of Queen Charlotte's Island. They only paint their faces. Still many of the older individuals bear traces of tattooing. Dr. Hoffman found vessels in the graves containing red ochre and cakes of a black substance, composed apparently of hydro-oxide of manganese, as well as some very sharp needles of bone, wood, and the fins of fish. These needles are still preferred by the tribes which practice tattooing to those of steel, though the latter can be easily procured.

In the last report (that for 1884) of the Entomologist of the Department of Agriculture on injurious insects, the cabbage cutworms are described at length, with illustrations, and the success is stated of the effort to colonize and introduce the European ichneumon parasite of this species, which will minister to its destruction. The report contains also interesting life histories of the American *Cimbex*, which has in Washington injured the willow; and of various other destructive insects, with special attention to remedies. Annexed are a valuable series of papers by special agents on insect pests of various trees, grains and other plants.

The death is announced of M. C. von Siebold, at the age of eighty. He was a German, and one of the leading biologists of the world. He is best known in this country by his "Comparative Anatomy of the Invertebrates," but he has done an immense amount of special microscopical and embryological work, especially on insects and intestinal worms. He was associated with the celebrated Dr. Kölliker in the foundation and editing of the *Zeitschrift für Wissenschaftliche Zoologie*, which stands at the head of its class of magazines.

The Smithsonian Exhibit at the New Orleans Exposition contains a department of archæology, in which are arranged two series: one, a typical series of prehistoric stone implements; and the other, an educational series of modern Indian specimens covering the entire continent and including every category of savage culture. Besides this, the Bureau of Ethnology and nearly every State exhibit Indian materials, models, etc., of great value and interest to the anthropologist.

MAJOR J. W. POWELL, United States Geologist, has published an account of the work and plan of the United States Geological Survey, which shows that thus far about one-fifth of the country (excluding Alaska) has been surveyed and mapped. Where the geology and topography are simple, as in the prairies and great plains of the West, the sheets of the United States Survey map are made on a scale of about four miles to the inch ; while further west, where both structure and topography are more complex, special districts are made to twice this scale, and important mining districts are drawn much larger. The whole of the United States, on this plan, will require not less than 2,600 sheets, besides several hundred special maps, and with the present force of the survey these will be completed in about twenty-four years.

THE month of March, 1885, proved itself an extraordinary one, at least in the Eastern United States. Comparison of observations in New England shows that it was characterized by a greater amount of fair weather and less wind than usual; and that it had little rain and an extremely low temperature, and closing a season of remarkable severity throughout. In Western Massachusetts it was the coldest Winter known in half a century of records. On the New England coast the average temperature for January, February and March together was 5.2° below any previous record, and, including December, 3.3° below. The temperature reached zero during March at nearly all New England stations.

THE Jerusalem artichoke is a native of the northeast of North America. It was introduced to England about 1617, and first mentioned by Fabio Colonna, in his "Ecphasis Minus Cognitarum Stirpium." "Hartichokes" are mentioned as growing in Virginia in 1648, and were cultivated at Mobile in 1775, as stated by Romans in his "Natural History of Florida." They are mentioned by writers on American gardening from 1806 onward ; and in Pennsylvania the tubers are still raised for the New York market, where they find a sale to the fashionable restaurants.

THERE has just been finished at Harvard University the most carefully built and completely equipped physical laboratory in the United States. It cost $115,000, and is the gift of Mr. T. J. Coolidge, who stipulated that it should be named after Thomas Jefferson, his ancestor. "Jefferson, while President of the United States, evinced great interest in the promotion of university education in America—an interest which took a practical form in the foundation of the University of Virginia ; and the seed thus sown, it will be seen, bears fruit even unto this day."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"You disturb my peace of mind," said a husband to his wife. "Which piece ?" replied the wife with annoying emphasis.

WHAT is that which every one wishes to have, and which every one wishes to get rid of directly he obtains it? A good appetite.

A WOMAN has acquired the art of whistling. She probably learned it from hearing her husband when the milliner's bill was wheeled home.

A YOUNG gentleman once asked a young girl for a kiss. "But," she said, "I can't. I don't mind lending you one, but I must have it returned to-morrow."

VARIOUS animals lend their mite to make up English words—*e.g.*, *Man*-agement, *dog*-matism, *cat*-egory, *cro*-nology, *pus*-illanimous, *duc*-tility, and *rat*-ification.

"WHICH part of the cake will you take, Johnny ?" "Oh, I'll take the soprano, I think." "The soprano—what do you mean ?" "The upper part, of course, mamma !"

A PHYSICIAN is quoted as saying, "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." Boiled children may suit some palates, but they will never become generally popular.

"THE artistic taste in Mrs. Z——'s new bonnet is so perfect that you can almost hear it speak," remarked a husband to his spouse. "Yes," was the reply, "it is certainly very loud."

"DO WOUNDS often heal by the first intention ?" "Not when the patient is rich and the doctor poor." "When does mortification ensue ?" "When you pop the question, and are answered 'No !'"

A GENTLEMAN, who was in arrears for several weeks' board and lodging, complained one morning that his coffee was not settled. "You had better settle for the coffee, and then complain," said the landlady.

A CERTAIN person asked a merry-andrew why he played the fool. "For the same reason," said he, "that you do : out of want. You do it for want of wit, and I do it for want of money. That is the only difference."

"DOCTOR, I came to see you about my younger brother." "What is the matter with him ?" "One of his legs is shorter than the other, and he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of that kind ?" "I am afraid I should limp, too."

"OH, my dear, generous husband !" murmured the fond wife. "How grand you are ! I only wish I could be you just for one day." "Why, dearest ?" asked the unsuspecting man. "Because then I would buy a new bonnet for my loving little wife," artfully replied the designing creature.

A MUNICIPAL candidate, whose principal supporters are tavern-keepers and shoemakers, proudly alludes to them as members of the bar and bench.

"WERE you ever caught in a sudden squall ?" asked an old yachtsman of a worthy citizen. "Well, I guess so," responded the old man, "I have helped to bring up seven babies.".

"I AM surprised, John," said an old lady when she found the butler helping himself to some of the finest old port. "So am I, ma'am. I thought you had gone out," was the reply.

MRS. SPAGGINS was boasting of her new house. The windows, she said, were stained. "That's too bad ; but won't turpentine or benzine wash it off ?" asked her good old Aunt Oldboy.

A HOUSE had been almost consumed by fire. Bannister, the actor, chancing to pass, asked whose house it was. Being told it was a hatter's, "Ah," said he, "then the loss will be *felt*."

A PERILOUS NURSERY-GROUND.—The children of the sloping Isle of Rattray, when they first begin to toddle about, are tethered to a stake to prevent them from rolling off into the sea.

A GENTLEMAN on being asked what he had for dinner, replied : "A lean wife roasted, and the ruin of a man for sauce." What did his dinner consist of ? Of course you give it up—a spare rib and apple-sauce.

AT A FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.—"Surely, mademoiselle, you have not come here in search of health ?" "Not precisely. To tell the truth, I came here with the object of finding a son-in-law for my mother."

CONVERSATION between a Yale senior and an Oberlin senior: *Y. S.*—"Do you play with tops at Oberlin ?" *O. S.*—"No." *Y. S.*—"Marbles ?" *O. S.*—"No." *Y. S.*—"What do you play ?" *O. S.*—"Copenhagen."

EXPERIENCE TAUGHT.—"What a splendid library you have ! You must lend me a few books," said a lady to a friend. "I regret that I must decline to do so, because books are so seldom returned. Just fancy ! All these are borrowed," replied the friend.

THE following passage between Bench and Bar occurred in a certain court the other day at the end of a lengthened wrangle. *Judge :* "Well, Mr. X——, if you do not know how to conduct yourself as a gentleman, I am sure I can't teach you !" *Counsel :* "That is so, sir."

A GENTLEMAN, at a musical party where the lady was very particular not to have the concord of sweet sounds interrupted, seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend in a whisper, "How he could stir the fire without interrupting the music ?" "Between the bars !" replied the friend.

"I UNDERSTAND, professor, that you are opposed to admitting women to a college course ?" "That is my position exactly." "Have you any objection to giving your reason ?" "None in the least; they are all embraced in one." "What is that ?" "I married a lady with a collegiate education."

DEAD GIVE-AWAY.

There once erat homo tetotalus
Qui stepped on a *Horridus Crotalus*,
Quum clamavit in pain,
"Hic got 'em again !"
Hic abstemious homo tetotalus.

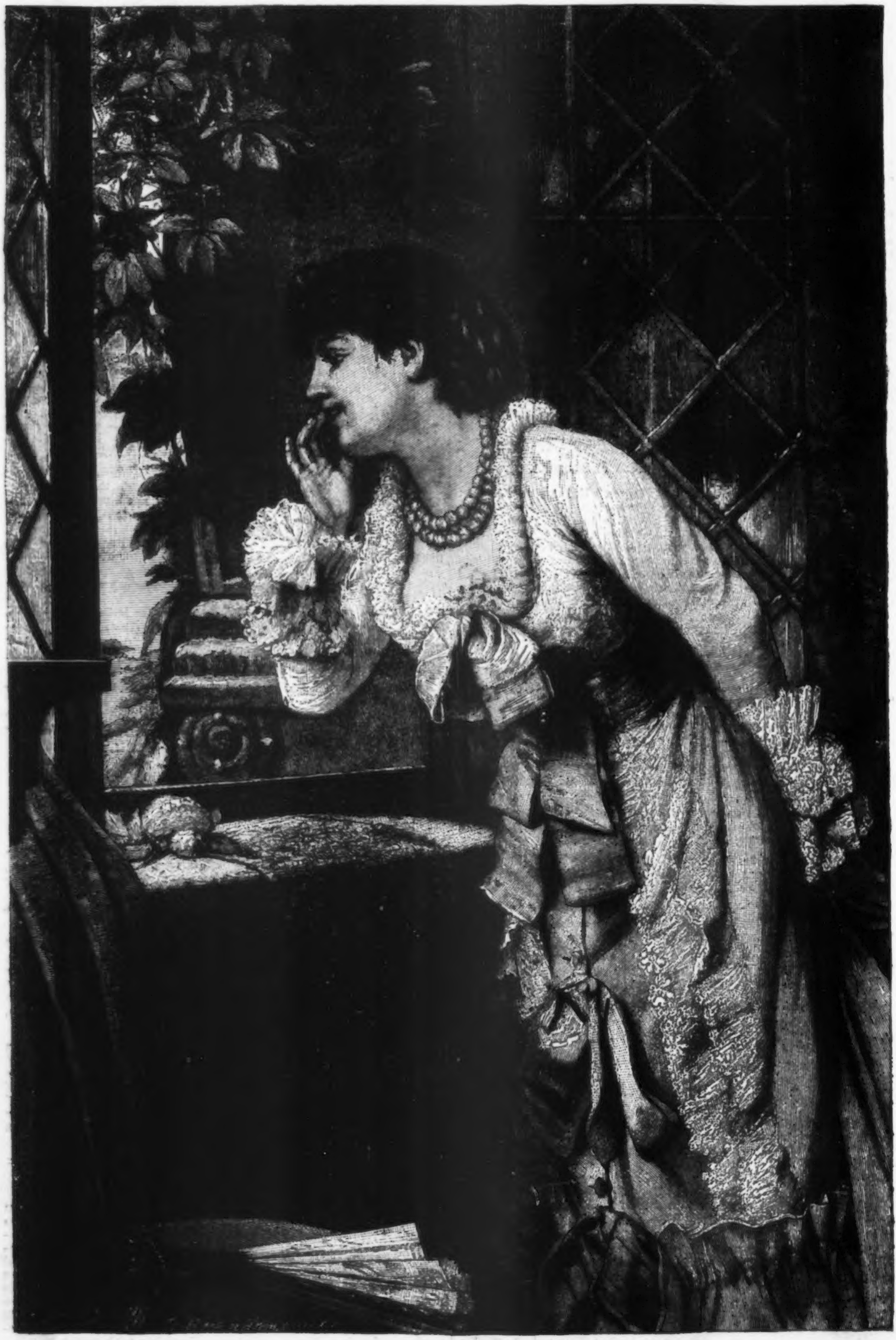
"MISS FITZJOY—aw—are you not fond of etchings—aw ? You know they are deuced clever, some of them are." "Ah, yes, indeed, Mr. Featherweight. And do you know there is something about you that reminds me very much of an etching ?" "Why, really—aw—how charming !" "Yes, there is about you such a foggy suggestion of something that isn't there, you know."

IN a family where there are two boys, one of them brought home a worthless cur, to the disgust of the rest of the members. At last the eldest sister offered him fifty cents if he would give the dog away. He assented, and pocketed the coin. When night came, prompted by curiosity, she asked the little fellow to whom he had given his dog, and was told with charming *naiveté*, "Oh, I've given him to Jack !"—his younger brother.

A "FIRST FIDDLE'S" SUPPOSITION.—The "first fiddle" in an amateur orchestra was passing along Booksellers' Row lately, and caught sight of a book which most interested him. "What is this 'Cicerone's Opera'?" he asked the bookseller. "I never heard of any such work before. Is the music good ?" "It isn't music," replied the man ; "it's *Ciceronis Opera*, a Latin book." "Oh, the new notation, I suppose !" said the musician, with an expression of infinite contempt as he passed on.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*



LOVE'S GREETING.— FROM THE PAINTING BY F. SONDERLAND.